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STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

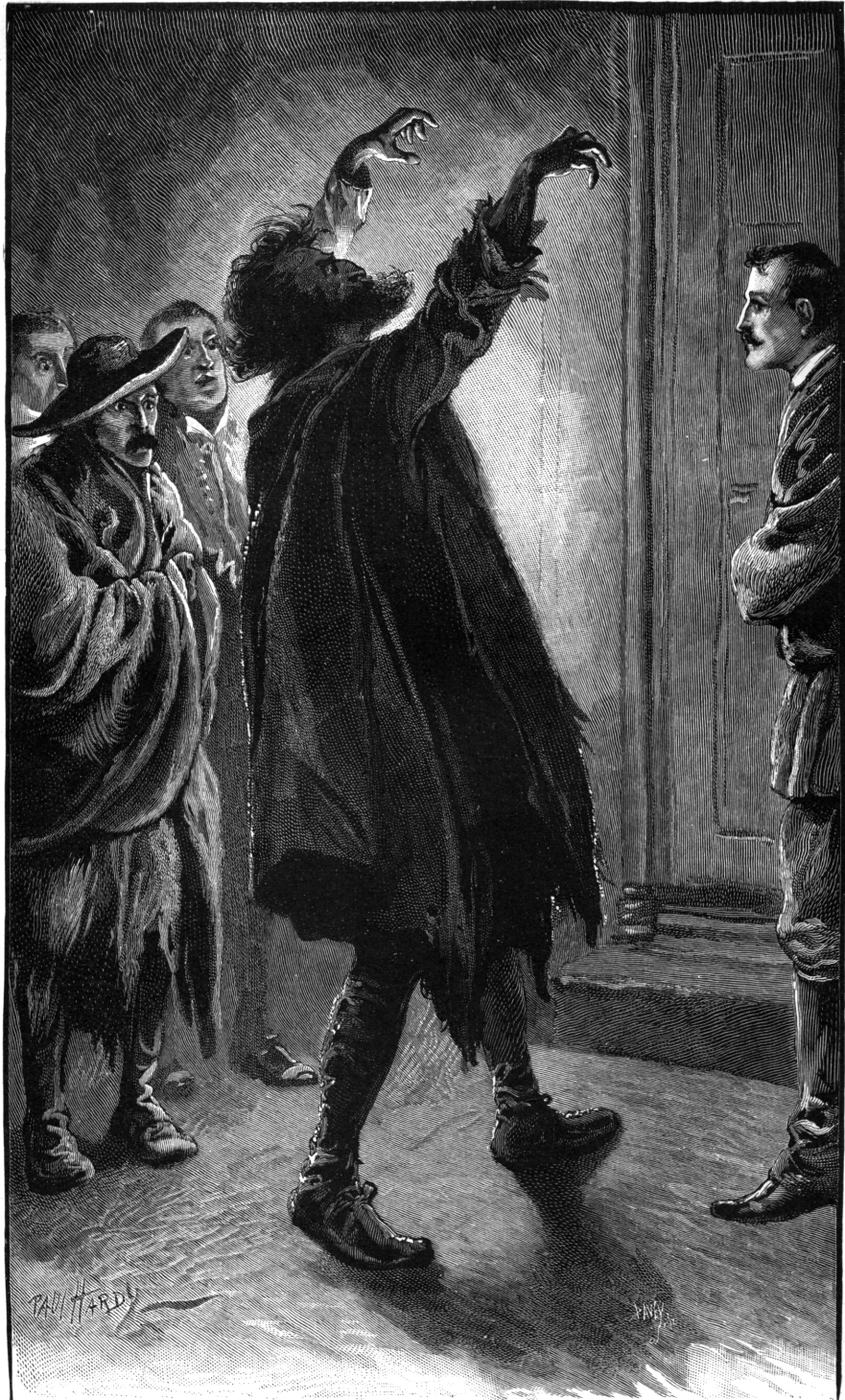
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"HE CALLED SOME STRANGE, WEIRD-SOUNDING NAME THREE TIMES."

(See page 365.)



FROM THE FRENCH OF F. SOULIÉ. BY ALYS HALLARD.



F all the hardened, obstinate unbelievers as regarded anything approaching supernatural visitations, our uncle Bayle was surely the climax. He would not even admit that there

might be the faintest truth in any of the theories of spiritualists. It was of no use arguing with him, for he always finished up with what he no doubt considered as final :—

“I tell you there are no such things as spirits; I don’t believe in them, and never shall.”

“But, uncle,” I persisted, for I had been reading some wonderful psychological literature, “you do not believe in them, because you have never happened to have any experience of the kind——”

“Oh! haven’t I, though? I expect an experience I once had would have been enough to convince you a hundred times over, and your hair would have stood on end for the rest of your life.”

“Oh, do tell us about it!” I exclaimed, eager to have some fresh proof to add to those I had already collected.

“Well,” began my uncle, leisurely, and looking very solemn all at once, “it was about forty years ago that this happened, so that I should be about twenty then. It was in the

autumn, and just getting dusk, and I was on my way home from Toulouse. I was pretty tired, for I had been riding nearly all day, and when I reached Auterrive, some friends I knew there wanted me to break my journey and put up at their house for the night. I did not accept their invitation, as I wanted to get as far as Saverdun.

“Well, I went on through the Secourien Woods, and had come out just near the Bolbourne Monastery, when a terrible thunderstorm commenced. It was one of those fearful storms which come on so suddenly without any warning whatever in the neighbourhood of our mountains. I should most certainly have asked for shelter at the monastery until it was over, but that my horse, taking fright at the vivid flashes of lightning, suddenly set off at full gallop down a narrow pathway to the left, and in spite of all my efforts I could not stop him.

“As we went tearing along I discovered that he was taking me in the direction of the little village of Sainte-Gabelle. On, on we flew, until at length, as the storm began to abate, my horse slackened his pace, and when we came to the little inn I was able to draw him up, for I wanted to dismount and have some refreshment,

"On entering the inn-parlour I found it was full of travellers who, like myself, had been surprised by the storm. There were some Spaniards, some merchants, and a fair number of sportsmen, and before we had finished drying ourselves at the crackling wood-fire, supper was announced. We all sat down together at a long table, and the conversation naturally fell on the fearful storm we had just had. One man had been thrown from his horse; another had been an hour getting his cart-wheels out of a regular bog; everyone had some adventure to relate, and we all abused the weather heartily.

"‘It’s beastly,’ exclaimed one.

"‘Yes; and with such wind, too,’ said another; ‘it’s regular witches’ weather.’

"There was nothing much in such an expression, but it gave rise to a strange remark from another man, delivered in a still stranger and more peculiar tone.

"‘Witches, and indeed all kinds of supernatural visitors, prefer a peaceful moonlight night to such boisterous weather as this.’

"We all looked in astonishment at the man who spoke. He was a Spaniard, a regular gipsy-like-looking fellow, strong and swarthy, with black hair and eyes, gold rings in his

expression, burst out laughing, and exclaimed:—

"‘Well, that’s good! Do you mean to say, though, that they have told you about their habits and tastes—and is it really a fact that they object to getting wet and muddy——?’

"He had not quite finished speaking when the Spaniard turned on him fiercely, saying:—

"‘Young man, I advise you not to speak so lightly about things of which you know nothing.’

"‘Do you mean to say that you want me to believe in spirits and——’

"‘I might, if I thought that you had enough courage to even *look* at them, supposing they should appear to you——’

"The young man sprang from his chair, furious and crimson with indignation, then suddenly mastering his anger he said, sarcastically:—

"‘You would have paid for insulting me in that way, if it had not all been fools’ nonsense.’

"‘Fools’ nonsense!’ exclaimed the Spaniard, jumping up and striking the table with his clenched fist. ‘Look here,’ and he threw a thick leathern money-bag on to the table,



"HE THREW A THICK LEATHERN MONEY-BAG ON THE TABLE."

ears, and he was dressed in a rough suit, leathern gaiters, and a red cloak. He had spoken with such conviction that everyone was taken aback, and there was silence for a minute, until a young man who was sitting next me, and who had a very frank, honest

‘there are thirty *quadruples* there, and I will risk losing them if, within an hour from now, I do not let you see the face of any of your friends, even if they have been dead ten years; and if, after recognising them, you dare touch them or let them touch you—

why, the money's yours.' The Spaniard looked so terrible as he uttered these words that, in spite of ourselves, we all felt awed. The young man, however, still kept up his mocking air as he answered:—

"Ah! you think you could do that, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said the Spaniard, "and I will bet this bag of money on it, but you must bet the same amount, and if I do as I say I shall win it."

The young man was silent for a moment, and then he said, still in the same mocking tone:—

"Thirty *quadruples* is a big sum for a poor devil of a student to possess. I haven't the amount, but if you like to bet five, why, here's my money."

The Spaniard picked his leathern bag up and put it silently back in his pocket.

"So you want to back out, do you?" he said, scornfully.

"Back out—no, indeed, I don't. If I owned the thirty *quadruples* you'd soon see whether I wouldn't risk them."

"Well, I'll find you four," I said, curious to see how the affair would end, and several other men feeling the same curiosity offered to make up the amount.

The Spaniard, looking as though he felt no doubt as to the result of the extraordinary wager, handed over his money to the young student.

The next thing was to proceed with the experiment. The landlord of the inn suggested that it should take place in a summer-house at the end of the garden, where there would be no risk of our being disturbed.

We examined every corner of this out-door building carefully, so that there might be no trickery. It was just a room with one window, which was shut close, and a door. A pencil and paper were placed on the table, the young man went in alone, and then, shutting the door to, we all remained outside.

We were all, in spite of any scepticism we might feel, very much interested, and there was perfect silence as we waited to see what was going to happen. Presently the Spaniard, who was at the door with us, began to chant in a slow, melancholy tone, the following words:—

'With a creaking noise, the coffin bursts its lid.

The grave is open, too. The spectre cries:

"The grave is open, the grave is open!"

A creaking noise is heard, is heard;

The coffin lid is burst asunder:

A phantom rises from its prison house

And steps out on the cold, wet grass.'

There was dead silence for a minute, and

then the Spaniard said, in a loud, solemn voice, 'You wished to see your friend, François Vialat, who was drowned three years ago! What do you see now?'

"I can see a white, misty light near the window," answered the student; 'it has no form, though, and looks more like a cloud than anything else.'

"We were all stupefied with astonishment.

"Has it alarmed you?" asked the Spaniard.

"No, not at all," replied the student, without a shade of fear or hesitation in his voice.

"We were holding our breath with excitement. The Spaniard then stamped on the ground three times, and after another minute's silence began to chant again, this time more solemnly and slower than before:—

'The white phantom moves, the white phantom moves,
And shakes the damp from his hair,
And shakes the damp from his clinging shroud.'

"Once more there was silence, and then the Spaniard, in a still more solemn voice, asked:—

"You, who have thus wished to know the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?"

"We all listened anxiously for the student's answer. He spoke very deliberately, and it was evident that he was describing what was just taking place, phase after phase.

"The vapour is rising and getting longer and longer—it has now taken the form of a phantom—there is a veil over the phantom's face—it is standing there quite still, just in the place where it rose from the ground."

"Are you afraid of it?" asked the Spaniard, in a sarcastic tone.

"The young man's voice was quite firm as he replied, calmly:—

"No, I am not afraid of it."

"We scarcely dared move—all of us—and we gazed in breathless amazement at the Spaniard. He was now waving his hands over his head in the most frantic manner, and afterwards he called some strange, weird-sounding name three times, and finished by chanting, in a much louder voice than before:—

'The phantom said, as he rose from his grave:

"I will appear before my friend,

And he will know me, he will know me;

He will recognise his friend."

"There was silence again, and the Spaniard asked once more:—

"What do you see now?"

"The phantom is moving—coming nearer—he has lifted his veil It is François Vialat—nearer and nearer he comes—he is

at the table—he is writing something—he has written his name——’

“‘Are you afraid yet?’ asked the Spaniard, and there was an expression of anger in his voice. Another terrible silence, and then the student replied, in a voice which this time was just as loud but scarcely as firm as before:—

“‘No; I am not at all afraid.’

“This time the Spaniard almost yelled as he waved his hands about in the air; and then, suddenly dropping his voice, he chanted very slowly:—

‘The phantom said to the young man:
‘Come closer, come closer, my friend.
Give me your hand, and put your fingers so warm
Into my cold, clammy ones—
I want to touch you, my friend, my friend.’”

“‘What do you see now?’ stormed the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

“‘He is coming closer closer ah! he is pursuing me his arms are stretched out horror! horror! he will reach me Help, help! open the door!’

“‘Are you afraid?’ cried the Spaniard, with ferocious excitement, holding the handle of the door.

“A piercing scream was the only reply, followed by a fearful groan.

“‘You’d better go to him now,’ said the Spaniard, bitterly sarcastic. ‘It seems to me I have won the bet; but let him keep the money, for I have given him a lesson. He

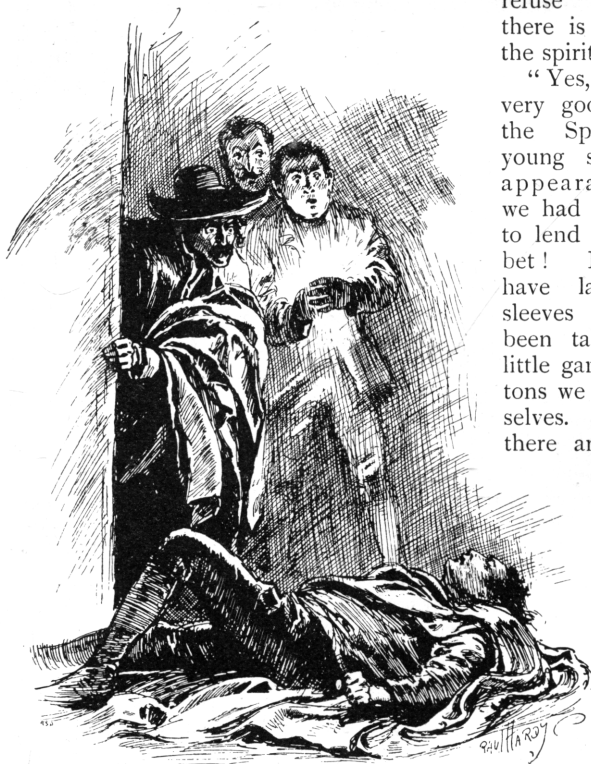
can keep the money, but you’d better advise him to be wiser in the future and not to mock at subjects so serious.’

“He strode off abruptly, leaving us all stunned, as it were, with astonishment. We opened the door of the summer-house, and there, unconscious and lying on the floor, we found the young student. He soon came to himself as we struck a light and lifted him on to a bench.

“On the table was the paper with the name ‘François Vialat’ scrawled across it. As soon as ever the student began to realize all that had happened, he vowed that he would kill the wretched man who had made him go through such horrible torture. He rushed back to the inn in search of him, and on being told that the Spaniard had already left, he started off at a frantic rate in pursuit of him.”

“And do you mean to say,” I exclaimed, my hair all standing on end with horror, so tragically had Uncle Bayle related his terrible experience—“do you mean to say that, after such a proof as that, you can absolutely refuse to believe that there is anything in what the spiritualists tell us?”

“Yes, I do; and for a very good reason—neither the Spaniard nor the young student put in an appearance again. And we had been fools enough to lend the money for the bet! Nicely they must have laughed up their sleeves at the way we’d been taken in with their little game. Pretty simpletons we had made of ourselves. No, I tell you there are no such things as spirits. I don’t believe in them, and never shall.”



“WE OPENED THE DOOR,”

The Prince and Princess Christian.

With special permission and approval of T.R.H. Prince and Princess Christian.

BY MARY SPENCER-WARREN.



From a Photo. by]

CUMBERLAND LODGE.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.



CUMBERLAND LODGE is a fine old residence in true manor-house style, standing in the Windsor Great Park. Everybody knows Windsor Castle, and the part of the

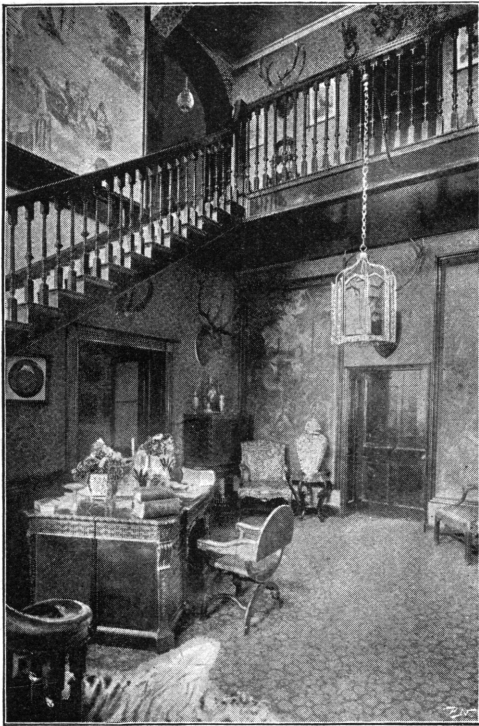
Park which immediately surrounds it, but all of us do not get so far out as Cumberland Lodge; for it is a journey of about four miles, much of it uphill. The route lies by way of the Long Walk, the famous avenue with the Georgian equestrian statue at the far end, perched on a lofty height.

Fallow deer and red deer gaze curiously at you as you pass along, and the sun gleams fitfully through the dense trees, of monster size, which stretch far away on your right and left. Then you reach the aforesaid statue, turn sharp off to the left, and very soon the Lodge is seen in the distance. This was formerly called the Ranger's Lodge, and was put up in the time of Charles II. Various Rangers of celebrity have resided there from time to time, and many of them have much altered and improved the building. The Earl of Portland, Sara Duchess of Marlborough, Sir Jeffry Wyatville, William Duke of Cumberland (he having received the Ranger-ship after the Battle of Culloden), and the brother of George III., are some of those who have held this office. Much of the house is covered with the ancient ivy clinging to it.

One side of it has the appearance of a long, straight-looking building, three stories high, with a square portico entrance; while another side shows towers, gables, and projecting wings, which have very much the appearance of having been added to the main building from time to time.

As nearly everybody knows, it is now the residence of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian; the latter known to everybody for the great interest she takes in the welfare of the working classes, for her untiring zeal in all movements of philanthropy, and more especially, perhaps, for her never-ceasing activity with regard to nursing associations and needlework guilds; the former movement having been so thoroughly taken up and assiduously pushed forward by the Princess, that not only in England, but in the Colonies, have branches been formed of the "Royal British Nurses Association." "Institutes" and "Homes of Rest" are other branches of beneficial work for nurses. Nor is it the nurses only who have benefited; the public may now be assured that, when a nurse is engaged from these institutes, she is certificated and qualified, and not a mere probationer in what may be truly termed the art of nursing.

As soon as one enters the house, the impression is received that it is a comfortable, unpretentious home, and not by any means a



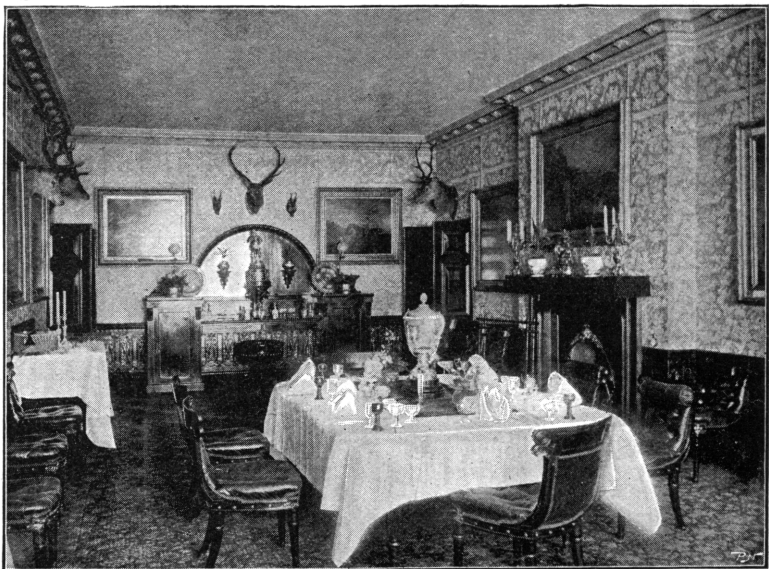
THE HALL.
From a Photo. by Mary Spencer-Warren.

State residence. This has not always been the home of the Prince and Princess Christian, as for several years they resided at Frogmore, and there their children were born, and played in the grounds around it. During the time of their life at Frogmore, it was no uncommon thing to see the Princess not only playing with the children in the grounds, but taking them round for an airing in the perambulator, so thoroughly did Her Royal Highness enter into her home duties and the joys of motherhood.

But we are now taking a peep at their present residence. First we traverse a lengthy corridor, with a suite of rooms on

our left and the offices and kitchens on our right. In this corridor I notice a number of hunting pictures, a collection of stags' heads—trophies of the Prince's gun in England and Scotland—some antique carved oak furniture, and a quaint time-piece of remarkable appearance and peculiar movement. The corridor terminates in a hall or vestibule, from which opens a wide staircase. This is a cool resting-place for warm days. Two of the largest stags' heads the house contains are here on the wall, bearing on tablets the respective weights of the animals, twenty-three and twenty-four stone odd, shot by the Prince in 1885. On an easel is a painting of the Princess Victoria, by Miss Deane; a very good portrait. Next to this is the ante-room to the dining-room, in the corner of which stands a good-sized organ, formerly used when service was held in the house before the erection of the church near.

The dining-room is capable of entertaining a large party; it has some old paintings on the walls, principally by Stubbs. "William Duke of Cumberland," "Prince of Wales's Phaeton and Horse, with Thomas, the State Coachman," and three or four State horses. These pictures are interspersed with stags' heads. The sideboard at the far end has a massive silver centre-piece of special interest; at the summit of it stands the figure of the late Prince Consort, the base of the pedestal containing the following inscription: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the faith. To Christian Victor Albert Ludwig Ernst



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Mary Spencer-Warren,

Anton of Schleswig-Holstein. In remembrance of his grandfather, Albert Prince Consort, from his grandmother and god-mother, Victoria R. May 21st, 1867." The table just now is laid for luncheon, and made bright and attractive with flowers; in the centre is a silver presentation cup, the property of Prince Christian Victor, given by the members of the Garth Hunt Club in 1888. The prevailing tone of the room is green, with carved oak dado.

The Princess Christian's room is im-

As is well known, the Princess Christian is devoted to music, and though she plays a great deal at home and when in company with her Royal mother, yet her talent is not reserved for these occasions, for it is quite an ordinary thing for her to organize, and take part in, concerts and entertainments for the benefit of the poor, or with a view to brightening the lives of those who may be inhabiting institutions for the suffering. Her Royal Highness is also a member of the Windsor Madrigal Society, regularly at-

tending the practices. There are now several successful artistes before the public who largely owe their success to the kindly help afforded them by the Princess Christian. If you glance around the room you cannot fail to notice the large collection of books, and if you read the titles you come to the conclusion that the Princess is an omnivorous reader; and this recalls the fact that Her Royal Highness is



From a Photo. by]

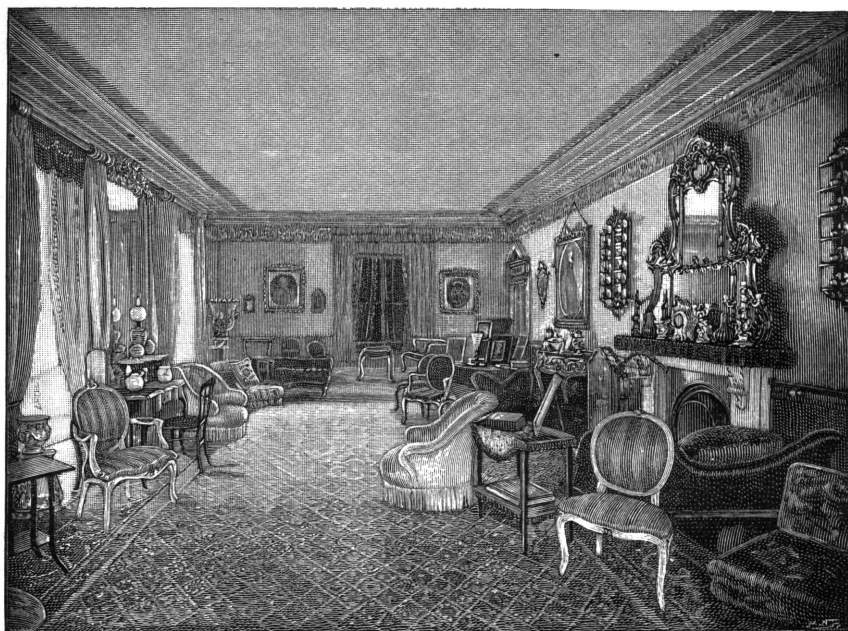
PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S ROOM.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

mediately near, and is perhaps one of the sunniest and prettiest rooms of the whole house; the window looking out on the lawn and gardens. The ceiling is plainly painted, but from it hangs a beautiful Dresden floral chandelier, which was, I believe, a wedding present. The walls are papered in blue with a dark wood dado and gold beading; they are nearly covered with pictures, some of which are of Frogmore and Windsor, while others are curious old pictures in colours, the majority being descriptive of sacred subjects. In one case is a splendid collection of miniatures, jewellery, and old china; also there are several miniatures on the walls; one very fine one representing the late Queen Caroline Amelia of Denmark. Then there is some Sèvres china, and a very antique chest with inlaid picture panels. Of course, there is a collection of photographs of the family and friends; also there are a great number of bound volumes of music of all the best masters.

also a writer of some distinction, several able articles having emanated from her pen. The greater part of such writing has had for its object the distinct idea of help, to some cause or other.

The drawing-room is a capacious apartment, and if there is a State room in the house it is this one; but evidently such rooms are not much in favour with the family, for I am told it is seldom used, except when guests are present, the smaller and more cosy rooms being preferred. Grey and gold are the predominant shades of its ornamentation. The painted portraits on the wall are those of the Queen, the Prince Consort, Prince and Princess Christian, and Prince Christian's grandmother. The floor is of polished oak, with Persian rugs; the furniture being upholstered in various art colours, making a harmonious whole. Here are two large Russian vases, also several brackets containing antique china of great worth. Some of the pretty things here seen, I believe, were



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

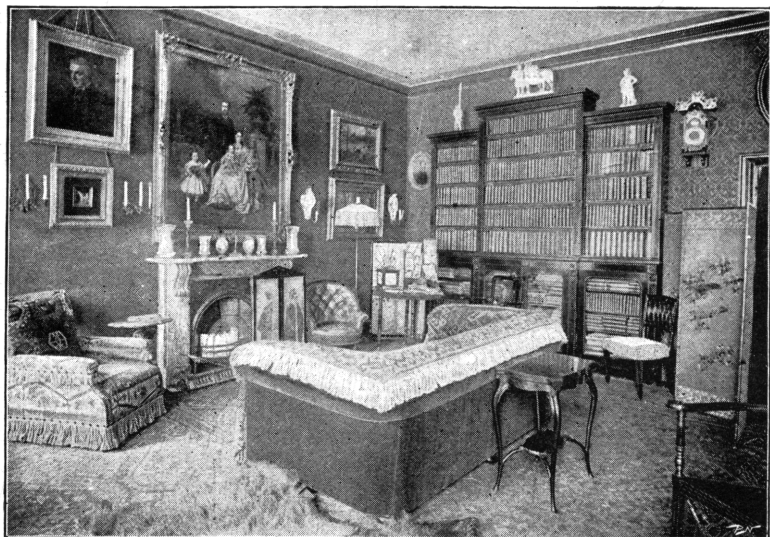
[Mary Spencer-Warren.

silver wedding presents, amongst which I particularly noticed a white silk cushion worked with pansies and silver thread, a really remarkable specimen of needlework.

Returning once again to the hall, I enter the library by the first door on my right; a room painted and decorated in chocolate, black, and gold. It is a small and snug apartment, where one may read in comfort, chairs and lounges looking particularly inviting and luxurious. The collection of

books is large and varied, histories and biographies predominating; amongst the latter may be noticed Lives of Mozart, Wilberforce, Napoleon III., and Pitt, while the histories seem to be those of nearly every country. The visitor will be particularly attracted by a fine painting over the mantelpiece by Noack, bearing the date 1867—the picture showing striking portraits of the late Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, with three of their children. On the left of this is

a good portrait of the late Dean Wellesley. Several water-colours further adorn the walls, and also a quaint old clock. Another fine skin on the floor testifies to the Prince Christian's skilful shooting. There is some old china and bronze ornamentation, and more photographs, one of which is particularly interesting to me, as it represents Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.



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PRINCE CHRISTIAN'S ROOM.

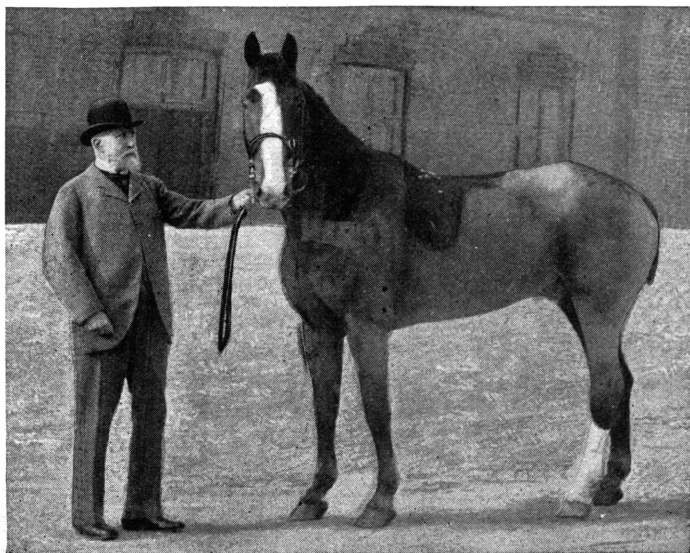
[Mary Spencer-Warren.

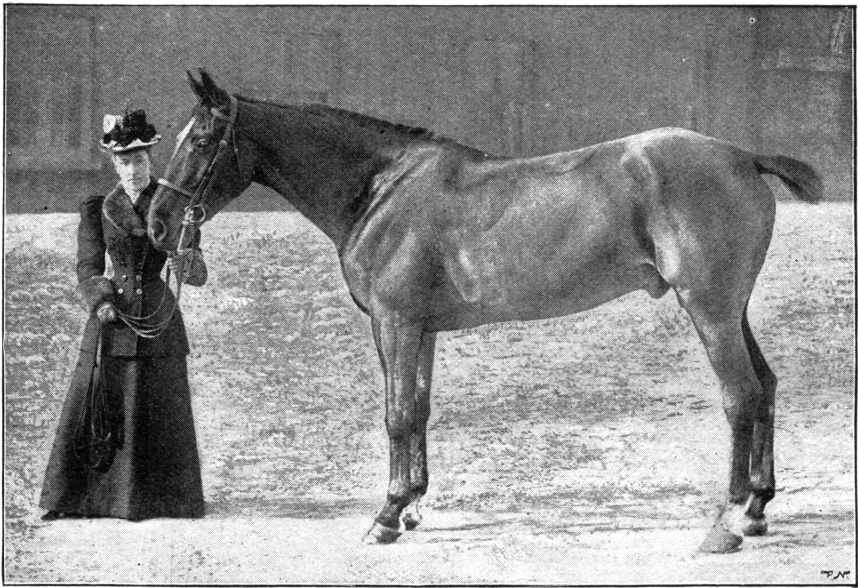
previously had many opportunities of seeing His Royal Highness at State ceremonies, at which his tall, commanding figure in General's uniform is a familiar presence; but, of course, I am always more particularly gratified when on my numerous occasions of visiting Royal residences I am able to come in contact with these Royal personages in their

Wales, taken when I was present at the Royal wedding at Coburg, in 1894.

The next door to this opens into the Prince Christian's sitting-room. It is literally crowded with knick-knacks and curios. On the walls there seems scarcely to be an inch of room, so great is the number of pictures and stag-horns—several of the pictures being of animal life. Some show pretty bits of scenery in water-colours, and others are portraits, chiefly noticeable being those of the father and mother of the Prince Christian, and those of Their Royal Highnesses' daughters. Books and portraits abound, as do all sorts of interesting and pretty little articles, many of them souvenirs. In the centre of the room stands an *escritoire*, and over in one corner—a snug corner, too—is a writing-table, showing signs of much use; and a particularly inviting-looking easy chair. This is the Prince's favourite corner, and here he is accustomed to pass much of his time when indoors. I may say here that the Prince Christian very graciously received me at Cumberland Lodge, and was most especially kind to me in affording facilities for seeing and photographing the various parts of the house. I had

every-day home life. From each one I have always received the utmost consideration, and I felt quite sure, before going to Windsor, that I should not find any exception to the rule in the Prince and Princess Christian. You may, or you may not, know that the Prince is an immense favourite with all the members of our Royal Family; all the younger ones affectionately speaking of him as "Uncle Christian." He is a great lover of all athletic and manly sports; hunting, shooting, cricket and football, all find in him an ardent and active patron. Of horses and dogs he is particularly fond, and at the request of

PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND HIS FAVOURITE HORSE.
From a Photo. by Mary Spencer-Warren.



From a Photo. by]

PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER FAVOURITE HORSE.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

His Royal Highness, I had the opportunity of accompanying him and his daughter, the Princess Victoria, to see some of the favourite occupants of the stables, and to photograph them.

Passing up the wide staircase, I reach thereby long corridors and several suites of rooms. Turning to the right, I find first the sitting-room of the Princess Victoria. Just now the Princess is occupying it, but knowing I am anxious to take a photograph, she very kindly tells me I am at liberty to do so. It is a pretty room with walls dressed in grey, and dado of a deeper hue. A prominent feature is the beautiful grand piano, which stands open, and the strains, indeed, of which

I had just been listening to as I came up the staircase. You will not need, perhaps, to be told that the Princess inherits her Royal mother's musical talent. Water-colours, engravings, and family portraits adorn the walls, together with a number of curios on pretty brackets. Comfortable chairs, with covers and cushions showing beautiful art needlework in silk, abound, while flowers and ferns, with the hundred and one knick-knacks of a lady's boudoir, make up a charmingly picturesque effect. The well-used writing-table has a pile of correspondence on it, and a number of beautifully mounted fittings. Flowers are in every direction, and a plenitude of books and music. Altogether, the apartment is not only charmingly pretty, but is also evidently the scene of study and work.

The Princess Victoria is no stranger to the public, for she is the able and willing coadjutor of the Princess Christian in all her beneficent work; and where the mother goes, so



From a Photo. by]

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S ROOM.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

does the daughter, as a general rule. So numerous have the appeals for help become, that it is a fact that neither of the Royal ladies has an idle minute—one continual round of duty ever presenting itself. On one of my days at Cumberland Lodge, the Princess Victoria made a casual remark that she was going to see a sick child; and I afterwards learned that it was the little son of an employé that was to be visited. A critical operation had been necessary, and this had been performed by an eminent surgeon; two trained nurses had also been engaged to take charge of the case, all at the sole expense of the Princess Christian. In addition to this, everything necessary for the child was being sent from the Lodge, and at the same place sleeping accommodation for the nurses was accorded, the cottage being too small for the purpose. This case came to my knowledge in the most casual way, and is doubtless only one of many similar instances which never come before the public.

Resuming my tour of the mansion, I go next to the dressing-room of Her Royal Highness

of things to be seen here which must be interesting to the occupant of the room, as they have been presents; some given on the occasion of the silver wedding—amongst these latter some silver caskets are especially noticeable. On one of the tables is a beautifully mounted gold dressing-service. On the walls I notice a large number of photographs of the Royal Family, amongst them being the Queen and the Prince Consort, Prince Christian, and the sons and daughters of the house. Portraits are everywhere; as are flowers, books, and curios of all sorts. The windows are tastefully hung with lace and floral curtains. Over in one corner I notice a glass shade, which, on approaching, I find covers an object doubtless much prized by the Princess Christian, being her own bridal wreath; and on the wall in the opposite corner I descry something else worth seeing—the framed certificate gained by Her Royal Highness for proficiency in nursing. The whole of the furniture is of satin wood, and the room is lighted with a hanging coloured lamp.



From a Photo. by]

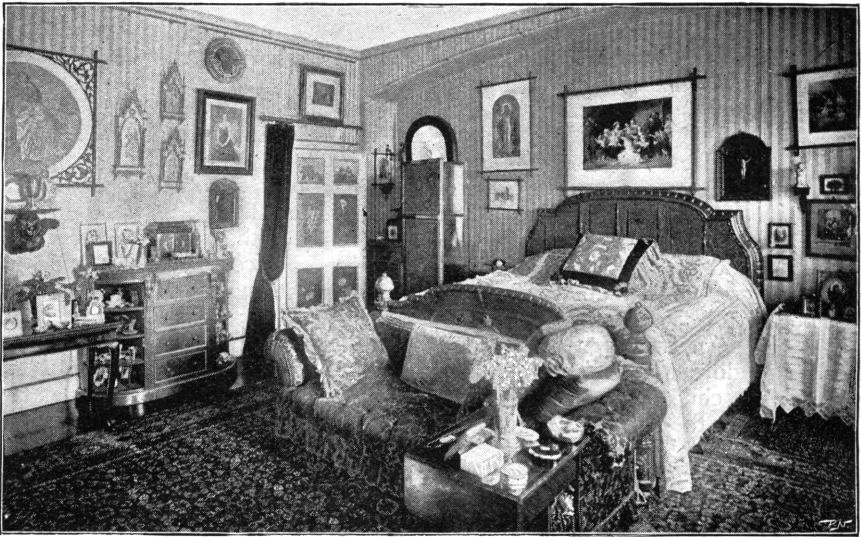
PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S DRESSING-ROOM.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

In the Princess's bedroom, the prevailing tones are green and silver, with bed and lounge upholstery in gold and brown brocade. The panels of the door are beautifully painted—the artistic talents of the Princess and her daughter make it very possible that the work is theirs. Water-colours, portraits, engravings, and old prints adorn the walls in profusion. Many of the articles are enamelled in white,

the Princess Christian, another tastefully furnished room—artistic, yet homely. The walls are papered in green of a pretty shade, with a darker dado. The floor is of polished oak, with a handsome Persian square. There are two writing-tables in the room, one in the centre, and another in front of one of the two windows. Here the Princess passes many a busy hour, engaged with her very large correspondence. There are a number

and the furniture here, again, is chiefly of satin wood. The large over-mantel is almost filled with old china, more of which is displayed on brackets and side-tables. A pretty Parisian timepiece, some gold and silver curios, and quantities of flowers are other objects which meet the eye. Three handsome screens are in various positions—one has glass panels, another panels of silk; also there is an abundance of



From a Photo. by]

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM.

Mary Spencer-Warren.

art needlework on cushions, and a basket of wool-work which speaks of the guilds in which many of the Royal Family are so much interested. And here occurs to me the great service Her Royal Highness has rendered to poor gentlewomen in the interest she has displayed in the Royal School of Art Needlework. By means of this school many, who would otherwise lack many necessities of life, are enabled by their own exertions to obtain them.

Visiting the poor is another mission that I must briefly touch upon. How many families have been helped, how many homes brightened and hearts cheered, by the active sympathy of the daughter of England's Queen will never be known. Not only the poor around her gates, but the toilers of the great City are familiar with the Royal lady's presence, and this in the very slums and alleys.

To children the Princess is devotedly attached, and the mere enumeration of the many branches for aid to the little ones would take up some considerable space. Meals for those who come from homes where good food is impossible, is one direction in which very timely help is afforded. All through the bad weather numbers of the children are fed twice a week at the Town Hall, Windsor; Her Royal Highness herself being generally present, busily occupied in ministering to their wants. For their amusement and recreation she also works hard, both in organizing evening entertainments for them, and taking part in games with them. Those

of them who are ill are not neglected, very active help being rendered to the Children's Country Holiday Association. Quite near the Princess's home there is a small branch in connection with the Ragged School, and here sick boys are sent down for a fortnight's holiday, having the beautiful park for a playground, and the two Princesses for constant visitors. Many a little delicacy, and many a present, finds its way from Cumberland Lodge to this home.

Infant day nurseries is another project in which the Princess Christian displays an unbounded interest. Many a poor woman may find herself sorely puzzled to know what to do with the children while she is out helping to earn, or, in many cases, entirely earning, the daily bread. Some are too young to leave entirely to themselves, and to pay the sum often demanded by people who take charge of them is a serious strain upon the woman's little income. At these nurseries the charge is so nominal, and the children are so well fed and cared for, that the boon to poor toilers can hardly be judged in an adequate measure. In all undertakings for the benefit of those who are less fortunately placed, the Princess not only brings to bear upon it kindly sympathy, but also undoubted tact; everything and everybody being helped in so thoroughly practical a manner, that just what is necessary and best is done in each case, and while imposition is rendered next to impossible, actual poverty and distress of every kind are ameliorated.

As might be expected, a most thorough

English training has been imparted to the young Princes and Princesses; and the maxim of doing *well* everything they do at all has been most thoroughly inculcated. Both the sons are soldiers, one of them having seen much active service in India. The youngest daughter was married to the Prince Aribert of Anhalt some time ago. When I was down at the Lodge, one son was at home, but only for a short period; generally speaking, the Princess Victoria is the only youthful member of the family there, and so is companion to both father and mother, sharing the love of animals and the rides across country of the former, as well as assiduously helping the many projects of the latter.

There yet remain one or two other rooms to see; one of them is the dressing-room of the Prince Christian. This is essentially plain in appearance; painted ceiling and papered walls, with solid-looking furniture; a veritable *man's* room. Even the pictures are groups in athletic dress: some in cricket costume, some in football.

There are also some portraits of the children, and of the Prince's father and mother, and over the mantelpiece is a very pretty flower painting, the artist being the Princess Victoria.

Away up the other end of the broad corridor I come upon a smaller one, replete with marble busts, old cabinets, bronze equestrian statues, and another collection of antlers; also a number of comical pictures, known as Forbes's hunting accomplishments.

Of course this does not nearly exhaust the rooms, or the interesting objects contained in Cumberland Lodge. There are the apartments of the young Princes, those reserved

for visitors, and those for the suite, irrespective of the kitchen and other offices.

It is a goodly and fair English home, and inhabited by a family altogether and entirely English in ideas and tastes. And though every member so ably supports the British Royal dignity, yet they are one with the people in their joys and sorrows, and so true respect and love surround them on every hand.



From a Photo. by]

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

[Bassano.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

BY L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

X.—WITH THE ETERNAL FIRES.

[This story is founded on a true incident.]



WAS sent for one day towards the end of a certain very hot June to see a boy who was ill at a large preparatory school in the neighbourhood of London. The school was in the country, about an hour's drive from town. My message was urgent, and I did not lose any time in attending to it. I had but a very few minutes to catch my train, an express, and had at the last moment to make a rush, first for my ticket, and then for a seat in the railway compartment. I opened the door of a first-class carriage just as the train was moving, and found that I was to take my brief journey to Wickham in the company of a single fellow-passenger. He was a man inclining to the elderly side of life, and when I got into the carriage his head was buried in a large sheet of the *Times*. He just glanced up when I appeared, and then, quickly looking down, resumed his reading. I did not interrupt him, but sat leaning back in my own seat lost in anxious thought. I had several bad cases on my visiting list just then, and was in no mood even to read. Presently I observed that my fellow-traveller had folded up his paper, and sitting so that I could get a view of his profile, was looking steadily out at the landscape. Hitherto, I had regarded him with the most scanty measure of attention, but now, something in the expression of his face aroused my keen and immediate interest.

He was a handsome man, tall and well-developed—the outline of his face was delicate and finely carved. The nose was slightly aquiline—

a snow-white beard hid the lower part of the features, but the forehead, nose, and finely-shaped head were magnificently proportioned. It gives me pleasure to look at perfection in any form, and this man's whole appearance very nearly approached my ideal. He must suddenly have observed that I was paying him marked attention, for he turned swiftly and glanced at me. His eyes, of a bright hazel, seemed to lift and lighten for a moment, then they filled with a most impenetrable gloom, which was so marked as to be almost like despair. He opened his lips as if to speak, but evidently changed his mind, and once more confined his gaze to the landscape, not a feature of which I am sure by his expression did he see.

Soon afterwards we arrived at Wickham, a small country town, after which the school was named. I saw that my travelling companion was also getting out here. We found ourselves the only passengers on the platform, and the next moment I heard the stranger inquiring, in somewhat testy tones, for a conveyance to take him immediately to Wickham House. The doctor's brougham was waiting for me, and as Wickham House was also my destination, I stepped up at once to my fellow-traveller, and offered him a seat.

He stared at me as if he had only seen me then for the first time.

"I am extremely obliged to you, sir," he said, recovering himself with a start; "the fact is, I am anxious to reach the school in order to catch an early train back to town. I will accept your offer with pleasure."

"Step in, won't you?" I said.



"MY FELLOW-PASSENGER."

We both entered the brougham, and were soon bowling away in the direction of the school. As we were driving through the antiquated little town, my companion roused himself to be animated and talkative, but when we got into the more country parts, he lapsed into silence, and the stupor of dull despair once more spread itself over his features. I endeavoured to keep the conversation going, touching lightly on many topics of general interest, but he scarcely responded.

As we approached the house, driving up to it through a winding avenue, he heaved a profound sigh, and cast a glance up at the many windows. The building was a fine old gabled mansion of the Elizabethan period—the main part of the house was completely covered with ivy.

"Wickham House looks quite imposing," I said, with a smile; "this is my first visit—can you tell me if there are many boys here?"

"A couple of hundred, I believe," he replied. "It is a fine building, and the situation is exceptionally good. You would suppose that a lad would be safe here, would you not?"

"It seems to me that boys are safe nowhere," I replied. "I am a doctor, and am coming here to-day to see a little chap who has fallen on his head and hurt himself badly."

"Ah!" he answered, "I did not allude to that sort of ordinary danger. Sir, there is something in your face which makes me willing to confide in you. I am the father of an only boy—if he is alive now, he is fourteen years of age—as fine a lad as ever stepped, strong and hearty, with all the athletic propensities of the best order of young Britain. I sent him here, to prepare for Eton; he would have gone there at the end of the summer holidays. Two months ago he vanished—yes, that is the only word. Ah! here we are."

We drew up at the front door. My companion got out first, and I followed. I was met on the threshold of the house by the local doctor—a man of the name of Hudson; he was waiting for me anxiously, and took me off at once to see my patient. I had no time, therefore, to observe my fellow-traveller any further.

The boy whom I had come to see was very ill—in fact, in great danger; and my attention was completely taken up by his case until late in the evening. In the interest aroused by this acute illness, I had forgotten

all about my strange companion, but just as I was leaving, Dr. Hudson, who was taking me through the hall of the great house on my way to the carriage, spoke abruptly.

"By the way, Halifax, I saw that you gave Mr. Cavendish a seat to the school. He has spent the day here, and is returning to London now. You have no objection, have you, to his sharing your conveyance back to the station?"

"None whatever," I replied. "He is a fine-looking man—I did not know his name until you mentioned it. There is something about him which interests me. By the way, he told me a queer story—he said that he once had a son here, but that the boy vanished about two months ago.

"That is perfectly true. The case is a terrible one, in fact, quite a tragedy. The boy was, without the least doubt, the victim of a horrible plot. The circumstances of his disappearance were as follows: One day, Dr. Hughes, our head master, received a letter purporting to be written by the boy's father. It was to all appearance in his handwriting; the paper was headed with his crest and his private address in Essex. The letter was a very brief one, and requested Dr. Hughes to send Malcolm up to Paddington the following day, in order to see an aunt whom the boy had not met since he was an infant.

"Either his aunt or I will meet him at the bookstall on the arrival platform," wrote Mr. Cavendish. 'In case, by any chance, I am not present, let him wear a red tie—Lady Seymour will recognise him by that. Send up one of the masters with him, and do not fail to let him be there—he shall return to school the following day.'

"Naturally, after the receipt of such a letter, there was nothing for Dr. Hughes to do but to comply. He sent the boy to town accompanied by one of the junior masters, Mr. Price—they went as directed, and stood near one of the bookstalls. Presently a well-dressed, middle-aged lady came up—she embraced the boy tenderly, told him that she was his aunt, Lady Seymour, and took him away with her in a hansom. Price, quite satisfied that all was right with the boy, returned here, and it was not until the following day, when Malcolm failed to appear, that the first idea of anything being wrong entered Dr. Hughes's mind. He telegraphed to Mr. Cavendish at his place in Essex, but received no reply. He became possessed with a sense of uneasiness which he could scarcely account for, and went himself to Essex that night. On his arrival at 'The Howe,' Mr.



"SHE TOOK HIM AWAY WITH HER."

Cavendish's place, you can imagine his consternation when he heard that the house was shut up, that Lady Seymour was still in India with her husband, and that Mr. Cavendish was somewhere on the Continent, address not known. What followed can be better imagined than described. The letter was, of course, a forgery; the woman who took the boy off had left no address behind her, nor has Malcolm Cavendish from that hour to now been heard of. Such is the pitiable story. There was a short delay in getting Mr. Cavendish's address; but as soon as possible the distracted father returned to England, and not a stone has been left unturned to try to obtain a trace of the missing lad. Up to the present all our efforts have been unsuccessful. The boy is an only son, the heir to a fine estate; the poor father's agony of mind I leave you to conjecture. In short, unless something happens soon to relieve the tension of anxiety and despair, his mind may be seriously overbalanced."

"It is a terrible story," I said. "What an awful villain that woman must be. Who is she?"

"Nobody knows. When questioned, Mr. Cavendish always shirks the subject. Even the detectives can get nothing out of him.

If he does know anything about her, he refuses to tell."

"Well," I said, "your story quite accounts for the expression on his face. I wish with all my heart that something could be done to relieve him."

"Get him to confide in you if you can, doctor, on your way to town; you will be doing a good work, I assure you; one of the saddest features of the case, as far as the old man is concerned, is that he keeps his grief so completely to himself. If you can manage to break the ice, you will be doing him a service."

"I will do what I can," I answered.

Soon afterwards I had left Wickham House, and in Mr. Cavendish's company returned to London. Our compartment was full, and if I had wished to draw my companion out, I should not have had the opportunity. During our short run to town, he sat nursing his grief, staring straight before him, apathy if not despair in his eyes—he was evidently at present in no mood to confide in anyone. We reached Paddington in good time, and I turned to bid him "good-bye." He looked at me with a queer expression on his face.

"They spoke of you at the school to-day," he said; "they told me one or two things about you—you do not quite fulfil the rôle of the ordinary physician—I wonder if it is possible for you to administer to a mind diseased."

"That is the priest's mission, as a rule," I said; then I added, suddenly, "but try me—come home with me now, if you like."

"There is no time like the present," he answered.

My carriage was waiting—I conducted him to it, and in a short time we found ourselves at my house in Harley Street. I took him at once into my study, offered him refreshment, and then waited for him to speak.

"Do you make brain disease your special study?" he said, abruptly.

"Not my special study," I replied; "but I have given a good deal of attention to mental disease."

"Then what do you say to this? I told you this morning that I once had a boy at Wickham House—a fine lad, well-proportioned, sound, brave, and good in body and mind. Owing to the strangest and most diabolical stratagem, he was entrapped away from school—a forged letter was used, and the name of my sister, Lady Seymour, brought into requisition. It is two months

now since the fatal day when the boy was taken to London—since then, not the slightest clue has been obtained of his whereabouts. In short, as far as he is concerned, the earth might have opened and swallowed him up."

"The story is most tragic," I replied.

"Ah, you may well call it that. Such a tragedy happening to a man in connection with his only son is enough to—eh, doctor—enough to turn his brain, is it not?"

As Mr. Cavendish said these last words, his face suddenly altered—the look of despair gave place to a curious expression of stealthiness mingled with fear. He rose to his feet and gazed at me steadily.

"I should like the truth from you," he said, coming a step nearer. "Is it true that I ever had a son? For the last few weeks I have seriously considered every circumstance of this most strange case, and have almost come to the conclusion that I am suffering from a very queer state of illusion. More and more, as the days go by, I incline to the belief that I never had a son. It is true that I carry the photograph of a boy in my pocket—I often take it out and look at it—I gaze at it sometimes for nearly an hour at a time, and say to myself, over and over, 'I have watched your face since you were an infant. Yes, I have certainly seen you—I have held you in these arms. I have seen the look of intelligence growing in your eyes. I have observed your progress from childhood to boyhood. But, no, perhaps you are only a dream-child—perhaps I never possessed you. Here is a photograph, but may it not represent another man's son?' My mind is in this state of torture, Dr. Halifax; always vacillating from belief to unbelief, until I scarcely know what I am doing. Can you not see my point for yourself? How is it possible for me seriously to believe that a lad of fourteen could vanish from the face of the earth leaving no clue behind him?"

"The case is most mysterious," I replied; "but with regard to its truth, I can absolutely and completely relieve your mind. You are not suffering from an illusion—you have really had a son—nay, I firmly believe him to be still alive. It so happens that Hudson, the doctor who attends the boys at Wickham House, told me your story to-day. Your boy was certainly at school there—he certainly did exist. Your mind is slightly unbalanced by the terrible grief and anxiety you have undergone. Your duty now is to turn your thoughts resolutely from the idea that you are suffering from a case of delusion."

"The story of the disappearance is too unaccountable to believe," said Cavendish.

"Have you a photograph of your boy about you?" I asked.

"I certainly have a photograph in my pocket, but whether it is a photograph of a stranger or of my son, I am unable to tell you."

As he spoke he produced a thin morocco case, touched a spring, opened it, and placed it in my hands. It contained the photograph of as frank and handsome a lad as any man could desire to possess—the eyes, the face, the smiling lips, the open, courageous expression of the brow, all showed that there was no duplicity or anything mean in the boy himself. One glance at his face, as it was reflected in the photograph, was quite sufficient to dispel any doubt as to his having connived at his own disappearance. What had happened to the boy? Whose victim was he? How and by what means had he been kidnapped so effectually as not to leave the ghost of a trace behind?

While I was looking at the picture of the lad, the father's eyes were fixed on me. I looked up suddenly and encountered his gaze.

"This is a splendid boy," I said, "and," I continued, emphatically, "he is your son."

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"For the simple reason that he is like you—he has got your eyes, and the expression you must have worn when you were happy."

"I never thought of that," he answered.

He took the photograph into his hand and studied it carefully.

"I suppose he must be my son," he said. "I see what you mean. I used to have those particularly bright hazel eyes when I was young."

"You have them still," I said; "you have transmitted them to your boy."

"Well, be it so. It is a relief to hear you speak, for you speak with confidence; but when I am alone the intolerable delusion invariably returns that I never had a son—all the same, I am as tortured as if I really possessed and lost a boy like that."

"The thing to cure you is simple enough," I said.

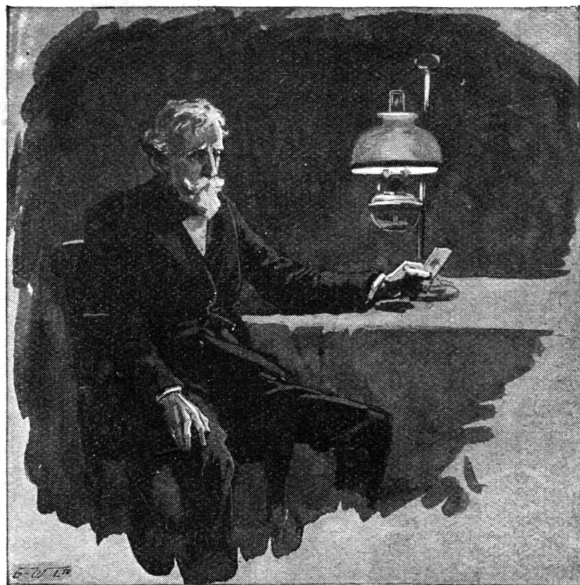
"What is that?"

"We must find your boy and bring him back to you."

"Ah, Dr. Halifax—ah, if you could!"

"Sit down," I said, "let us talk the matter out carefully."

"I have talked it out carefully so often," he said, pressing his hand to his brow in a



"HE STUDIED IT CAREFULLY."

bewildered manner. "At first I was all on fire—I was nearly distracted—I spent money wildly, here, there, and everywhere—I was full of hope. Although I was nearly mad, my hope of finally discovering the lad never deserted me. But of late the queer feeling that the whole thing is a delusion comes to me whenever I attempt to take any steps to find the boy. Granted that you have cured me for the time being, I shall go back to my rooms at the Albany to-night, and assure myself once again that it is useless to fret, for I never had a son."

"We will not encourage that delusion by talking of it," I said. "Rest assured that you had a son, that in all probability you still have one, and that it is your bounden duty to search the earth until you recover him."

"Do you say so, indeed? With what energy you speak."

"It is necessary to speak with energy," I replied; "the case is pressing, you must move Heaven and earth to get back that boy. It is impossible for you to tell what fate may now be his."

"I cannot do more than I have done, doctor—at the present moment there are two detectives working day and night in my service. From the moment Price, the junior master at Wickham House, saw the boy step into a hansom with a woman who pretended to be his aunt, he has vanished as completely and utterly as if he had never existed."

"The boy has been very cleverly kid-

napped," I said. "The woman who pretended to be his aunt is, of course, at the bottom of the whole affair. There is no reason to suppose that money has had anything to do with this strange case; the boy was also much too old to be trained as an acrobat—in short, the case plainly points to revenge."

"Revenge," said Cavendish, fixing his eyes on me, and giving me a startled and astonished glance—"Who could possibly hate a boy like that?"

"Not likely," I replied; "but someone could hate you. Have you an enemy?"

"If you ask me if I *have* an enemy, I think I can honestly reply 'No,'" he answered, after a little pause.

"You speak with doubt," I said. "I will slightly change my question. Had you an enemy in the past?"

"Oh, the past," he repeated, thoughtfully. "You are half a detective, doctor."

"Only so far a detective," I replied, "that I have made human nature the one study of my life."

"Doubtless such a study gives you clues to men's secrets," was the answer. "Well, I can give you an unpleasant history, but before I speak of it, I will just tell you one or two things with regard to my present. I married late in life. Shortly after the birth of the boy my wife died. Almost immediately after her death I came in for a fine property—an estate in Essex worth some thousands a year. The place is called 'The Howe,' and my boy and I have spent some happy Christmases there. The boy was the brightest creature—I could never be dull in his society—I was glad to feel that he would inherit my acres some day. When with him my past ceased to worry me."

"I am sorry to have to ask you to rake up unpleasant memories," I interrupted.

"Yes, yes, I will tell you all. The fact is this:—

"I was once obliged owing to strange circumstances to act in a very unpleasant, and what appeared to be almost a vindictive, way towards a woman. She was a Creole, a passionate and strikingly handsome creature. She had made the acquaintance of a young fellow, who was at the time one of my greatest friends—she induced him to promise her marriage. I doubted and distrusted her from the first, and moved Heaven and earth

to keep my friend from committing himself to such a disastrous step as a marriage with her. All my expostulations were in vain—he was madly in love; and this woman, Thora, had a most unbounded influence over him. Unexpectedly, it was given to me to put a spoke in her wheel. Even at the altar I was just in time to save my friend—I discovered that Thora had a husband already, and brought him to the church at the critical moment. All was up for her, then, of course; but I shall never forget the look on her face. My poor friend died of yellow fever two months afterwards, and Thora's husband himself fell a victim to the fell disease. But I had made an enemy of this woman, and during the remainder of my stay in Jamaica she was a thorn in my side. One day she forced her way into my presence, and asked me if I would give her compensation for the injury I had inflicted on her. I asked her what she meant. She suggested that I should marry her myself. I refused, with horror. She bestowed upon me a glance of the most unutterable hate, and told me that I should rue the day when I had ever interfered with her.

"Shortly afterwards I went home, and sincerely hoped that I should never see her or be troubled by her again. Judge therefore of my feelings when on the eve of my marriage I received a most intemperate letter from her. She again repeated the words which she had uttered when parting from me: 'You will rue the day you interfered with me.' She wrote to me from Jamaica, and being so far away, I did not think it possible that she could carry out her threat, although from what I knew of her character I believed her to be quite capable of any mode of revenge. I married, and was happy. Some years afterwards I received a newspaper with a marked passage; it contained an account of this woman's marriage to a Swede. Since then I have heard nothing about her. Let us forget her, Dr. Halifax—she could not possibly have had anything to do with the disappearance of my son, and the subject is most distasteful to me."

"Nevertheless, from what you have told me, it is more than evident that if this woman is still living you have an enemy."

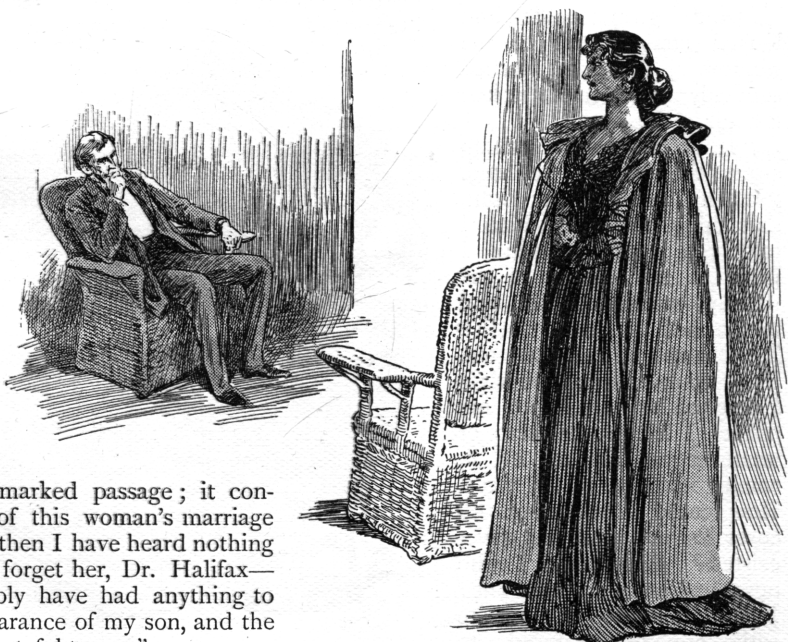
"I had an enemy at the time, no doubt—but I scarcely think that even Thora would keep up her evil feelings for fourteen or fifteen years, and then suddenly rise up as if from the grave to do me a fearful injury. The greatest dare-devil that ever lived would surely not allow her revenge to slumber so long."

"That may or may not be," I said. "I consider what you have told me a most important clue to the recovery of your boy. In short, not a moment should be lost in finding out where this woman now is."

Mr. Cavendish shrugged his shoulders.

"If she is really at the bottom of it," he said, after a pause, "we shall never find her. She was quite the cleverest woman I have known. In short, she was capable in the old days of outwitting twenty detectives. I have no reason to suppose that her talents have rusted with years. If she is at the bottom of this affair, the boy is hopelessly lost."

"You have no right to say so," I answered, with some indignation. "However bad and unscrupulous a woman may be, it is possible, surely, to outwit her. In short, you will forgive me for saying that this story should have been confided to your detectives some time ago."



"A GLANCE OF UNUTTERABLE HATE."

Mr. Cavendish looked at me fixedly.

"If you think so, I will tell them," he said. "It did not occur to me to connect her with the affair. My belief is that she is in all probability dead—she comes of a short-lived race. Yes, I think you are mistaken, but, as you say, no stone should be left unturned, and I will have a talk with one of the detectives this evening."

Mr. Cavendish left me soon afterwards. I felt that our interview had at least done this much good—it had shaken the terrible delusion which made him doubt that he had ever been the father of a son. I was glad at least of this, and wondered if it would be my fate to hear anything more of this strange story.

The next day, to my surprise, Mr. Cavendish called again upon me.

"Well," I said, "I am glad to see you. What does your detective say? How is the affair progressing? What steps are being taken to find the woman Thora?"

He gave me a queer and somewhat unsteady glance.

"The fact is this," he said: "I have said nothing whatever about that woman to the detectives employed in my service."

I could not help feeling regret, and showing it.

"Are you not aware," I said, "that there is not a day to be lost if you are ever to get possession of your boy again?"

"Ah, there's the rub," he said, slowly.

"*Had I a boy?*" He folded his hands tightly together, and looked straight out of the window. Then he turned suddenly round and looked me full in the face.

"It is useless for you to argue the point," he said.

"When I left you last night, that thing occurred which I told you would happen: I went to my rooms in the Albany, ordered dinner, and telegraphed to the detective MacPherson to call upon me. I had no sooner done so than I laughed at myself for my pains. I felt the delusion, or whatever you like to call it, coming upon me in full force. How could MacPherson recover for me what had never existed? How could I who never had a son embrace one? I sat down to dinner, ate with appetite, refused to

believe that I was suffering under any grief whatever, and when the detective arrived apologized for having troubled him, told him that I had nothing fresh to talk over, and dismissed him. No sooner had he gone than I regretted my own action—I perceived that my mind was verging to the other end of the pendulum. I spent a night of agony, bemoaning the boy whom I then believed in—cursing myself for having dismissed the detective; but now, again, the belief that I have no son is with me—you see for yourself what a state is mine—I am incapable of taking any efficient steps in this matter."

"You are," I said, abruptly. "May I not take up the case for you?"

"You?" he said, opening his eyes. "Good heavens! what has a doctor to do with it?"

"I undertake it for you, because you are ill," I said, "because the story is peculiar, and because I am deeply interested."

"You are good," he said. "Yes, act as you think well."

"Give me your detective's address," I said—"I will have an interview with him this evening—and as you know that a woman called Thora certainly did exist in the past, give me what particulars you can with regard to her appearance."

"She was dark and handsome," he answered—"a tall woman with flashing eyes. That was the description of her in the old



"I APOLOGIZED FOR HAVING TROUBLED HIM."

days—if she is still alive, she is probably past recognition, her hair would in all probability be snow-white—I am an old man, and she is older. Oh, she is dead, doctor; do not let us waste our time in thinking of her further.”

I made no reply to this, but took down in my note-book several particulars which I almost forced Cavendish to give me. He left me after a time, and in the course of the day I saw the detective, MacPherson. The man was a shrewd fellow, and I thought it best to take him completely into my confidence. He believed the fresh clue which I was able to furnish him with of the utmost importance—said that the name Thora was in itself so uncommon as to be a valuable guide, and promised to let me hear from him in a few days.

A week passed by without anything fresh occurring—Cavendish was beginning to haunt my house—he came each morning and evening—his mind was still in a terrible state of unbalance—verging one moment to the extreme limits of despair at the thought of the lad he had lost—half an hour afterwards doubting not only that he ever possessed a lad, but even that he himself really existed. I waited anxiously for news from the detective, but day after day passed without any clue whatever being forthcoming.

One morning, early, I received a telegram which upset my own arrangements considerably—the telegram was from a very wealthy patient who was travelling in Russia, and who had been taken seriously ill. He believed himself to be dying in an out-of-the-way place called Bakou. He begged of me to come to him without a moment's delay. Expense was of no moment; he urged me not to delay an hour in setting out on my long journey. The sick man was not only a patient of some years' standing, but was also a very old friend of mine. I could scarcely desert him in such stress, and, after a brief reflection, decided to go to him. I wired to him to expect me as soon as train and steamer could bring me to his side, and then went to Cook's office to get particulars with regard to my unlooked-for journey. Bakou is a small town on a tongue of land jutting into the Caspian Sea—it is on the west coast. I found, to my dismay, that it would not be possible for me to reach this remote corner of the world under ten days' hard travelling. I might slightly shorten my journey by going from London to Vienna, and then on to Odessa by train—but, travel day and night as fast as I could, it would be impossible for me

to reach my poor friend under nine to ten days. I telegraphed to him again to this effect, but his reply, which reached me in the course of the evening, implored me to set off without an hour's delay.

“I am alone in this horrible place,” he telegraphed; “no English doctor within reach. My last chance of life depends on your coming.”

I had scarcely read the words of this long foreign telegram, before the detective, MacPherson, was ushered into my presence.

“Well, sir,” he said, doffing his hat as he spoke, “I am sorry to have kept you and the other gentleman waiting so long, but I do think I have got a bit of a clue at last.”

“Pray be seated,” I said, “and tell me all about it.”

MacPherson seated himself on the edge of a chair, holding his round, soft hat between his knees.

“It is a queer business altogether,” he said, “but the fact is, I have traced the boy to Vienna.”

“Vienna!” I said, startled. “What do you mean?”

“What I say, sir. After very careful inquiries, I have found out that a lad, exactly answering to the description of Master Cavendish, went in the company of two women, one young, one middle-aged, *via* Calais and Dover, to Vienna about ten weeks ago. Let me see, this is the 5th of July; the day the boy went to London was the 26th of April. A fair and a dark lady accompanied by a lad in all points answering to the photograph, a copy of which I hold in my pocket, started for Vienna on that day. From there they went straight on to Odessa. I can't trace them any farther. One of the women would answer to the description Mr. Cavendish gave you of the Creole whom he used to know in his early youth. She is a handsome, tall woman, with a slender, well-preserved figure—flashing, dark eyes, and hair which is only slightly sprinkled with grey—she evidently had an accomplice with her, for a fair-haired woman, much younger, accompanied her and the boy. Now, sir, I propose to start for Odessa to-night, in order to follow up this clue. In a case of this kind, and in such a remote part of the world, only personal investigation can do anything.”

“You are right,” I answered. “Now, I have something strange to tell you. I am also starting for Odessa this evening.”

The man gaped at me in astonishment.

“Yes,” I replied, “I am going to Odessa *en route* to a place on the Caspian Sea of the

name of Bakou. After what you have just informed me, I shall endeavour to persuade Mr. Cavendish to go with me."

The detective rubbed his hands slowly together.

"Nothing can be better for my purpose," he answered, after a pause—"only Mr. Cavendish must be quite certain to keep himself dark, for if this woman Thora really kidnapped the boy, she will be able, in a Russian town like Odessa, effectually to hide him or even to take his life, if her object is revenge and she knows that his father has arrived."

"What can have induced the boy to go with her?" I said. "A lad of fourteen has surely a will of his own."

"Oh, she made up something, sir—the matter seems to me plausible enough. The lad was sent for to town on the pretext of meeting his aunt. This woman would tell the unsuspecting boy that his father, who was then on the Continent, had desired her to bring him out to him. Of course, the lad would follow her then to the world's end, and be only too pleased to do so. Well, doctor, I will leave you now, and prepare for my long journey."

I bade the man "good-bye," and sent a wire to Mr. Cavendish, to ask him to call on me at once. He was at home, and arrived at my house between six and seven o'clock.

"I have news for you," I said, the moment he appeared.

I then told him of the sudden journey which I was obliged to make, briefly related the interview which I had just had with the detective, and then proposed that he should accompany me to Odessa.

"I feel full of hope," I said. "Your presence on the spot may be necessary in order to identify your son. How soon can you be ready to join me?"

He had been looking depressed and full of despair when he entered the room, but the news which I had for him acted like cham-

pagne. His eyes brightened, he clenched his hands in a thoroughly healthy manner, used some strong words with regard to Thora, and then said that he would accompany me.

"Go back to the Albany at once," I said; "pack what is necessary for your journey, get some money, and meet me at Victoria at a quarter to eight. We can talk as much as we like *en route*, but now there is not a moment to lose."

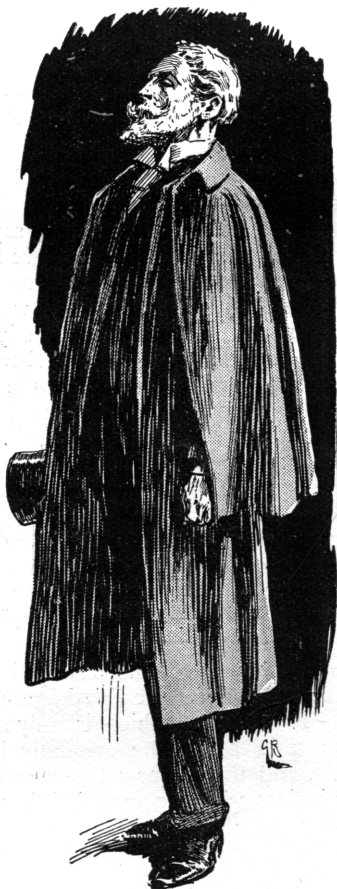
"You are right," he said. "I am a new man; the terrible delusion seems to have left me completely. I will be at Victoria at the hour you name."

He had drawn himself up to his full height. Already he looked ten years younger. He left my house, and, punctually to the moment,

I met him on the departure platform at Victoria Station. We took our seats in the train, and were soon steaming away at a rapid pace towards Dover. I need not describe the early part of our journey—it was absolutely uneventful. Travelling right through, we reached Vienna in about thirty hours from the date of our departure from London. At Vienna I got my first glimpse of the detective, MacPherson, who was travelling in the same train, but second-class. He was dressed in a rough tweed suit, which completely metamorphosed his appearance.

We reached Odessa at night, and I found, almost to my relief, for I was completely tired out, that there were no means of continuing my journey until the following morning. On making inquiries, I found that I must now take steamer and cross the Black Sea to a place called Batoum. The journey by steamer would take some days, as the only boats available would coast a good deal. My duty, of course, lay straight and clear

before me. I was on my way to my sick friend, but I found rather to my dismay that Cavendish, left alone, would be almost incapable of guiding himself. His mind was without any doubt in a weak state. Full of



"I AM A NEW MAN."

hope as he was during the greater part of that long journey, the painful illusion that he was following a vain quest, a will-o'-the-wisp, the dictation of a dream, came over him from time to time. Left alone at Odessa, he would in all probability spoil MacPherson's game.

"You had better come with me," I said; "you will do no good here. MacPherson is as sharp a fellow as I ever met. As soon as he gets a real clue, he can telegraph to you, and you can return. Your best plan now will be to come with me, and give him a clear coast."

"I see no good in that," he replied; "it seems that a boy answering to my son's description has undoubtedly reached this place. I should know that woman among a thousand—I should know the boy—whether he is a dream-boy or my own son, God alone can tell; but I should know his face again. Why should I leave the place?"

"You must please yourself, of course," I answered; "my own course is plain. I must take steamer for Batoum at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If you like, you can accompany me, and I shall be glad to have you, but if not, I trust you will telegraph to me as soon as anything transpires."

"I will do so assuredly," he answered.

Almost immediately afterwards we both retired for the night. In the early morning I received a note from Cavendish.

"I have made up my mind to remain at Odessa for a week at least," he wrote.

I tore up the note, and prepared for my own journey—I was to be on board the steamer at nine o'clock. When I went down to the quay I saw MacPherson standing there looking about him with all an Englishman's curiosity. In his rough suit, he looked like the typical traveller; he touched his hat and came up to me.

"Mr. Cavendish stays behind," I said to him, briefly; "you will look after him, will you not?"

"Yes, sir; but it is best for me not to appear to know him."

"Have you made any plans for yourself?" I asked.

"I believe I have got a clue, Dr. Halifax, but I am not quite certain yet. I know a little of many languages—even a few words of Russian. At a café last night I met a Russian who knows the part of the world where you are going. There is a great colony of Swedes there—that woman married a Swede."

I nodded.

"Well, there are Swedes at Bakou—in

fact, the most important part of the population consists of that nationality—the great firm of Nobel Brothers have their kerosene works there—theirs are much the largest kerosene refining works in the world. My Russian friend knows all about them. He informed me that there is a woman there who speaks English—the wife of one of the overseers. The point for us to find out now is: Who is this English-speaking woman? Can she be the one whom we are seeking? I shall not leave Odessa until the next steamer starts, in order to search this place thoroughly, but it is more than probable you will see me some day before long at Bakou."

"If you come, you had better bring Mr. Cavendish with you," I said.

"I must be guided by circumstances," he answered.

It was now time for me to go on board the steamer, which almost immediately afterwards got under way.

I shall not soon forget the tedium, and yet the wonderful beauty, of that voyage—the steamer coasted almost the entire way, and in consequence our progress was slow, but in process of time we reached the large town of Batoum. From there I took train to Tiflis, and in course of time found myself at Bakou. My journey had, as I anticipated, quite covered ten days. A more desolate-looking town than Bakou it would be difficult to find. The place at one time belonged to the Persians, but is now owned by Russia—it is built on a sand hill, and overlooks the Caspian Sea. High winds and clouds of sand scour the little town from morning to night. Of trees or green of any sort, there is none. I drove straight to the Hôtel Métropole—the best in the place, where my friend, General Morgan, had rooms. The hotel was built, as is usual on the Continent, round a courtyard, and the sick man, of course, occupied the best rooms. I found him very ill, and my hope that I might be able immediately to bring him home was frustrated—he was suffering from a sharp attack of typhoid fever, and although the worst symptoms had now abated, there was little chance of his being moved for many weeks to come. When I entered his bedroom, I was surprised to see a woman dressed as an English nurse seated by his bedside. She rose when I entered and stood respectfully—when I spoke, she answered me in English—the patient's state had evidently filled her with alarm, and she was much relieved at seeing me. General

Morgan was too ill to enter into any conversation, and after a short time I left the room, beckoning to the nurse to follow me.

"I am glad that you are here," I said; "my patient is fortunate to have obtained the services of an English nurse."

"Oh, I live here," she replied, speaking with a slightly foreign accent; "my home is here; I am the wife of a Swede of the name of Nehber. I happened to hear that an Englishman was very ill at the Métropole, and came a week ago to offer my services. I have been well trained as a nurse, and was glad of the chance of earning a little money on my own account. My patient told me that he had telegraphed to his English doctor to come out to him, so we have been expecting you, sir, and I took the liberty to engage a room in advance. May I show it to you now?"

She led the way as she spoke along a gallery, opened the door of a spacious but not uncomfortable bedroom, and left me. When she had done so, I went straight to the window and looked out. The sight of this woman had aroused my keenest interest—her appearance on the scene was absolutely unexpected—she had doubtless saved my patient's life; but, thankful as I was to her for that, it was not on General Morgan's account that my pulse beat faster than usual at the present moment. Was this by any strange chance the woman whom Cavendish had known long ago? She spoke English well, she was extremely well preserved, but several signs showed me that she was no longer young—her figure was upright, she was well made—in her youth she was doubtless handsome. I felt disturbed, and at first regretted that neither the detective nor Cavendish had accompanied me. But on second thoughts I began to believe that I might manage this matter best by myself. Fru Nehber, as she was called, had no reason to suspect me. I was in very truth a *bonâ-fide* English doctor, who had come at great inconvenience to visit my patient. I might be able to draw her out—it might be my mission to rescue the boy. My heart beat high at the thought.

After refreshing myself with a bath, I went into the town to collect my thoughts. The foreign and peculiar aspect of the place would at any other moment have filled me with interest. Almost every Eastern nationality seemed to be represented in the streets. Turks in green and rose colour, Persians with long, yellow silk coats, Tartars in their white tunics, small caps, and yellow boots—the place was alive with colour and vivacity. The cries of all sorts of nations—in short, a confusion of tongues—resounded through the streets. I entered one of the bazaars, and tried to make myself understood, but found it impossible, as the only languages spoken were Russian or Persian, with an occasional mixture of Swedish. I came back to the Métropole, and entering my patient's room, sat down by his side. The nurse—dressed quietly, as an English nurse should be—stood now by one of the windows; the casement was open to let in some air. My patient had awakened after a long sleep; he turned his eyes and fixed them on my face.

"You are good to come, Halifax," he said. "I am more grateful to you than I can say. I feel now that, what with Fru Nehber's care and yours, I have every chance of recovery."

"Yes, you are very fortunate in securing the attendance of an English nurse," I said.

"I should have been dead long ago, but for her," he replied, speaking in a thin, weak voice. "In short, I owe my life to her."

He gave the nurse a grateful glance, which she did not return—her hands were tightly locked together, her black eyes seemed to be watching the crowd, ever changing, but always present, who wrangled and chattered in the courtyard. A cart rattled in, making a loud noise—it was slightly built, with very high and slender wheels—some travellers alighted and entered the hotel—Fru Nehber left her position by the window, and came into the centre of the room.

"Have you noticed our peculiar and interesting streets, doctor?" she said, speaking with a low, rather strange, intonation, as if she weighed each word before she uttered it.

"I have been in the streets," I replied.



"DRESSED AS AN ENGLISH NURSE."

"I have never visited an Eastern town like this before—it is full of strange wonder to me ; but, of course, being unacquainted with any language spoken here, I am rather at a loss how to proceed."

"You will permit me to be your interpreter," she said again—"I shall have pleasure in helping you in any way in my power."

"That will be kind of you," I answered.

"The patient will sleep after he has had his composing draught," she continued. "Will you come with me and see the place by moonlight?"

I responded in the affirmative. I went down stairs presently to supper, and by-and-by Fru Nehber, who now wore a long grey cloak, and a neat little nurse's bonnet, also grey, joined me.

She took me out with her and explained much of the strange scene.

"This is a queer place to live in," she said suddenly, clasping her hands ; "in short, it is death in life ; you can imagine, can you not, how I hate it?"

"I suppose you have a good reason for staying here," I said. "This is certainly the last place in the world in which I should expect to see a trained nurse and an Englishwoman."

"An Englishwoman never knows where she may go," was the reply ; "and then, have I not told you that I am married? I am married to an overseer of the great kerosene works."

"By the way, where are they?" I asked. "I have heard a good deal of them from different travellers on my journey, and would much like to see them."

She was silent for a moment, and seemed to hesitate.

"You shall see them," she said then ; "but first tell me if it is your purpose to remain here long."

"I shall probably stay for two or three days," I answered. "Of course, it is impossible for me to remain long out of London, but now that I have come so far, I must see my patient right through the crisis."

"It is past, I assure you, doctor ; your friend will live."

"You seem to know a good deal about illness," I answered, giving her a keen glance.

"There are few things I do not know," she replied ; "I have travelled much ; I understand life. Sorrow, regret, bitterness, have been my portion, but through these things we learn. You are doubtless a great doctor, and a clever man,* but you do not

understand our Eastern illnesses. Your friend would have died but for me—now he will live, have no fear for him."

"Well, I shall stay here for a day or two," I answered. "I will then return home and send out a friend of mine, also a medical man, who can bring General Morgan by easy stages to England when he is fit to travel."

"That will be a good plan," she replied. "That will relieve me."

"Then you do not nurse as a profession?" I said.

"Not now. But I was glad to nurse the Englishman, for he will pay me well."

"Is not your husband well off?"

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty to do at home—still, the news that an Englishman was sick unto death drew me to his side."

"Have you children?" I asked.

She looked hard at me ; her black, piercing eyes seemed to read me through.

"No," she said ; then abruptly turned aside.

"It is very kind of you to trouble to show me this place," I continued, after a pause.

"I am pleased to help you," she answered ; "you seem good and strong. I don't care for goodness, but I have a great respect for strength."

I made no answer to this, and soon afterwards we returned to the hotel. I noticed that she said nothing more with regard to my request to see the kerosene works, but the next day when I alluded to the subject I found that she had not forgotten my wish.

"I have arranged everything," she said ; "your patient is better—you need not fear to leave him. You can spend an interesting day. It is impossible, of course, for me to accompany you ; but I have a friend—a young girl—who lives with me in my home. My home is not here, but five miles distant, just on the borders of the great kerosene works. I have asked my friend to meet you there. She speaks very little English, but she is a good French scholar—you understand French, do you not?"

"I can speak French, of course," I answered.

"Oh, then, that is excellent. There is a Swede here who speaks French. He will drive you straight to the works of the Brothers Nobel. Doubtless, after you have seen them, you would like to go on to the great feature of this place."

"What is that?" I asked.

"The Eternal Fires—they are wonderful ! No one ought to come as far as Bakou

without seeing them. Now go—your patient is in my charge—have a pleasant day.”

She waved her hand to me in a somewhat theatrical style, and I left her.

Half an hour afterwards, I was driving in one of the queer native carriages in the direction of the great refining works of Nobel Brothers. My driver, who was also to act as my interpreter, understood a few words of the French language. The country over which we went was extremely desolate. After driving about five miles, I saw in the distance a hill, crowned with many tall, black, pyramid-shaped objects, looking something like a pine forest. As we came nearer I quickly discovered what they really were—numberless chimneys, out of which the liquid naphtha was rising, sometimes to the height of two or three hundred feet into the air. Fru Nehber was evidently inclined to be kind to me, and had left no stone unturned to provide for my comfort. When I arrived at the works, I was met by her husband—an elderly man, with a great white beard and heavy moustache.

He took me all over the kerosene works, gave me a carefully-prepared meal, and showed me every attention. It was late in the afternoon—almost evening—when I parted from him.

“By the way,” I said, suddenly, “your wife told me that I should meet a young French lady here.”

“Oh,” he answered, with a start; “she alludes, of course, to Felicia La Touche, a girl who has been

staying with us for some time; she is away to-day: important business called her suddenly from home.”

I noticed as he spoke that, simple as his words were, a look of irritation and annoyance crossed his face.

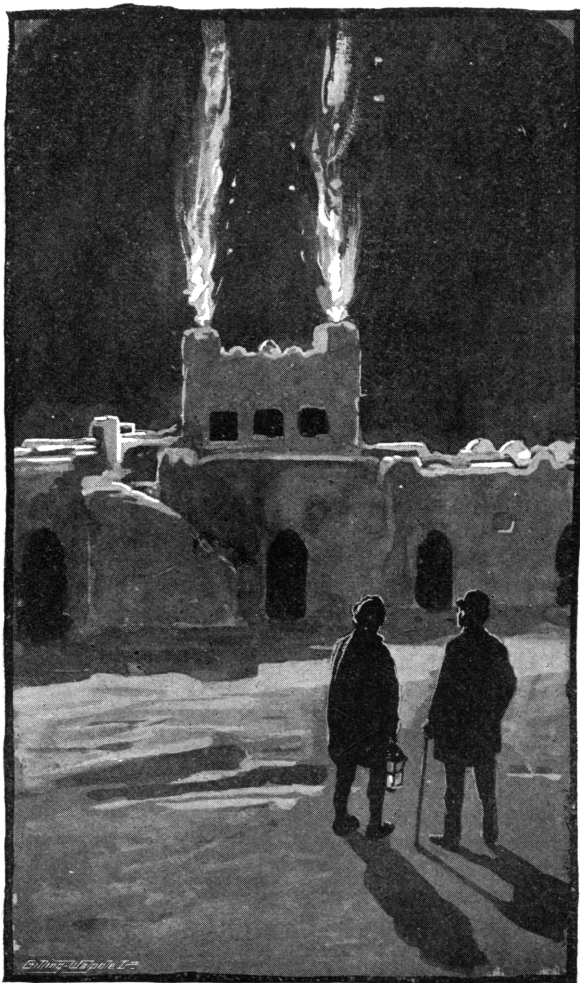
“My wife is a peculiar woman,” he said, slowly; “she takes whims, Monsieur le Docteur, and sometimes those who are with her suffer, but Felicia means well. I presume, sir,” he added, breaking off abruptly, “that you are now about to visit the old Temple of the Fire Worshippers?”

“That is my intention,” I replied. “It is surely worth seeing?”

“It is. The fires at night make a weird and fantastic spectacle. I will now say farewell.”

He shook hands with me as he spoke, and a few moments later I was continuing my drive. The distance from the kerosene works to the Fire Worshippers’ Temple was a matter of about twelve miles. The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon, and a night of great darkness was ushered in.

The road was of the roughest, and I quickly perceived the advisability of using the queer carriages built of withies, with their very high and slender wheels—the wheels could sink deep into the sand, and their height kept the travellers at a respectful distance from the choking dust. We had gone some distance when I suddenly saw on the horizon what looked like long, low, white walls; in short, what seemed to be the inclosure of an



“THE FLAMES SHOT UP TO SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF FEET.”

Eastern city. I asked my guide what these walls were, and he informed me with a nod that they were the white walls which surrounded the old Hindu Temple of the Fire Worshipers.

As we came nearer, little tongues of fire shot out of the ground at short intervals—they rose from a foot to two feet high, spouting up suddenly, and then dying away. Our horse, a very strong animal, was evidently accustomed to this subterranean burning, and was not in the least alarmed, moving quietly aside when the fire sprang up directly in his path. My guide and charioteer drove with care—he was now absolutely silent—I also sat quiet, musing on the strangeness of my present situation, wondering if an adventure were before me, and if it was really to be my happy lot to rescue Mr. Cavendish's long-lost son.

By-and-by we reached the white walls—my guide jumped down from his driver's seat, and pulled a bell. The custodian of the deserted temple—for the fire-worshipping had long ago been given up—now appeared. He held a lantern in his hand, which lit up his weird and wrinkled face. He was dressed in the garb of a Russian soldier, and took care quickly to inform me, my driver acting as interpreter, that he was one hundred and nine years of age.*

We soon found ourselves in a large courtyard, surrounded by very broad and fairly high walls. Piercing these walls at regular intervals were small doorways, which I discovered led into low, dark rooms. In these rooms the monks used to live. The centre of the court was occupied by a building raised on thick pillars. This was doubtless the ancient temple. On one side of the surrounding walls rose a heavy, square building, surmounted by two low towers. Out of each of these ascended now high columns of flame, lighting up the entire place, and giving it a most strange and weird appearance. The flames rose to several hundreds of feet, and shot up clear and steady into the night air. My guide, having tied up the horse outside, quickly joined us and began to interpret as well as he could the old custodian's remarks, but his knowledge of any language but his own was extremely slight, and the scene spoke for itself. I soon left the guide and custodian, and walking across the court, began to make investigations on my own account. The men stood together, talking in low tones just where the light fell fully upon them, but

behind the temple in the middle of the court there was deep shadow. I had just approached this shadow when I was startled by the touch of a light hand on my arm—I turned quickly, and saw a girl standing by my side.

"I have been expecting you," she said; "I have been hoping you would come—you are the English doctor, are you not?"

"I am a doctor," I replied, "and who are you?"

"Felicia La Touche—oh, I know Fru Nehber will kill me, but I don't care—I have waited for you here all day, when I heard you were coming; I brought the boy here on purpose. Oh, he is ill, very ill—he will die if something is not soon done. My God, I can't stand it any longer—his cries, and the way he wails for his father! I think his mind must be wandering a little—he thinks that his father is coming to him—he has been thinking so all day. Oh, can you do anything—can you save him?"

"One moment first," I said. "What is the boy's name?"

She clasped her hands together with some violence—her agitation was extreme.

"He is an English boy," she said; "Malcolm Cavendish. I helped to kidnap him a couple of months ago. Oh! how wretched I have been ever since! But this is not the time for me to talk of my own feelings. Come; come at once. Oh, you may save him yet!"

As she spoke she pulled me forward—she was a young girl, and very pretty, but her fair face was now absolutely distorted with misery and terror. She opened a door in one of the walls, and the next moment I found myself in a tiny room in which I could scarcely stand upright.

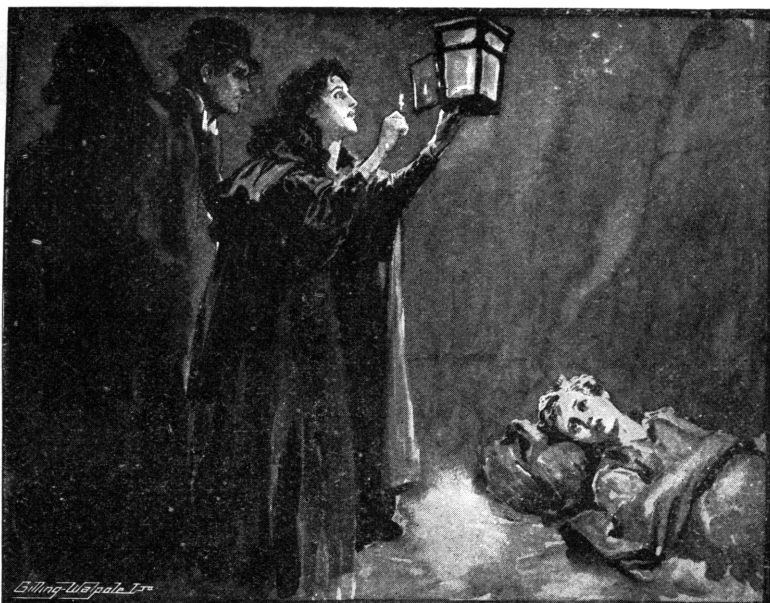
"Here I am, Malcolm," said the girl; "I have brought a good doctor to see you."

"I don't want any light, Felicia," was the strange reply. "When my eyes are shut, I can see father—I know he is coming to me. Don't bring a light, I shall see the horrible faces, and all the queer things, if you do—let me be, I am quite happy in the dark."

"You must bear the light; you will be better soon," she replied.

She struck a match, held it to a candle in a swing lantern, and motioned me to come forward. A boy was lying stretched out flat on the ground at one end of the Fire Worshipers' cell; a rough sackcloth covered him—a bundle of the same was placed under

* A fact.



"SHE STRUCK A MATCH."

his head—his face was very white and thin—his big, dark eyes, which were looking up eagerly, had an unmistakable pathos in them which stabbed me to the very heart.

"Who are you?" he said, half sitting up, and gazing at me in a kind of terror. "Are you—is it true—are you father?"

"No, my boy," I replied, "but I know your father, and I have come to take you to him. Fear nothing now that I have come."

"Oh, take him, take him away," said Felicia, "take him at once. I don't care if I die afterwards, if only his life is saved. He is so sweet—such a dear boy—he has been so brave—he has kept up his courage through so much. I don't mind giving up my life for him. Take him away—take him away."

The boy lay back exhausted on his rough pillow. The relief of seeing me and of hearing my voice was evidently great, but he was too weak for the least exertion. The atmosphere of the wretched little cell was terribly oppressive, and I thought that he might revive in the open air.

I lifted him in my arms and took him outside.

"You are very brave," I said, looking down at the French girl. "This boy's father will thank you for what you have done some day."

"No," she answered; "I shall die—she will kill me—you don't know what her powers of revenge are; but, never mind—never mind; take him and go."

"I will take him," I said; "there is a carriage outside, and he shall return with me to Bakou to-night, but I cannot leave you in extreme peril. Can I do anything for you?"

"It does not matter about me—take him away, go."

She was evidently beside herself with terror and anxiety.

"Why are you delaying?" she said, stamping one of her feet. "Herr Nehber is a good man; but, listen—he is *afraid of his wife*. If he knew what I am doing,

he would frustrate me; take the boy and go—go before it is known. I have been waiting for you here all day long. I feared beyond words that you would be prevented coming. The man who drove you here is a friend of mine; he will take you safely back to Bakou. Stay, I will speak to him."

She left me and ran quickly across the court—the boy lay in my arms half-fainting—weighted with such a burden, I was obliged to follow her slowly.

"It is all right," she said, when I came up; "my friend will take you safely to Bakou. He is glad—I think we are all glad—to know that the English boy has a chance of escape. Don't fret about me—old Ivan will take care of me, and there are hiding-places here. Good-bye, Malcolm; get well, be happy, and don't forget Felicia."

She flung her arms round the boy's neck, pressed a quick kiss on his forehead, and the next moment had vanished into the great shadow and was lost to view.

It was past midnight when I found myself back again at the Hôtel Métropole. I had thought much during that drive, and resolved by a bold stroke to take the lad right into the enemy's camp. In such an extremity as mine only great daring could win the day. I resolved for the sake of the boy to brave much. I would meet this terrible Frau Nehber on her own grounds. I felt, however, that the odds were against me. As far as I could tell, I was the only Englishman in the place.

I was mistaken. The first person I saw when I entered the courtyard was a tall traveller bearing the unmistakable air and dress of my own country.

"You speak English?" I said, the moment my eye met his.

"Yes," he replied, coming forward; "can I do anything for you?"

"Have you taken a room here?"

"Yes."

"This boy is ill—he is an English boy. I have just rescued him from a most terrible situation. May I take him straight to your room? I can't explain anything now, but the case is critical."

"I will help you, of course," he said; "my room is at your service."

"May I rely on you to watch the boy, and not to leave him a moment by himself until I go to him?"

"I will do all in my power."

I placed the lad in his arms and ran upstairs at once. Almost to my relief, for I was anxious to get the crisis over, I saw Fru Nehber waiting for me in the long gallery which led direct from my room to that occupied by General Morgan.

"I hope you have had a pleasant day, Dr. Halifax," she said, coming forward, and speaking in that low, rather monotonous, voice, which was one of her peculiarities.

"I have had an exciting one," I replied. "Can I speak to you for a moment?"

I saw her brow darken, and a peculiar expression fill her dark eyes—she swept on before me with the bearing of a queen, entered the salon which led into General Morgan's bedroom, and then turned and faced me.

"Will you eat first," she said. "I have had supper prepared for you here; or will you tell me your adventures?"

"I will tell you my adventures," I answered. "I visited the Fire Worshippers to-night."

"Ah!" she said. "The effect of the fire rising straight up out of the earth is fine at midnight, is it not?"

"It is weird," I replied, "weird and terrible—the place is the sort of place where a crime might be committed."

"My God, yes," she said, slightly moistening her lips.

"I was just in time to prevent one," I said, giving her a steady glance.

She did not reply—her arms fell to her

sides; she advanced a step to meet me, and flung back her head.

"Yes," she said, after a very long pause, "you prevented a crime! That is interesting; of what nature was the crime?"

"You will know all that you need know," I replied, "when I tell you that Malcolm Cavendish is at present in this house, under the care of an English gentleman, who will effectually guard him, and prevent your kidnapping him again. I know all, Fru Nehber. I know who you are, and what you have done. Had I not gone to the Fire Worshippers to-night, you would have had that boy's blood on your head; as it is, I believe he can be saved. You are aware, of course, what a grave crime you have committed; even in Russia such a crime would not be tolerated. You have failed in your object, for the boy will live, and it will be my happy task to restore him to his father."

"You can have him," she said, suddenly. "I do not wish you to lodge a complaint against me with the authorities."

"I will certainly do so, if you do not leave this hotel immediately."

"I will go," she said. "When I saw you yesterday, I had a premonition that you would defeat me."

"You thought that I suspected you?"

"I had a premonition. Do you know Mr. Cavendish?"

"Yes."

She was silent again, and walked to the window.

"I have lived so long in this world," she said, suddenly, "that the unexpected never astonishes me. I have tasted some of the sweets of revenge, but you have thwarted me, and for the time being I acknowledge that I am powerless. Take the boy back to his father; but take also a message from me. Tell Mr. Cavendish that I bide my time, and that I *never* forget."

With these last words she abruptly left the room. I never saw her again.

The boy had a bad illness, and my stay at Bakou had to be indefinitely prolonged, but when Cavendish and MacPherson arrived, matters became far easier for me, and in the end I had the satisfaction of bringing back two convalescents to England. The boy is now quite well, and his father has long recovered his mental equilibrium, but I do not know anything about the fate of Felicia.

Divers and Their Work.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



As a rule, scientific mechanism eliminates the romantic and picturesque element from every calling into which it is introduced; an exception to this rule, however, is the art of diving, whose scope has merely been widened with the invention of elaborate appliances. To trace the history of diving is, colloquially speaking, "a large order." If memory serve, Homer compares the fall of Hector's charioteer to the action of a diver; and specially trained men were employed in subaqueous work during the siege of Syracuse, their mission being to laboriously scuttle the enemy's vessels.

The accompanying illustration is from an old print, dated 1511. On seeing this for the first time, we instantly realized that the inception of scientific diving was due to the action of an elephant when crossing a deep river; for we remembered an exceedingly uncomfortable quarter of an hour we spent with a truculent bull elephant, on whose back we crossed the Ganges below Benares. Notwithstanding the touching traditions of his kind, this particular brute disregarded our commands and caresses, and swam or walked beneath the water, breathing through his elevated trunk, with the result that we were drenched with evil-smelling water.

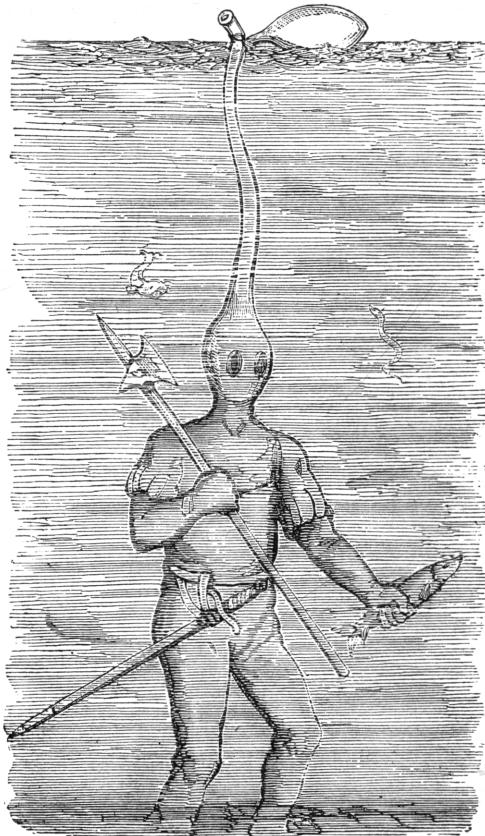
The London headquarters of diving, and sub-aqueous work generally, is in the Westminster Bridge Road. Wedged in between a baker's shop and a cheap clothing emporium is the modest approach to the immense establishment of Messrs. Siebe and Gorman, without doubt the greatest submarine engineers in the

world. Hundreds of diving suits are made here annually for the nations of the world; and in one huge room is a deep tank wherein divers are trained.

The modern diving dress was invented in 1839 by Mr. Augustus Siebe, the founder of the above firm, whose divers were at that time engaged on the wreck of the *Royal George*. It is made of solid sheet india-rubber covered on both sides with tanned twill; it has a double collar, the inner one to pull up round the neck, and the outer one of red india-rubber to go over the breast-plate and form a water-tight joint. The helmet is of tinned copper, and has a segment bayonet screw at the neck, corresponding with that of the breast-plate, so that it can be removed from the latter by one-eighth of a turn. The helmet itself, as may be seen in the illustration reproduced on the next page, has a circular glass panel protected by guards in the front and two oval panels at the sides.

With its twenty-five candle-power electric lamp, its telephone, and perfect system of air supply, it is obviously a vast improvement on the first diver's helmet made, which is also shown; this latter helmet dates from 1829. The air-pipes are in lengths of from 30ft. to 60ft., and are made of vulcanized india-rubber and canvas, stiffened with steel wire. By means of the air-pump, air can be compressed to a pressure of 240lb. per square inch.

The dress of a fully equipped diver weighs 169½lb., and costs about £100. First of all comes 8½lb. of thick underclothing; then follow the dress itself, weighing 14lb.; boots, 32lb.—monstrous things with leaden soles; breast



From an

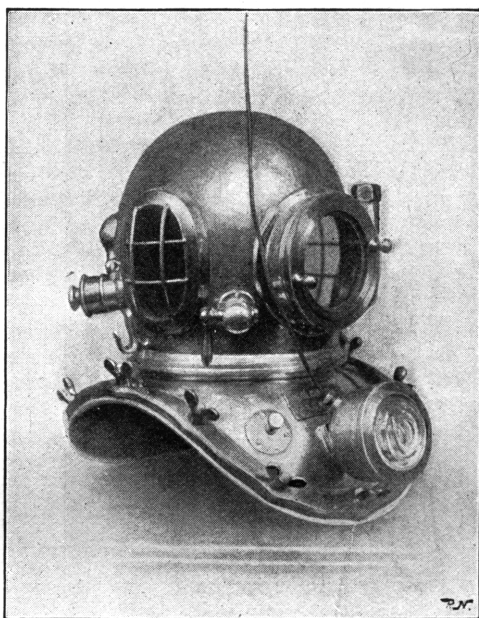
A PRIMITIVE DIVING DRESS.

[Old Print.]

and back weights, 80lb. ; and, lastly, the helmet, which weighs 35lb. The moment the latter is screwed on, the air-pumps commence working, and the diver receives a pat on the helmet to intimate that he may descend with safety.

The first illustration on the next page not only shows a fully equipped diver and his attendants, but is the more interesting in that the scene depicted is the deck of the *Camperdown* immediately after that battleship had rammed her consort, the ill-fated *Victoria* ; the photograph was taken on board the *Camperdown*. We should mention that the Admiralty adopted the diving dress fully thirty years ago ; and, as time went on, the apparatus became more generally used throughout the service, until at the present day every flagship carries eight fully qualified divers, and every cruiser four. Among the principal duties of a diver in the Royal Navy are the repairing of any damage sustained by the vessel below the water-line, either by accident or during warfare ; clearing the propellers in the event of their being fouled by wreckage ; the recovery of anchors and chains which may be lost overboard, and the removal from the ship's bottom of sea-weed and other accumulations which tend to retard the speed.

We may mention in this connection that Messrs. Siebe and Gorman were commissioned to clean the hull of the *Great Eastern* while that monstrous vessel was being loaded



From a

MODERN DIVER'S HELMET.

[Photograph.]

with the cable for the Indian submarine telegraph. The contract price for the work was £1,800, and it was completed in six weeks by twelve divers. After the cleaning, the *Great Eastern* lifted fully two inches in the water, and her speed increased by three knots an hour. Nor is this surprising in view of the fact that the incrustations were more than a foot thick.

A practised diver can work from four to seven hours daily below the bottom of a vessel, and can clean from seven to fifteen square yards

per hour, according to the condition of the bottom. The instruments used in this work are : a couch-grass brush, a brush made of brass wire, a deck mop weighted with lead, and an iron scraper. The diver also takes with him a hanging stage or step, which is hooked on to a rope ladder beneath the keel, and on which he sits while at work. Incredible

as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that deep-sea divers occasionally have a quiet nap far beneath the surface ; and surely no more convincing testimony to the perfection of modern diving appliances could be adduced. One man was cleaning a ship's hull when he resolved to "knock off" and go to sleep seated on his step. He forgot, however, to secure his couch-grass brush to his wrist. Consequently, the moment the tired diver obeyed one law of Nature and fell asleep, his brush obeyed another law, and sped swiftly to the surface. The brush was



THE FIRST DIVING HELMET MADE.

From a Photograph.



DIVER ON BOARD H.M.S. "CAMPERDOWN" DRESSING TO REPAIR THE BREACH.

From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co.

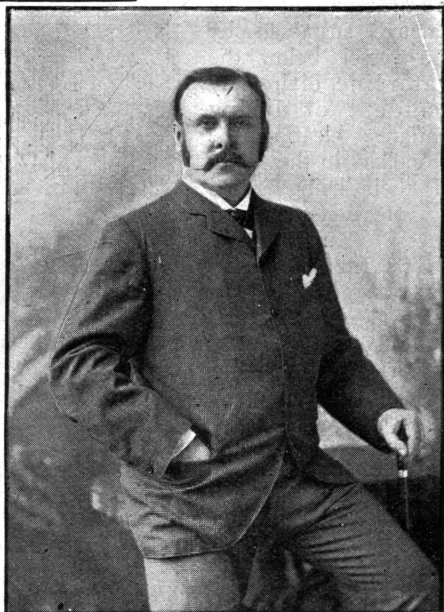
seen by the officer on duty on the vessel; the somnolent diver was awakened with no little difficulty, and, after having irretrievably committed himself in a telephonic altercation with his superior, he was called up and discharged.

Another diver, engaged on a wreck, once went down with the sole intention of sleeping away a few hours. This man, on reaching the bottom, lashed his air-pipe and life-line to a spar, and then settled himself to sleep on a rock. After a time his attendant noticed that the life-line showed no movement, so he gave two pulls on it to signify, "Are you all right?" Not only was no reply received, but it was found impossible to draw the diver to the surface. After an anxious interval, a second diver was sent down, and the wrath of this man on seeing his comrade asleep may be better imagined than described.

We give here a portrait of Mr. W. A. Gorman, one of the greatest living experts in

diving, and the present head of the Westminster firm. According to this gentleman, the greatest depth at which a diver may safely work is 150ft. One of Mr. Gorman's men, however, has descended into 204ft. of water, at which depth the daring man sustained a pressure of 88½lb. on every square inch of his body. Strangely enough, the coming up is even more dangerous than the descent, owing to the rush of blood to the head when the pressure on the brain is removed. The most experienced diver rarely ascends from great depths faster than 2ft. per second, nor does he take any food for at least two hours before commencing operations. In short, divers are picked men in every sense of the word, and have to undergo a searching medical examination before being trained.

It is decidedly interesting to watch a diver being dressed. First of all, he removes his own clothes,



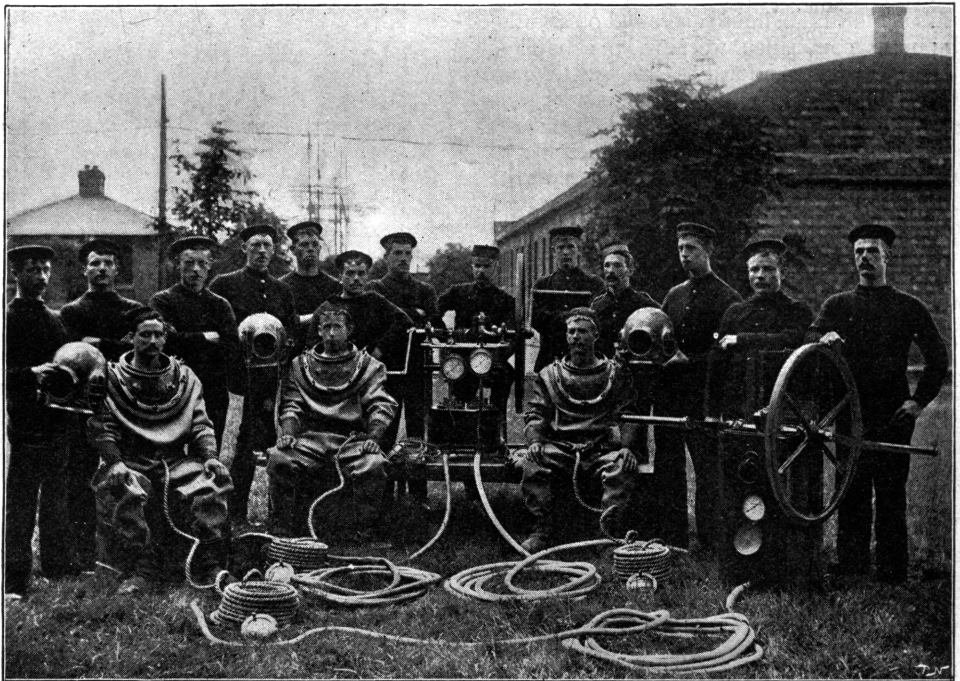
MR. W. A. GORMAN.

From a Photo. by T. Bennett & Sons, Worcester.

and puts on a surprising quantity of under-clothing—stockings, guernseys, and the like. Then comes the woollen cap, and, if the diver be venturing very deep, a crinoline, which serves to relieve the pressure of water. The shoulder-pad is then put on, after which the attendants literally force the diver into the dress itself. Outside stockings are worn, also a canvas overall to protect the dress. The diver presently steps on to the ladder, and two men are told off to man the pump; the weights are then put on, and finally the centre bull's-eye of the helmet is screwed in, after which the submarine explorer disappears beneath the surface.

well, the diver gives an answering pull to reassure those above. Two pulls on the air-pipe mean "More air" (pump faster), and so on throughout the code. It would be difficult to find steadier or more trustworthy men than divers' attendants; this is as it should be, for they literally hold in their hands the lives of the subaqueous workers.

There is at Chatham a school of submarine mining, the Royal Engineers having adopted the diving apparatus about twenty-seven years ago; and we reproduce here a group of the stalwart pupils thereof. Behind the air-pump in the middle is seen Quarter-master-Sergeant White, R.E., the diving



From a Photo. by]

THE CHATHAM SCHOOL OF SUBMARINE MINING.

[E. Sharp & Co.

At one time divers under water used to walk backwards, lest they should collide with something and break the glass panel of the helmet. Modern invention, however, has obviated this inconvenience. A guide-line is carried, in order that the diver may retrace his steps without entangling his air-pipe or life-line. Although a telephone for deep water divers has been invented, together with a speaking apparatus for men at a depth of 60ft., the signal code is still in force, and constant communication is maintained between the men below and their attendants. Should the latter give one pull on the life-line, it signifies, "How are you getting on?" If all is

instructor. When fully qualified, the men are engaged in laying torpedoes and harbour defence generally. By the way, the Royal Engineers' diving school owes much to Colonel Fraser and General Lennox, V.C., who were mainly instrumental in establishing it. The former officer descended to a depth of 60ft. the first time he used the dress. Each harbour is now provided with two trained divers (Royal Engineers) and a complete set of apparatus.

Mr. White was good enough to send us certain details connected with his queer academy. The subjects taught are as follows: Taking the pump to pieces; attendance on

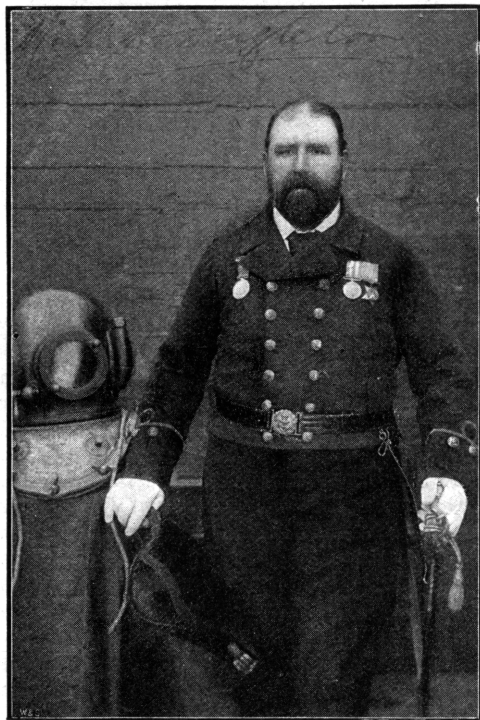
diver; examining moorings; finding a buoyed anchor; sending and receiving "Morse" on a life-line; and placing charges round a wreck. Altogether, the course of training lasts two months; and sixteen men were fully trained last year. Most of these divers can work $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours in from 35ft. to 50ft. of water. The Duke of Connaught himself, when training at Chatham some years ago, descended to a depth of 30ft., and enjoyed the novelty of his situation so much, that it was with difficulty he was prevailed upon to come up.

The new-comer to this school is first dressed in a complete diving suit, with the exception of the front and back weights. When the bull's-eye of the helmet is screwed on and the air-pumps commence working, the pupil is allowed to sit down for a few minutes to gain confidence—for it is a ticklish business, this penetrating into "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean," particularly if the mission be to lay charges of gun-cotton. Each man at the Chatham Submarine School is a volunteer for the work, and commences operations in 10ft. of water.

Divers for the Navy are trained at Sheerness, and are allowed a course of thirty-two working days; in the training school, each



MR. H. STEVENS, R.N.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Landport.



MR. C. H. DEIGHTON.
From a Photo. by R. Hider, Sheerness.

class is limited to twenty-five men. The work consists in recovering articles lost, and slinging them in such a manner that they can be easily hauled up; cleaning and copping ships' bottoms, cleaning propellers, and communicating by slate and voice. We are assured by Mr. Deighton, the instructor at Sheerness (whose portrait we give), that a diver generally looks the healthiest of the seamen. When sufficiently trained to be able to work at a depth of 120ft., seamen divers are considered fully qualified, and are drafted to various ships. It would appear that diving is quite an important branch of work in the Navy. Lieutenants who qualify for gunnery and torpedo work go through a course of from ten to twenty days' training in diving, descending to a depth of 60ft. All gunners become more or less skilful divers on attaining warrant rank, and qualify either at Devonport or at Portsmouth, where they are trained by Mr. H. Stevens, R.N., to whom we are indebted for these details, and whose portrait also appears on this page.

About fifteen years ago Mr. Gorman was approached by a French engineer, named Carmagole, who exultingly declared he had invented a diving dress in which an expert man could work at a depth of 300ft., or even more. Mr. Gorman, who is nothing if not enterprising, resolved to test the value of the invention, which turned out to be a diving

suit of planished steel, with lobster-like joints. This suit was made in twelve months by a celebrated Paris armourer at a cost of £600. On its completion, Mr. Gorman hired a special steamer at Marseilles and journeyed out some forty or fifty miles into the Mediterranean, accompanied by one diver. The latter upset all calculations, however, for at the last moment he refused to go down in the new dress, urging, tardily enough, that he had a wife and family dependent upon him.

In order that the costly experiment might not be wholly fruitless, Mr. Gorman resolved to send the dress down empty. It was accordingly put together with great care, and lowered 300ft. into the sea. After a quarter of an hour's immersion, the strange-looking dummy diver was hauled up, whereupon it was found that no water had entered, notwithstanding the prodigious pressure at so great a depth.

Few people, we venture to say, have heard of the wreck-destroying department of Trinity House, as conducted by the chief diver, Mr. Alexander Sutherland, whose photograph we reproduce, and who receives instructions from the head stores at Blackwall. When a wreck takes place on our coast, the Trinity House authorities at once dispatch a vessel to the scene of the disaster. This vessel is moored close to the wreck, and displays a green flag in the day-time, and burns a brilliant light at night, as a warning to passing vessels to keep clear. Wooden ships that were wrecked used to go to pieces very quickly; there are now so many iron vessels, however, that when one is sunk, it is necessary to use some expeditious mode of destroying it. The Trinity House staff of "wreckers" numbers about thirty men, and includes two divers and their attendants, or signalmen.

All the Trinity House dépôts on the coast are in communication with the head-quarters at Tower Hill. The official tender, dispatched on wreck-destroying missions, is equipped with diving apparatus, cables,

batteries, fuses, and a large quantity of gun-cotton. Mr. Sutherland estimates that he destroys from fifteen to twenty vessels every year. One of his recent jobs was a cargo steamer sunk off Dover in about five fathoms. This vessel lay in a particularly awkward position; its destruction took three or four weeks, and necessitated the use of nearly 4,000lb. of gun-cotton. Our informant (Sutherland himself) points out that not only does he run the risk of an ill-timed explosion, but his work as a professional diver is rendered peculiarly dangerous by reason of the loose spars and cordage of the wreck, which may entangle his air-pipe or life-line, and render him a prisoner at the bottom of the sea. We

may mention that even the heavily weighted diver finds it rather difficult at times to maintain an upright position. Men diving at a depth of ten fathoms and more are cautioned not to keep their heads down for more than fifteen seconds at a time, lest the air should accumulate in the dress and cause them to glide upwards against their will. Should this occur, the diver opens the regulating cock in front of his helmet, signalling at the same time for "less air."

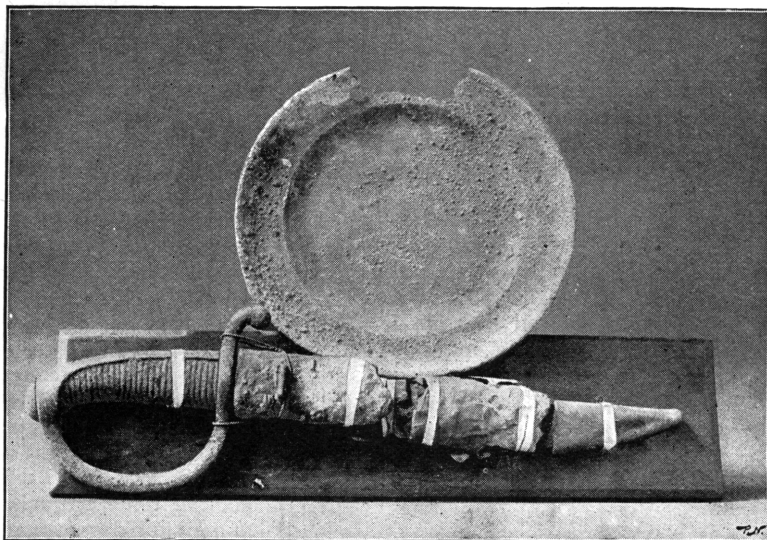
During the summer of 1842, a corporal and twenty-three of the rank and file of the Royal Sappers and Miners, in addition to nine men of



MR. ALEX. SUTHERLAND.
From a Photo. by W. Bartier, Poplar.

the East India Company's sappers, were employed at Spithead, under Major-General Sir C. Pasley and the late Mr. A. Siebe, in the removal of the wreck of the *Royal George*. The operations were carried on incessantly from the 7th of May till the end of October. It is impossible to adequately describe in this article the difficulty of this prodigious task, which was sporadically carried on for several years. The divers not only worked at a great depth and with a flowing tide, but the actual scene of their labours was covered with thick mud, in which were embedded large timbers and guns, iron and shingle ballast, and a thousand other obstacles.

In Mr. Gorman's cosy office at West-



ADMIRAL KEMPENFELDT'S SILVER PLATE AND SWORD, FROM THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."
From a Photograph.

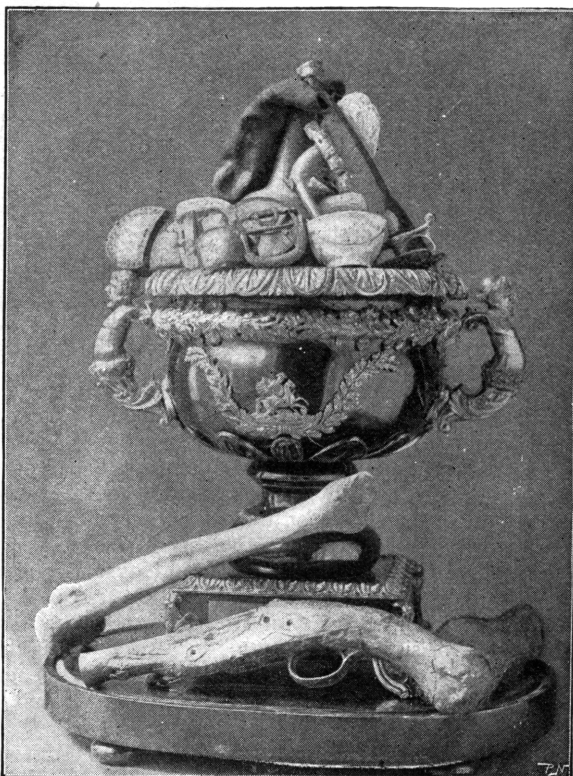
minster may be seen a veritable museum of interesting objects, mostly recovered from the deep sea. We have spoken of the removal of the *Royal George*. Here is shown Admiral Kempenfeldt's sword together with a silver plate taken from his cabin. The ornamental vase seen in the next illustration is fashioned from the timbers and metal of the *Royal George*; while the relics grouped upon it were all found by the divers. They speak for themselves. Look at the old clay pipe, once the comfort of some doomed sailor; the cup and spoon from Kempenfeldt's cabin; the old boot and pistol, and the silk handkerchief on top of all, none the worse for its eighty-four years' immersion.

The magnitude of this subject is such that we can give but the briefest description of harbour works. During the construction of the breakwater at Libau, in Russia, no fewer than thirty divers were employed; Messrs. Siebe and Gorman having sent two of their own expert men to teach twenty-eight Russian masons how to manipulate blocks of fifty tons at the bottom of the sea. This important work took four years, half of the divers working by day, and the other half by night. This latter gang used submarine electric lamps, and were also assisted by a powerful electric lamp of enormous size, which depended from a Titan

crane and penetrated the 40ft. of water. One of the most successful operations in the way of ship-raising was the floating of H.M.S. *Howe*, which struck on a rock off Ferrol. The work was undertaken by the Neptune Salvage Company, of Stockholm, presumably because English enterprise fought shy of it. The Admiralty placed all the plant they could at the disposal of the company, and Mr.

Gorman contributed the submarine search-lights and diving dresses.

The method adopted was at once simple and efficacious. The rock that had penetrated the battleship's bottom was blown



From a

RELICS FROM THE "ROYAL GEORGE,"

[Photograph.]

away; a platform was built over the damaged portion, and the *Howe* was then pumped and floated. Eight divers were employed, and so thoroughly did they do their work that the great vessel lay at anchor some time before being docked for thorough repairs. The salvors of the *Sultan* built up the inside of the ship with bricks and concrete, and then used the platform. The whole of this work took but six weeks.

The pay of divers varies according to the nature of the work. On big salvage jobs the men receive a standing wage and maintenance, together with a percentage on the value recovered.

While engaged on the Libau breakwater, Mr. Gorman's chief diver, Murphy, signed a five years' agreement on the following terms: he was to receive £350 a year, with a house and maintenance; and he eventually got a bonus of £600. Which explains that while the cabmen complain of unfair treatment, and the boot operatives petulantly neglect their soles, "Brer Diver, he lay low." Talking of Murphy, though, it must be said that he kept his big gang of Russians hard at it, and from time to time descended upon them, in a literal as well as in a metaphorical sense. Experienced English divers employed on foreign harbours and pier, dock, and bridge contracts get from £20 to £30 a month. For similar work in this country the pay is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per hour; but from 5s. to 10s. per hour is paid for well and colliery work.

This brings us to an extraordinary phase of the diver's occupation, namely, working for hours in irrespirable gases. The "diver" shown in our photograph is provided with the Fleuss apparatus, which is self-contained and entirely independent of any communication with the outer atmosphere, thus enabling the wearer to breathe with safety in the most

deadly gases, and to explore the most intricate turnings of a mine with perfect freedom of action. The principle of the apparatus is that the wearer breathes the same air over and over again, the carbonic acid being absorbed from it after each expiration, and at the same time the requisite amount of oxygen restored to it.

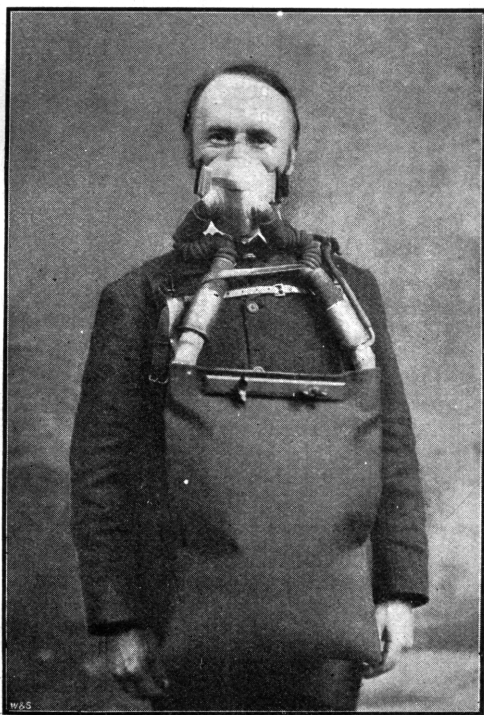
The apparatus consists of a strong copper cylinder, 12in. long and 6½in. in diameter, with domed ends, and capable of containing four cubic feet of oxygen, at sixteen atmospheres pressure; the man carries this cylinder on his back, and its contents are

sufficient for four hours' respiration. Above it is the carbonic acid filter—a square metal box fitted with cubes of india-rubber sponge saturated with a thick pasty solution of caustic soda. In front of the diver (as may be seen in our illustration) is a flat bag of vulcanized india-rubber, measuring 15in. by 12in.; into this passes the exhaled air from the filter, and the bag is also connected with the oxygen-chamber at the back by a second pipe. The mask is made to fit air-tight to the face of the wearer, and is held in position by straps buckled at the back of the head.

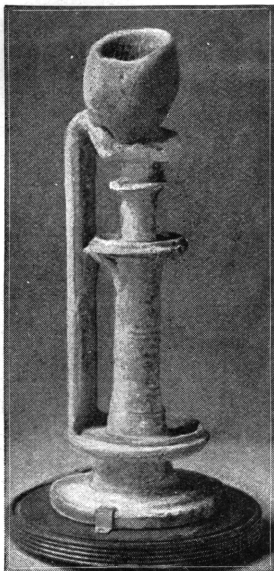
When venturing into certain gases and

blinding smoke, the diver is further provided with a band of rubber, which covers his ears, and glass lenses for the eyes. The whole apparatus weighs but 26lb., costs £18, and can be adjusted in a few seconds.

The inventor, Mr. Fleuss, is at all times ready to test the apparatus. He has remained for hours in the densest smoke, and also in a glass chamber charged with carbonic acid. His invention was for a long time used regularly at the Westminster Aquarium; but to come to matters more practical, the apparatus was recently the means of saving ten lives at the Killingworth Colliery, and it



DIVER WEARING THE FLEUSS APPARATUS.
From a Photo. by E. Sharp & Co.

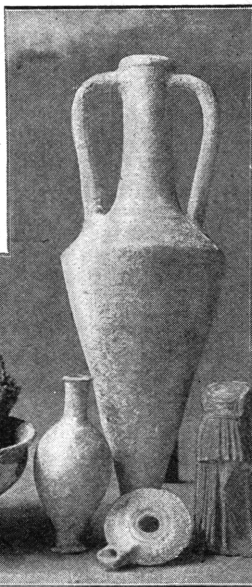


GREEK LAMP, WITH SPONGE, FOUND
OFF THE COAST OF SYRA.
From a Photograph.

was also used at the re-opening of the Maudlin seam of the Seaham Colliery, after the fatal explosion of September, 1880. We believe this breathing machine is constantly kept at Seaham; the men were nervous at first, though, and, in order to coach them in the use of the apparatus, the authorities rigged up, as a training school, a temporary wooden building, which they periodically filled with sulphurous fumes

of a sufficiently choking kind.

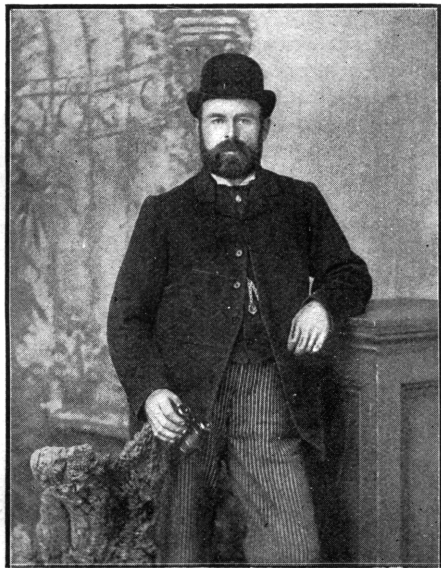
The submarine electric lamps made for the Admiralty for torpedo work are of 1,500 candle-power. These powerful lamps attract myriads of curious fish—curious in the double sense of the term. In certain waters these fish become a nuisance, and the diver has sometimes to eject paraffin oil into the water round the lamp, in order that the vicinity may be rendered disagreeable to piscatorial prowlers. Somewhat similarly, a diver wearing a bright new helmet is as much an object of attention “down below” as an Oriental potentate in full



GROUP OF ARTICLES FROM SUBMERGED ISLAND IN THE GREEK ARCHIPELAGO.
From a Photograph.

panoply would be if he walked down the Strand.

We reproduce on this page a picture of a Greek lamp which was found off the coast of Syra, and which is supposed to date from



MR. ABE PALMER.

From a Photo. by G. F. Hewitt, Weymouth.

the year 300 B.C. It will be seen that a sponge was growing from the lip. We also show a group of articles—Greek vessels, etc.—recovered from a submerged island in the Greek Archipelago. These interesting relics were brought up by Mr. Gorman's divers, and are at present in the museum of that jovial gentleman's office.

We asked the diver whose portrait we reproduce (Abe Palmer) how he came to adopt so strange a calling; his reply was a little inconsequent, for he merely said he was always fond of swimming. It was most interesting to converse with this daring and resolute man, who spoke so quietly and twirled his hat in his hands. Divers, we should mention, are classified into various heads, which

are further subdivided into trades. Palmer may be described as a “fresh-water man,” with a pronounced antipathy to wells. Palmer loathes working in a well. Four years ago he was working in a well 180ft. deep, at the

Savoy Hotel, when his earth-bucket unhooked an immense iron rod, which fell with a frightful crash and quivered in the ground at the bottom, within a few inches of the diver, whose attendant it had disemboweled on its way down. Speaking of his professional *bête noir*, Palmer remarked, naïvely, "You see, when you're in a well you can never tell what's coming down; it may be a brick, or a bucket, or even part of the wall." We may add that deep-sea divers also strongly object to well work; for this objection they give the curious reason that they feel stifled and oppressed within so strait an area.

After all, this is but natural. Think of the deep-sea diver working at a great depth in the translucent sea of the tropics, and surrounded by a veritable forest of graceful, drooping submarine growths and countless multitudes of beautiful fishes, which glide hither and thither among the rocks. Obviously, his lot is cast in pleasant places compared with his colleague who descends the shaft of a flooded coal mine in order to recover scores of corpses. During the operations at the Severn Tunnel, Portskewett, the shaft was flooded with water owing to a door in the drainage tunnel having been inadvertently left open. Mr. Gorman's diver, Lambert, volunteered to shut this door, and equipped with a Fleuss apparatus he walked a distance of 1,050ft. up the tunnel, in water 50ft. deep, so as to accomplish his perilous mission.

Many of the wrecking divers told gruesome stories of their adventures under water. Palmer, who was evidently impressed by the experience, described how he had seen dead women floating before his eyes and standing at the top of the companion-ladder of a sunken steamer, their hair streaming behind them, and some carrying infants clasped in their rigid arms.

As we have said before, the fish in certain waters are a hindrance; they



MR. LAMBERT.
From a Photo. by Perez, San Francisco.

are greatly disliked by the diver, especially if they happen to be sharks. Mr. Lambert, Messrs. Siebe and Gorman's late chief diver, once had a thrilling fight with a shark at the bottom of the Indian Ocean; this man, by the way, was, without doubt, the greatest adept in his extraordinary profession that has yet appeared. On the occasion referred to, Lambert had been sent to the Island of Diego Garcia to fix copper sheets on a coal hulk that had been fouled by a steamer. Strange as it may seem, the diver was annoyed by the same shark every

day for nearly a week; the monster was temporarily scared away, however, every time Lambert opened the escape valve in his helmet and allowed some air to rush out.

ADDRESS FOR TELEGRAMS—"CAMINIUS," LONDON.

The Marine Insurance Company, Limited,

20, OLD BROAD STREET,

LONDON. 10th Nov. 1885

W. C. Gorman Esq

Dear Sir,

Alfonso XII's

Our code telegram this morning reads, as follows, viz.

"Lambert has got bath"
"scuttles open & got into the"
"magazine the boxes of gold"
"are there" --

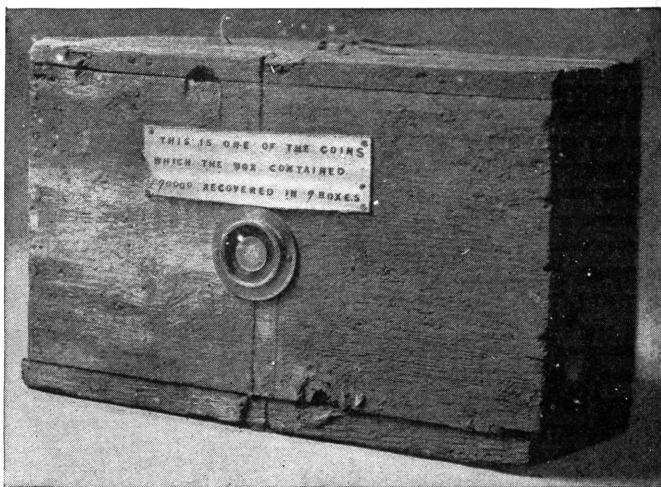
which will be very gratifying to you as it is to us

Yours faithfully
Henry P. R. Mangham.

LETTER ANNOUNCING LAMBERT'S SUCCESS IN THE HOLD OF THE TREASURE-SHIP.

We take it that at these times the shark thought there was a whale somewhere about.

One day Lambert signalled to his attendants for a big sheath knife and a looped rope. Having got these, he used his bare hand as a bait, and waited until the shark commenced to turn on its back, when he stabbed it repeatedly, passed the noose round its body, and signalled for it to be drawn up. The diver brought home the shark's backbone as a trophy. Many divers—especially among the pearl-fishers of Western Australia—will not venture into the depths of the southern seas unless they are provided with a huge iron cage in which they may work. We imagine that even then it is uncomfortable enough to see a multitude of strange and diabolical-looking creatures peer-

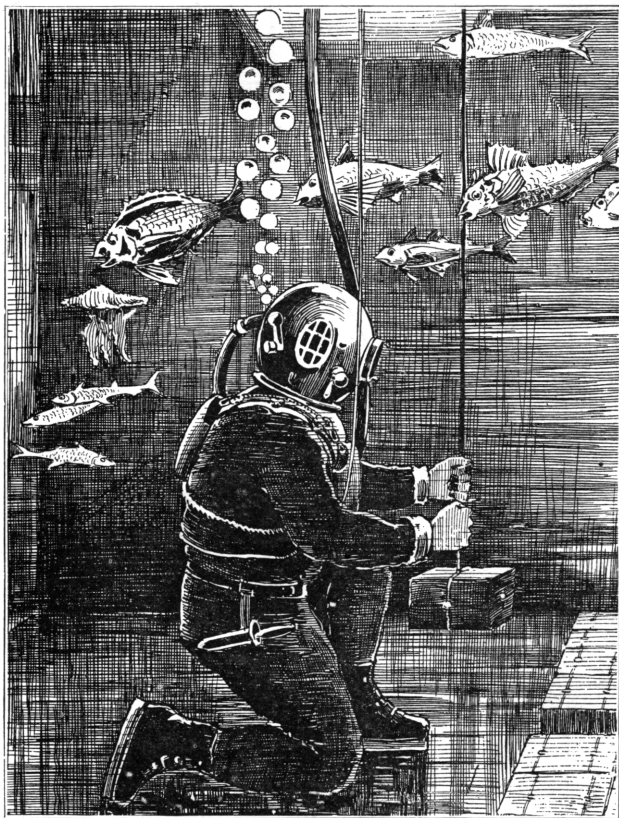


TREASURE-CHEST FROM THE "ALFONSO XII.," WITH GOLD COIN SET IN THE PANEL.
From a Photograph.

ing in through the bars. Shark cages for divers cost about £10 each, and weigh a quarter of a ton.

Mr. Lambert's greatest achievement was

the recovery of treasure from the *Alfonso XII.*, a Spanish mail steamer belonging to the Lopez Line, which sank off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in 26½ fathoms of water. The salvage party was dispatched by the underwriters in May, 1885, the vessel having £100,000 in specie on board. The letter we reproduce on the preceding page gives the ultimate result. For nearly six months the operations were persevered in, and golden bait was dangled before the divers who could reach the treasure-room beneath the three decks. Two divers lost their lives in the vain attempt, the pressure of water being fatal. Our illustration, showing Lambert in the hold of the sunken treasure-ship, is a drawing from a painting which Mr. Gorman had executed to commemorate the recovery of £90,000 from the *Alfonso XII.*; Lambert's share of this was £4,500. Our artist took a photograph of one of the original treasure-chests removed from the vessel; it will be seen that one of the gold coins is set in a glass panel in the side of the box. This interesting relic is in the museum in Mr. Gorman's private office.



LAMBERT AT WORK IN THE HOLD OF THE SUNKEN TREASURE-SHIP:
SENDING UP THE CHESTS OF GOLD.

By H. D. LOWRY.



IN the good old days of the French war, when England was so occupied upon the seas that she had little time to guard her coasts minutely, the people of Trewarne were smugglers to a man, and thrived exceedingly. There were, indeed, riding-officers stationed hard by, but they were not numerous enough to interfere effectually—nor, 'tis said, were they notably eager to have their hands strengthened.

But this season of prosperity and untroubled quiet came to an end. Peace to England meant the very reverse to Trewarne. It was with the utmost disgust that its people saw their old friends being replaced, or so surrounded with new colleagues, altogether unused to the ways of the district, that they could not remain harmless if they would. It was soon beyond a doubt that the revenue-men were really in earnest in their endeavours to suppress the free trade.

Among the men of Trewarne, the whole blame in this matter was laid upon the shoulders of John Coffin, a new man, whose energy was such that in mere self-defence his comrades were compelled to emulate his detestable activity.

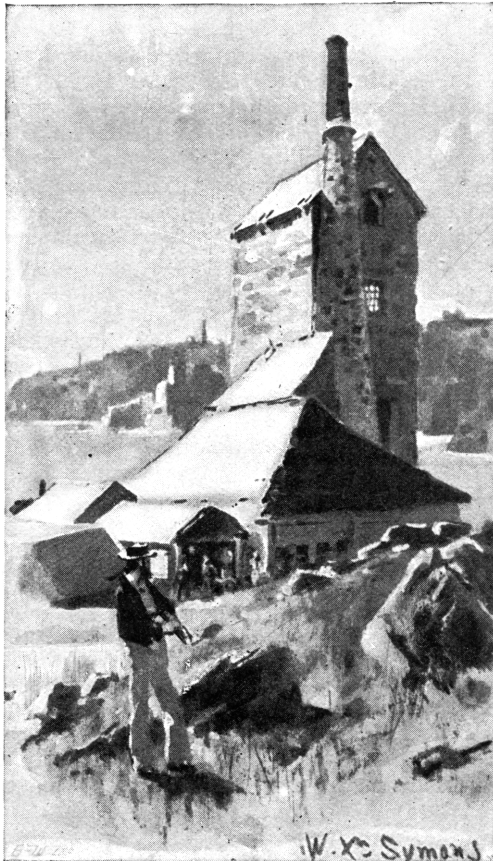
He was a little man, black-bearded, and exceeding neat in his attire. He spoke outlandishly, mincing his words after the manner of people inhabiting the regions which lie up the country. And

he interfered shamelessly with the business of his neighbours.

For example, at the edge of the cliff, some two miles to the west of Trewarne, there was a copper mine. Just above the sea-level a tunnel had been driven from the shaft to the face of the cliff. The water pumped up from the bottom of the mine was not taken to the surface, but simply raised to the level of this "adit," and so allowed to gain the sea. And the recording angel alone can tell how many a keg of good liquor, landed on the beach, has gone into that adit, been carried to the shaft, and conveyed to the surface in the great iron "kibble," a bucket which was used for hauling the ore to "grass." Once the stuff had gained the surface, it was stowed

away in the engine-house, to be sent in to its ultimate destination at a convenient opportunity.

Now, one night a very decent little cargo had been run. A goodly number of kegs were buried in the sand of the beach; some two score were carried up into the adit, and later on drawn to the surface in the kibble. They had been carefully disposed in the engine-house, and all seemed well, when suddenly the place was invaded by a gang of revenue-men. The engineer did not lose his presence of mind; he sprang to the safety-valve. In a moment the room was filled with steam, and Customs officers and miners were tumbling one over the other in wild confusion. But, presently, John Coffin



"THE COPPER MINE."

got to the safety-valve, and stopped the escape of steam. The miners melted away like summer clouds (being unarmed), and, a little later, saw the good liquor going off in casks to the stronghold of the revenue-men. Mr. Coffin was a proud man, but there were ominous murmurs as he retired, and his name suggested many a grim pleasantry.

This sort of thing happened continually, but as the smugglers were still secure from loss if they saved one cargo in three—and as they had behind them many years of uninterrupted success—it made no great difference. Indeed, the men engaged in the traffic saw the humorous aspect in the triumphant mien of John Coffin, and for a little while thought the spectacle well worth the loss of a few kegs from time to time. It was at this time that they constructed a "cavie," or store, in a big field not two hundred yards away from the Custom-house. But John Coffin was not content with these successes, and his ambition soon became intolerable.

Of all the young men in those parts, Jim Penlerrick was the most promising. There were none but knew the traditions of the smuggling, and could help if help were needed. But Jim was one of those rare spirits who make traditions. He was hardly more than four-and-twenty, tall, fair, and boyish, but he had already made himself a name by the cleverness of the dodges he invented, and the magnificent coolness with which he carried them into execution. It was no wonder that Maggie Opie, the prettiest girl in Trewarne, was proud to have him known as her sweetheart.

She was a little, dark-haired creature, with cheeks tinted like wild roses, and big grey eyes that would have made conversation an easy thing to her if she had chanced to be born dumb. There was a childish innocence in them sometimes, and sometimes a reckless mischief, which Jim himself could only envy and admire. It was said that some of his cleverest inventions had been inspired by her. And there was only one thing in her which Jim deemed unreasonable: she appeared to detest John Coffin with all the strength of her soul. It seemed to Jim that to do this in such a case was to go beyond what was necessary or appropriate. He had outwitted the man so frequently, that he felt almost kindly towards him.

But one day his view of the matter was changed. Maggie reported to him certain events which had befallen her while he was away upon his latest voyage to Roscoff.

Once or twice lately, she explained, it had been borne in upon her that John Coffin was much more polite to her than he had any reason to be. She had forborne to speak of the matter, because there were a multitude of smuggling histories which proved beyond a doubt that it was oftentimes convenient for such a one as she to have something of a hold over such as he. But now she could not ignore the matter any longer.

"What you'll say," she said, "I'm sure I can't think; but I hope you won't do anything rash."

It appeared, then, that Maggie was coming back to the village from a visit to Breach, a little church-town two miles distant from Trewarne. She had hardly started when she met John Coffin.

"Good afternoon, Miss Opie," he said. "'Tis pleasant weather for the time of the year"; and he stopped, so that Maggie could hardly pass on immediately.

"Iss," she said, "'tis pretty weather."

"May I keep 'ee company along the road?" said the man. "'Tis a lonely old road."

Maggie raised her eyes to his; then they fluttered and fell. "'Tis very kind of you."

They discussed a multitude of indifferent subjects. Then, "I didn't see Mr. Penlerrick when I was down in Trewarne just now," said Coffin.

"No?" said Maggie.

"I didn't see the *Dream*, either. I suppose she's gone to sea again?"

"How should I know?" said Maggie, innocently. "Is Jim Penlerrick the man to tell a girl what are his plans?"

"Well," said Coffin, "I suppose he'll be back for Sunday, being Feasten-Sunday. I shouldn't think he'd be later than Thursday, for the fair's on Friday."

"Are 'ee goin' to the fair, Mr. Coffin?" said Maggie.

The man smiled. "If I could see you there——"

"Aw," said Maggie, "you can see that any time. Why, the waxworks is coming that haven't been here these four years."

"Waxworks is no attraction," said Coffin, contemptuously. "Give me flesh and blood."

"Well," said Maggie, "if waxworks is no attraction, I suppose you won't be there."

In a minute or two the subject was changed.

"'Tis a lonely life down here for one that's been used to bigger places," said Coffin. "If a man had a wife, perhaps 'twould be all he'd want. He'd have some interest in his work then; but as it is——"

"I won't bring 'ee no further, Mr. Coffin," said Maggie, interrupting him. "Many thanks for your company."

And the little man looked at her meltingly. "No need of thanks!" he ejaculated. "'Tis yours whenever you like to take it, and for so long a time as you choose." He raised his hat with a flourish, and Maggie

a whistle, and, glancing up the road, she saw Jim Penlerrick coming to call on her. So she descended quickly, heard the tale of his adventures during the time of this last absence, and, in conclusion, told her own tale.

"It looked to me," she added, "like as if the man wanted me to tell all I know, and offered to make me Mrs. Coffin in reward. Now, Jim, don't 'ee go an' do anything foolish. Perhaps he never meant it after all."

Jim laughed grimly. "Perhaps not," he said. "All the same, I fancy a bit of a lesson would do him no harm. He can't have thought you was bad-hearted, so he must ha' fancied you could be fooled easy. And he must be cured of all such fancies as that."

Maggie flushed. "I never thought o' that," she said. "Jim, you can do just what you like with him." And Jim went off to his breakfast, full of thought as to how the end he had in view was to be obtained.

That afternoon he went through the village with a friend, carrying a stout post some ten or twelve feet



"HE RAISED HIS HAT WITH A FLOURISH."

walked on homeward, having now reached the outskirts of the village. She knew not whether to laugh or to be indignant. Finally she did both.

Jim Penlerrick and the men of the *Dream* landed their cargo that very night, and got it into a place of security without untimely interruption. The next morning Maggie came to her window early and inspected the harbour which it overlooked. The *Dream* was there; even while she looked at it she heard

in length. They made off in the direction of a small and secluded cove, about a mile to the west of Trewarne.

Later in the day John Coffin chanced upon a little girl who was idly wandering by the roadside. He was about to pass on when the child spoke.

"Do 'ee know the lane leadin' to Pentrize Cove?" said the child.

"Yes," said Coffin.

"Well," said the child, "I got a message

for 'ee. You must be at the top of the lane by half-past seven, to meet a friend."

Coffin inspected the messenger suspiciously. "Who sent you?" he asked.

"Aw," said the child, "she said I mustn't mention no name."

Coffin laughed. "Well," he said, "I don't know that you need. Here, this'll buy you some lollipops." He gave the child some coppers and passed on. And he was perfectly right in the impression he carried with him, for the little girl waited until he was out of sight, and then went off as speedily as might be to Maggie Opie's home, where she reported progress and showed Coffin's gift.

"Well done," said Maggie. "Spoil the Egyptians where and when you can. There's good examples for that." But at half-past seven she was talking at the cottage gate with the daughter of a neighbour, nor did she quit her home until more than an hour later, when Jim Penlerrick turned up and suggested a brief stroll. He had manifestly some jest to share with her.

Now, John Coffin had never doubted as to the identity of the sender of the message. At half-past seven precisely he began to mount the hilly lane, and when he had reached the appointed place he lit a pipe and waited. For a long time no one came. He began to grow more and more impatient, knowing that the girl could have nothing on earth to keep her at this hour. And slowly there dawned upon him a dreadful doubt: could it be that she had fooled him and was not coming at all? He put the thought from him, but only for a time. In the end he swore vehemently, and would have turned away, had not a roar of laughter suddenly arrested him. Before he could recover from his surprise he was struggling in the midst of half-a-dozen men, and a moment later they

had overpowered and bound him, putting a gag between his teeth.

All this time they had not spoken a word, and it was still in utter silence that he was compelled to march, a man at either arm, in the direction of the Cove. Coffin did not doubt that he had fallen into the hands of smugglers resolved to revenge on him the recent injuries to the traffic they carried on. He remembered a hundred horrid tales of violence, and his heart quailed within him.

They led him onward until the sound of the sea broke on his ears, and soon he was being led by a wild and dangerous path down to the little yellow beach. His captors dealt



"IN A MOMENT THEY HAD OVERPOWERED HIM."

none too gently with him when they came to cross the space of tumbled boulders at the foot of the cliff. And when they had gained the beach they led him to where a tall, wooden post had been fixed in an upright position in the sand. One of the men advanced and kicked it. It quivered, but otherwise was firm, being deeply sunk, and having big stones buried about its base. And John Coffin would have cried aloud for mercy had he been able.

For he realized what they were going to do with him. They raised him, and bound him against the wooden post, and he looked

desperately out to sea—gagged, so that he still could not speak—and wondered how long it would be before the advancing tide would reach him. The men moved about in silence, testing all the knots with tremendous vigilance before they moved away in a band and vanished in the blackness of the cliff's shadow. And John Coffin was left alone to watch the slow, relentless advance of doom.

There was no moon. The clear starlight quivered in lines of silver on the dark plain of the sea. He could distinguish through the gloom the glimmer of the breakers; there was a heavy ground-swell on, and he knew that, even if he had been able to shout, even if any human being had chanced to approach this lonely region of the coast after the fall of darkness, it would still be in vain to hope for rescue, since his voice would not be heard above the din of the tide.

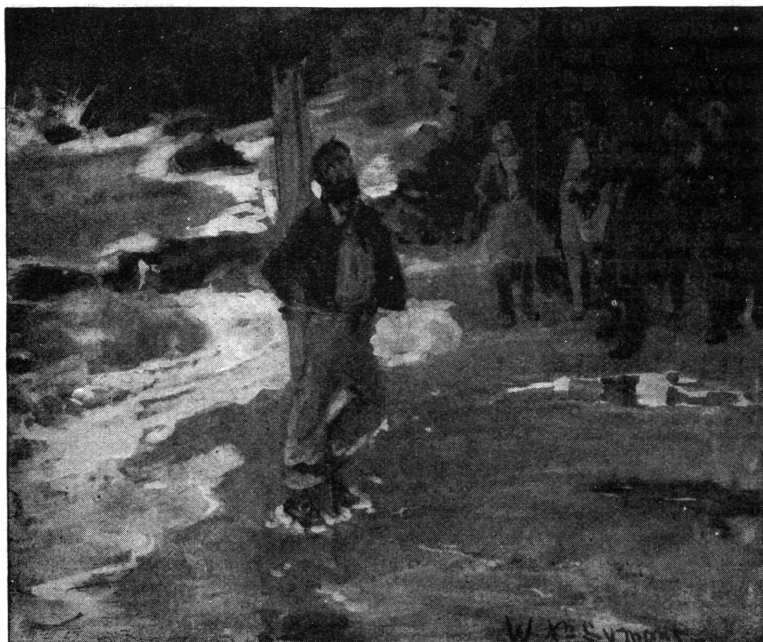
He did not lack courage—as, indeed, he had proved beyond dispute by the conduct which had brought him into his present predicament; for to interfere seriously with the smuggling was to take up arms against a united countryside—even, he had sometimes dimly suspected, against the local magnates who should have been glad to co-operate with him in the work. And in that work he had never been afraid. He knew that he risked his life; but he went armed, and the risk would never have troubled him had he been a free man and at liberty to fight for his life. He would almost have enjoyed the excitement. But to be bound to a post on a lonely beach, and to wait in the darkness for death, whose thundering footsteps already deafened him, was an ordeal beyond what a man is made to bear. A cold fear froze his heart. They might have taken away the gag, and he would still have lacked the power of speech.

He realized that this vengeance of the smugglers was not so much a return for his interferences with their

actual trade, as for the few words he had spoken with Maggie Opie; and he knew that her treachery had betrayed him. His heart was bitter against her. He was forced to admit that he had tried to draw from her some information as to the plans of the free-traders. His profession was so dear to him that it filled his life; even if he had striven to do so, he could never have forgotten for a moment that he had been sent there to protect the King's revenue. And he had stopped to talk with Maggie, in the first place, not because he knew that she possessed valuable information, but merely because he had seen no girl in all his life who was half so pretty, no girl whom he would more unwillingly have vexed. And he had endeavoured to learn the secrets with which she was acquainted involuntarily and out of habit.

He had been ten minutes alone, though the time had seemed longer than the longest night to the man who is tired and cannot sleep. Suddenly he heard footsteps on the soft sand close at hand.

The men had returned. They had gained the top of the path, and then, a mode of deepening the horror of his situation occurring to them, they had returned. They did not speak a word. One of them took a big red handkerchief from his pocket, folded it, and bound it tightly over Coffin's eyes. Then they once more left him alone.



"THE MEN HAD RETURNED."

The thunder of the sea grew louder and more near. The wretched man could in no wise guess the distance of the waves. But terror summoned up before his blinded eyes a vision of the great, grey wall of water which gradually drew nearer and nearer. He expected to feel every moment the cold touch of the first wave, when it should break and shoot shallow up the sloping sand.

The very minutes seemed interminable and so filled with intolerable fear that he constantly fancied he must lose his reason immediately. And suddenly a shock of terror threw the blood back upon his heart. A wave had broken close at hand; the cold water had reached his feet and flooded his boots.

He waited for the next; waited, as it seemed to him, for many minutes. Possibly, he thought, the wave which had reached his feet had been one of those tremendous ninth waves with which the sea kills men when, with the other eight, it has played with them as a cat plays with a wretched mouse.

He waited, and waited. . . .

Suddenly he awoke as from a drugged sleep, and found that day was breaking. The waves were far removed. And Maggie stood in front of him, the red handkerchief in her hand.

She looked at him strangely, and he endeavoured to recall the events of the night. Maggie saw his difficulty and spoke.

"Are 'ee better now?" she said. "'Twas me that put 'ee there. I told, and the men swore they would punish 'ee, for a joke, so they fastened 'ee there, taking care to put 'ee just where the tide would stop when it came up. And I laughed over it when they came back and told me what they had done. But, soon as I was abed, I began to think

what fear you would have—I could see you standing there and waiting for death; 'twas as if I stood there myself. I knew 'twas but a joke, and Lord knows I've no love for revenue-men. So I fought against it at first. But at last I couldn't stand against it longer; I came out to set 'ee free."

She cut the bands, and he took the gag from his mouth. In a moment Maggie was on the other side again.

"Look!" she said, "you won't make a row about it. 'Twas only a joke with them. The tide never wetted more than your feet."

John Coffin turned and looked at her in silence. "No," he said, at last, "I will say nothing. But you are hard on a man whose sin was that he thought you the prettiest maid he had ever seen." He turned away from her and moved stiffly and slowly towards the path which led up the face of the cliff.

Maggie watched him as he went. "I have



"YOU ARE HARD ON A MAN."

no love for revenue-men," she had said; which is curious, for when she was married six months later, she took the name of Coffin.

I had this very story from a grandson of theirs, himself a coastguard, and afterwards discovered it was still told by the older folk among the inhabitants of Trewarne.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

II.



WE all know Sir Herbert E. Maxwell as a distinguished authority on natural history and archæology, but few are aware that he is an artist of no mean ability. And, furthermore, he is an acute observer. Together we were looking through some studies of cows, probably intended by Sir Herbert for use in an elaborate oil-painting. "Talking of cows," he remarked to me, in his own gentle way, "Londoners have a capital example offered them just now of cockney ignorance of pastoral science. A huge advertisement of condensed milk may be seen on hoardings about the town—less offensive than most of its kind, though, for it is really a beautiful bit of work. It represents a lovely Alpine valley, with verdant upland lawns in the foreground and snowy peaks beyond. No doubt this is a faithful picture, well executed, of the source of supply; but why has the artist stocked the picture with beefy English shorthorns, instead of dun Swiss cows?"

When I first approached Sir Herbert Maxwell on the subject of this article, he assured me he had given up art for some years; moreover, all the examples he had at his town house in Lennox Gardens were a few oil sketches, which might or might not suit my purpose. Lady Maxwell, however, came to my assistance. She suggested that Sir Herbert should send to Monreith for the two big albums wherein were deposited hundreds of water-colour drawings, sketches, pictorial social skits, and numerous other miscellaneous examples of Sir Herbert's art, ranging from caricatures to gorgeous heraldic designs in scarlet and gold. Monreith is the Maxwell seat in Wigtownshire.

Vol. x.—52.

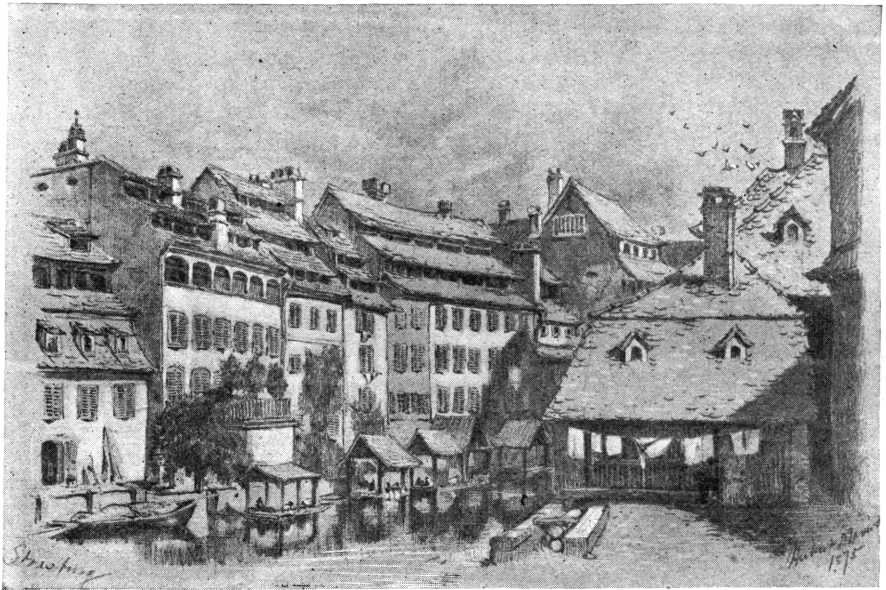
The albums were duly sent for; but while they were in my possession for the purpose of making a selection, Sir Herbert was appointed British delegate to the International Conference on the Protection of Wild Birds Useful to Agriculture. This imposing body met in Paris. However, Sir Herbert was only absent a few days, and I lost no time in paying him another visit the moment he returned to town.

The first of Sir Herbert Maxwell's sketches reproduced here is a street scene in Strasbourg. "I was in Strasbourg with a friend in 1875," explained Sir Herbert. "No," he went on, "it wasn't a sketching expedition really, although we sketched any number of subjects as we went along. We stayed in Strasbourg about a week. This particular sketch was drawn and finished on the spot. I remember it was a frightfully hot day, and we sat on the parapet at the side of the canal and worked for a couple of hours or so. The scene would rather resemble a bit of Venice were it not for the washing boats, on which all the clothes of the city are washed—unless, of course, they have other arrangements now.

"I should think I made at least twenty sketches while in Strasbourg," Sir Herbert continued. "One day we two were sketching on the ramparts, when the wall-patrol came along and ordered us off. We didn't quite understand what he was talking about, but there was no mistaking his intention. We intimated that we should not again offend in this way, and then went right outside what we considered the ramparts. Here we resumed operations, having capital material at hand. The patrol came along again, though, from which it is evident that he had kept an eye on us. He was, or pretended to be, utterly



SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.
From a Photo. by Barrauds.



STREET SCENE IN STRASBOURG.
From a Sketch by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

horrified to behold us 'at it again,' and he arrested both of us forthwith. We were then taken through the streets, and as by this time word had gone round that two spies had been seized red-handed, we were followed to the guard-house by a huge mob that hooted and shrieked, and threw things in a manner that may have been patriotic, but certainly was intensely exasperating. Then, the guard-sergeant could speak neither English nor French, and we didn't know German; so there was a considerable delay. An officer arrived at last, however, and to him we explained matters in French. Not many hours after this we were out of Strasbourg altogether."

The accompanying book-illustration was done by Sir Herbert at a time when the influence of Ruskin was very strong upon him. There were four of these illustrations in the album, and the detail in each was so very fine that the drawing resembled a reproduction. In working on these, Sir Herbert used a steel crow-quill. These drawings were intended to illustrate a French fairy tale of the last century, which Sir Herbert partially translated with a view to publication. The tale is called "Acajou and Zilbride," and is something of a literary curiosity. In Sir Herbert's album the drawing reproduced here bears the inscription: "Pikelenay arrives at the capital of Minutia"—possibly a recondite allusion to the labour involved in its execution.

"Of course, these pictures are purely imaginary," Sir Herbert remarked. "No doubt

they were suggested by some pantomime or burlesque," he added, with masterly bathos.

Sir Herbert tells me that he worked as a student at South Kensington in 1868. He took up art as a profession because he was an



"PIKELENAY ARRIVES AT THE CAPITAL OF MINUTIA."
Book-illustration by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.



Phonetic Spelling

*Wally, Lady Mary, did you speak head such
not, as this talk about phonetic spelling? It was
written words would look if they were
written as we pronounce them*

AN EXAMPLE OF SIR HERBERT
MAXWELL'S COMIC BLACK-
AND-WHITE WORK.

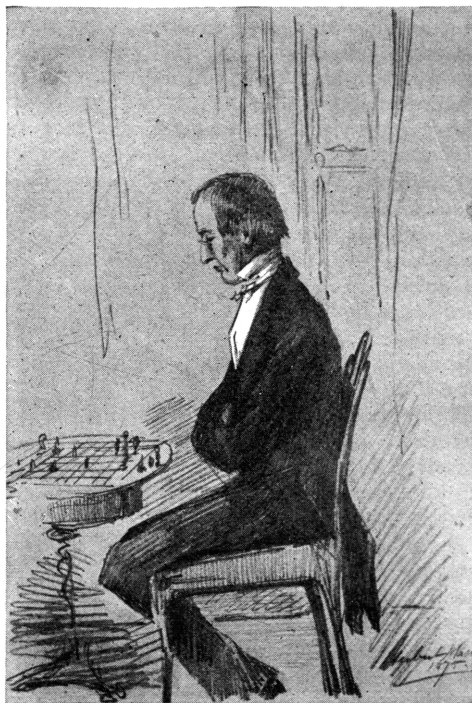
idle man, so to speak, without too much means; and it seemed to be a congenial occupation, as well as one supplementary to those means. Sir Herbert took up art steadily for seven years, painting both in oil and water-colour. He also exhibited a few things—chiefly landscapes—in the Scottish Academy. Then his father died, and he succeeded to large estates in Wigtownshire; two years later he entered the House of Commons.

The next picture may be described as a sketch for a journal of the *Punch* order, and reveals the baronet in the light of a comic black-and-white artist. At one time Sir Herbert used to go in a great deal for this kind of thing, but his friends invariably clamoured for such sketches; so much so, in fact, that this is the only one that remains in the possession of the artist. Sir Herbert Maxwell is one of those fortunate men who need never fear poverty. This drawing shows observation, humour, and power, and its author would certainly have succeeded in art even if he had not succeeded his father. Sir Herbert came under the influence of Ruskin while at Oxford, just when the great master's writings were in their first popularity. "I don't think he takes you by a good course to represent things," Sir Herbert remarked to me. "I had to get rid of his influence before I was able to do even what I did. Ruskin's instructions tended to cramp: to copy

very small details, such as grasses, stones, seeds, and the like."

The last example given of Sir Herbert Maxwell's artistic work is a first-rate character study. The old gentleman depicted is Mr. Carrick Moore, of the Geological Society, and the sketch was made at the villa of Lady Maxwell (Sir Herbert's mother) at Bournemouth. Lady Maxwell and Mr. Moore were playing chess together after dinner,

and while the latter was contemplating a new move he was rapidly sketched by Sir Herbert from the other end of the room. Sir Herbert was at this time perpetually on the look-out for good subjects; and his subject on this occasion was quite unaware of his object.

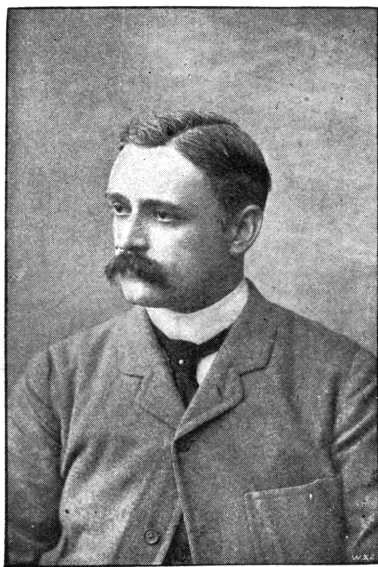


THE CHESS PLAYER.

From a Sketch by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

A few weeks ago I called at the Marquis of Granby's beautiful house in Bruton Street; and the moment I entered the cosy little study I realized that the noble Marquis must have a predilection for the sea. The walls were simply covered with seascapes of every conceivable kind, and obviously representing diverse latitudes. I remarked on this, whereupon Lord Granby, after requesting me to be seated, gave the following interesting account of his artistic training: "When I was quite a little boy I was taught drawing by Mr. J. C. Schetky, sometime Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen. This artist had been a friend of our family almost for generations, and spent most of his time at Belvoir Castle (the magnificent seat of the Duke of Rutland in Leicestershire). Mr. Schetky continued to paint when he was considerably over eighty; and, see, there is a sketch he did for me shortly before his death." Here the Marquis pointed out a beautiful water-colour drawing at the back of his writing-table: "Presented as a souvenir to the Hon. Henry Manners by his friend, J. C. Schetky, on January 25th, 1863." The sketch illustrates a nautical incident in "Tom Bowling."

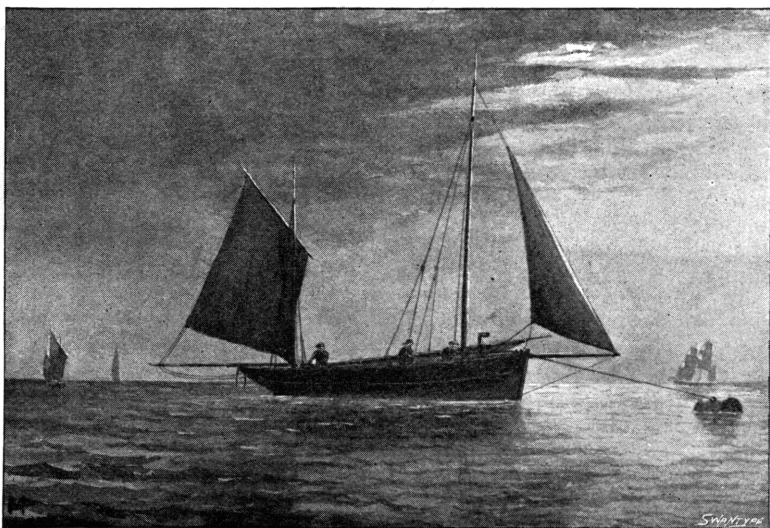
"Mr. Schetky," resumed Lord Granby, "taught me to draw marine subjects almost exclusively, and took infinite pains to initiate me into the mysteries of rigging and nautical matters of the like nature." Plainly, the influence of the master never left the pupil. The



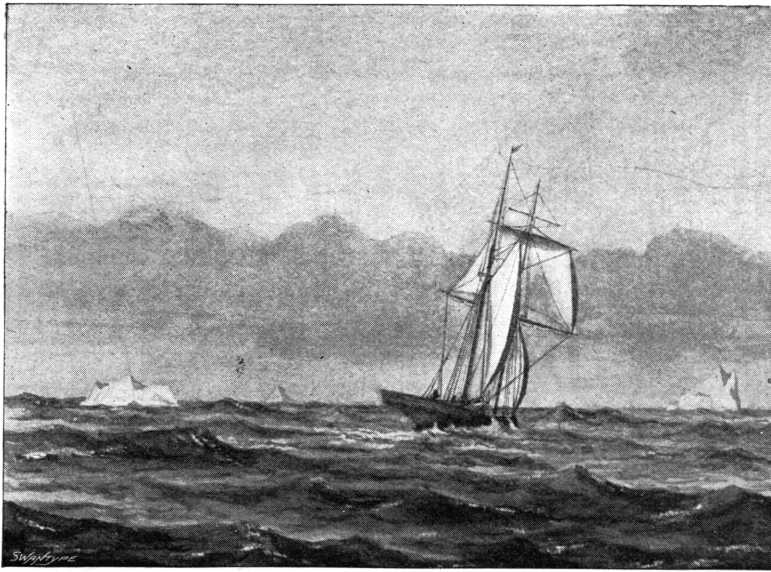
THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.
From a Photo. by Franz Baum, Old Bond Street.

noble Marquis says that whenever he is cruising in his yacht, or merely staying at one of our seaside resorts, he is always on the look-out for congenial subjects such as that reproduced here. Most of Lord Granby's sepia and Indian ink sketches of this kind were done at Folkestone. "I love the sea," the Marquis declared, "and have spent many, many years of my life upon it. I'm afraid you won't be able to include me in your list, though," he went on, smilingly, "for I am no longer an M.P.; my brother, Lord Edward Manners, has taken my place."

Here is another little drawing by Lord Granby. Let the noble artist tell its story: "Some few years ago—I think it was in 1882 or 1883—I had a great deal of time on hand, and was rather at a loss to know what to do with it. Eventually, I thought I would take a trip to Canada, so I booked a passage from Liverpool by one of the Allan line of steamers. When we were about a hundred miles from the banks of Newfoundland, a dense fog came on; worse still, the summer being both very hot and very early, there were hosts



FISHING BOAT.
Sketched by Lord Granby, at night, near Folkestone.



A NEWFOUNDLAND COD-BOAT AMONG THE ICEBERGS.
From a Drawing by the Marquis of Granby.

of icebergs about. Just as the fog was lifting, the cod-boat you see in the sketch had the narrowest possible escape of being run down by the immense liner. As we sheered off from the little vessel I sketched her, together with the icebergs in her vicinity."

Lord Granby then went on to relate many interesting reminiscences of his Mediterranean cruises, and his adventures during the riots that preceded the Egyptian War. For during that exciting period the noble Marquis went off from Cairo, on sketching expeditions, up the Nile, almost as far as Khartoum.

The next artist that figures here is Mr. J. Williams Benn, the energetic "member for London" in the last Parliament. At the General Election Mr. Benn was defeated by the narrow majority of four votes, but he still remains an active member of the London County Council. He used to lecture at the institutes on art matters—on Cruikshank, Caldecott, and Japanese art; he also attained considerable fame as a lightning caricaturist at public meet-

ings, wherefore is he an invaluable ally at election times.

I saw Mr. Benn at the Westminster Palace Hotel, which, at certain seasons, becomes a kind of Parliamentary barracks. He told me he has always had a taste for art—ever since he was thrashed by his mother for decorating her drawing-room walls with a blue pencil.

The first of Mr. Benn's sketches reproduced on the next page is



MR. J. WILLIAMS BENN.
From a Photograph.

taken from an unpublished "Christmas number" with which he presented his colleagues on the London County Council, shortly after joining that well-known body in 1890. The "number" consisted of about thirty drawings, and about 130 copies were produced. For the most part these drawings were supposed to be designs for statuary and stained-glass windows wherewith to decorate the prospective municipal palace in Spring Gardens.

In the first design, Sir Arthur Arnold, the Chairman of the Council—who is strongly opposed to the payment of councillors—figures as Cromwell ordering the removal of "that bauble"—which, in this particular instance, assumes the very acceptable form of a bag containing £2,000, the proposed salary of the vice-chairman. Mr. Benn showed me many other drawings of a similar character. One was an effective statuesque group, "Theseus Macdougallus Overcoming the Centaur Musichallus," which needs no comment whatever.

In the next sketch we

see our late Premier making a pathetic appeal to a "woodman" of a peculiarly low type. With regard to Lord Rosebery's association with the Council, it may be remembered that during his first year of chairmanship the Shah came to London, and the noble lord was very anxious that the trees of the Thames Embankment should not be injured by sight-seers desirous of beholding Nasr-ed-Din



CARTOON FOR THE PARKS AND OPEN SPACES COMMITTEE ROOM.

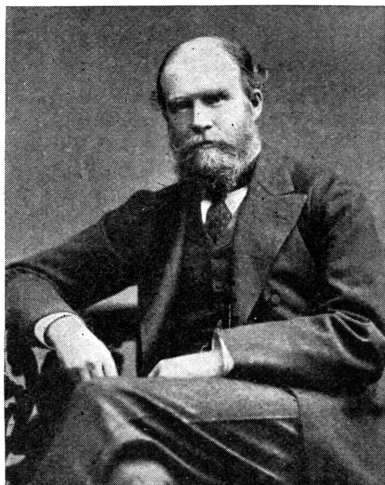
From a Sketch by Mr. J. W. Benn.

and his priceless jewels. Lord Rosebery therefore issued a special request to the public with the view of insuring this; and as the L.C.C. was very much to the fore just then, Mr. Benn seized upon the tree incident as a subject for a sketch.

An article dealing with accomplishments



DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.
By Mr. J. W. Benn.



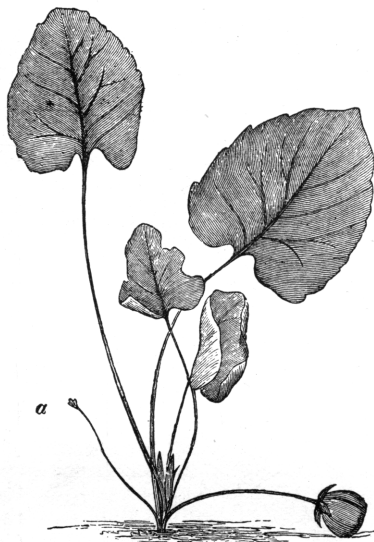
SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART.
From a Photo. by Barrauda.

of any kind would be incomplete without Sir John Lubbock, banker, statesman, and scientist. I therefore called at 2, St. James's Square, and was shown into the inner entrance-hall, at the foot of the grand stair-

case—a magnificent apartment, upholstered in crimson satin. Presently Sir John came down, and, after expressing a hope that he hadn't kept me waiting long, he led the way to his study. "I'm afraid you'll think I brought you here under false pretences," he remarked, smilingly; "for all I've done in the way of drawing is a few diagrams illustrating experiments in natural history." Sir John elected to illustrate for me a few of the wonderful and interesting means of dispersion possessed by certain seeds. One of our own European species—the *Xanthium Spinosum*—has, he tells me, been rapidly spread over the whole of South Africa, the seeds being carried in the wool of sheep.

Here is a sketch, by Sir John himself, of the common sweet violet, of which it is often said—for instance, by Vaucher—that it sows its' own seeds. As the stalk elongates, the seed-capsule droops, and finally touches the earth. Then comes the rain, which loosens the soil; and when the seeds are fully ripe the capsule opens by three valves and allows them to escape.

In the dog violet, however, the case is very different. Though pendant when young, the capsules are less fleshy; and at maturity they erect themselves, as seen in the accompanying illustration. They stand up boldly above the rest of the plant and open by the three equal valves, each of which contains a row of from three to five smooth, brown seeds. As the walls of the valves become drier, they contract, thus tending to squeeze out the seeds. These, however, resist at first; but at length the attachment of the seed to its base gives way, and it is ejected several feet, this being



Viola hirta.
a, young bud; b, ripe seed capsule.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

much facilitated by its form and smoothness. Sir John has known a gathered specimen to throw a seed nearly ten feet.

What is the reason for this difference between the species of violets? The one buries its capsules among the moss and leaves upon the ground, while the other raises them aloft, and throws the seeds to seek their fortunes in the world. The reason is, Sir John believes, to be found in the different mode of growth. The dog violet is a plant with an elongated stalk, and it is easy, therefore, for the capsule to raise itself above the grass and other low herbage among which violets grow. The other species has, so to speak, no stalk, the leaves being radical—that is, rising from the root.

Then there are moving seeds, which perform quite a little journey. Perhaps the most wonderful of these is that of the South European grass known as *Stipa Pennata*, one of the seeds of which Sir John has sketched. This seed is small, with a sharp point, and short, stiff hairs pointing backwards. The upper end of the seed is produced into a fine, twisted, corkscrew-like rod, which is followed by a plain portion attached to a long and beautiful feather, the whole being more than a foot in length. Swiss Alpine

guides, Sir John tells me, sometimes wear plumes of this grass in their caps.

Briefly, the story of the dispersion and sowing of this seed is as follows. It is first of all blown away by the wind; then it falls to the ground point downwards, as is natural from its formation. Sooner or later a shower comes on to soften the earth, and then the breeze catches the feather, causes the corkscrew to

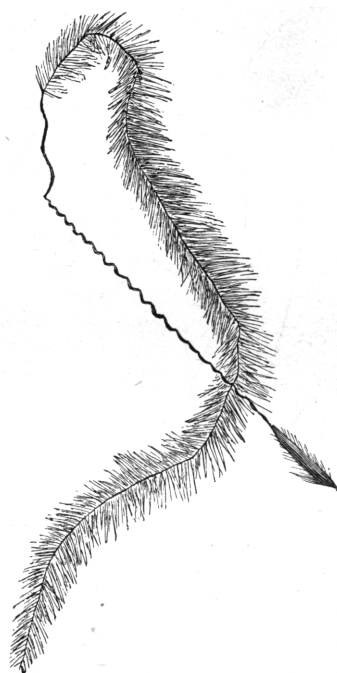


Viola canina.
a, bud; b, bud more advanced; c, capsule open, some of the seeds are already thrown.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

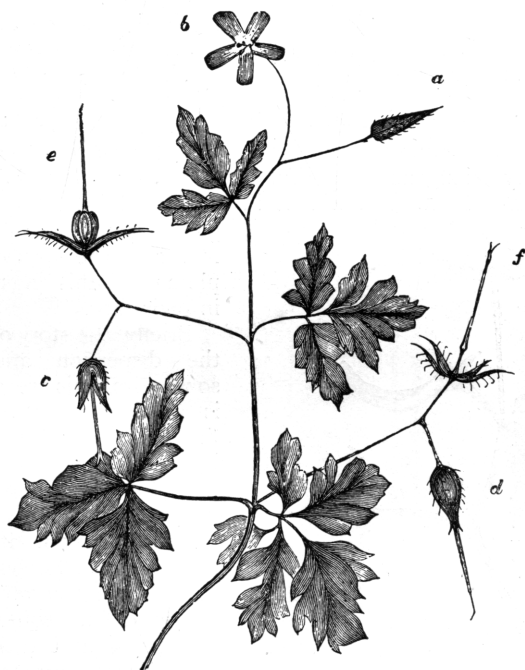
revolve, and so gradually screws the seed into the earth.

The next sketch was made by Sir John after he had determined for himself the throwing of the seeds under consideration. The plant is the geranium known as the Herb Robert, and the drawing shows the gradual development of the seeds from the withering of the flower onwards.

Being at High Elms, his seat in Kent, Sir John one day gathered a specimen of this geranium, and retired with it to his billiard-room. He then placed it in an upright natural position in a glass on the billiard-table, over half of which he spread a sheet that reached to the wall. He looked in from time to time to see how things were going on, and at last found that four out of the five seeds had been thrown. Sir John could not at first find them, though,



Seed of *Strife pennata*
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.



HERB ROBERT (*Geranium robertianum*).
a, bud; b, flower; c, flower after the petals have fallen; d, flower with seeds nearly ripe; e, flower with ripe seeds; f, flower after throwing seeds.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

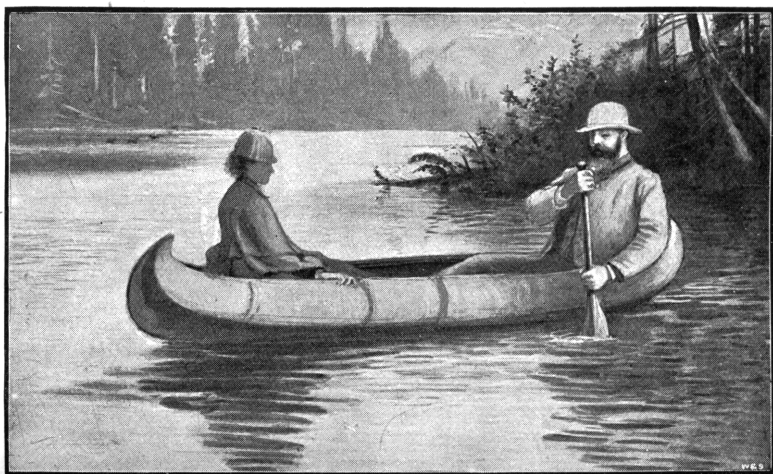
as he had no idea of their having been thrown so far. The seeds were eventually found on the sheet near the wall, having been thrown nearly 22ft. from the plant.

I am paying Mr. W. S. Caine no extravagant compliment when I describe him as one of the most conscientious and hard-working members of Parliament that ever served a constituency. Only, he is not an M.P. now; he assures me, however, that his exclusion is quite temporary. My interview with Mr. Caine took place at his house on the north side of Clapham Common.

The redoubtable champion of the temperance cause is something of a traveller. He has thoroughly "done" India, and has written a book thereon; and he journeyed round the world in 1887-88, thereby fulfilling the primary duty of the ideal member of Parliament.

Instead of reproducing a photograph of Mr. Caine, I show on the next page a sketch by himself, wherein he is depicted "paddling his own canoe" in the Rocky Mountains. This sketch was made by Mr. Caine after an abortive day's fishing in the Bow River; but, perhaps, I had better let him tell his own story:—

"The following day we" (his daughter, Miss Hannah Caine, accompanied him) "explored one of the small streams tributary to the Bow, with a view to learning how to manage an Indian birch-bark canoe. These canoes are so light that a boy can lift one out of the water and carry it on his back. The paddler sits or kneels in the stern and propels the canoe with a broad, single-bladed paddle, steering with a sort of back-stroke that takes a good deal of learning. However, I managed to canoe my daughter up two or three miles of a running brook, and across the beautiful Vermillion Lake, whose banks were a wild tangle of brush-wood, poplar, and maple—a perfect blaze of autumn red and gold, out



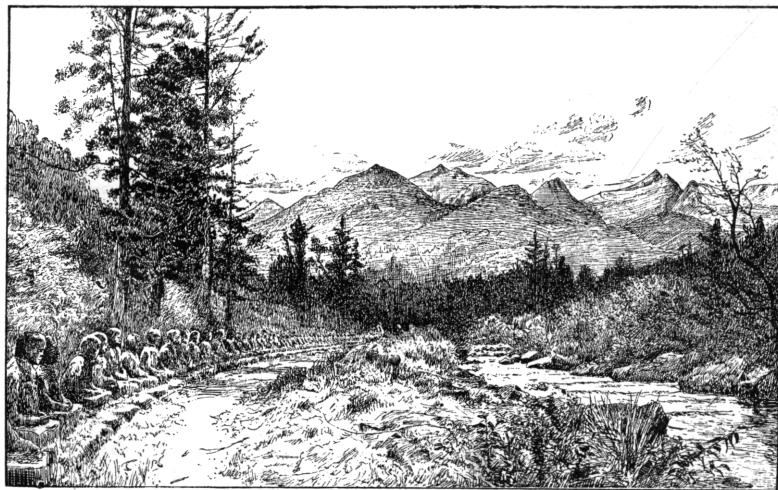
MR. W. S. CAINE AND HIS DAUGHTER, ON THE BOW RIVER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
From the Drawing by Mr. W. S. Caine.

of which sprang sombre pines and cedars. Behind these were the snow-clad mountains, the whole perfectly repeated on the placid surface of the water."

The next illustration is reproduced from a framed drawing by Mr. Caine that hangs on the staircase of the big house overlooking Clapham Common. This shows the famous images of Amida Buddha, near Nikko, Japan. Describing this sketch, Mr. Caine

side, contemplating, with great serenity of countenance, the noble range of the Nan-tai-San Mountains. Here and there some of the heads have been knocked off by Shinto blasphemers, or by cockney tourists, who behold in this vast row of gods a mere glorified cocoa-nut shy. It is supposed to be impossible to count this long row of images, and while the rest of the party engaged in the attempt to do so, I amused myself in making a sketch of this extraordinary spot."

The last of Mr. Caine's pictures reproduced here is a sketch of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. "Every morning we used to go out upon the roof of our hotel to get a view of the wonderful mountain, which appears so constantly upon the various products of Japanese art



IMAGES OF BUDDHA, NIKKO, JAPAN.
From a Sketch by Mr. W. S. Caine.

said: "One morning we went up the valley to get a view of the Nikko range, following a path by the banks of a brawling trout stream. Two miles from the town we reached the far-famed images of Amida Buddha, arranged in a long row of many hundreds by the river-

and manufacture. You will find a view of Fujiyama painted on paper and woven into textile fabrics; worked upon lacquer and pottery; carved in relief on the panels of cabinets; and chased on bronze vases."



FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.
From the Drawing by Mr. W. S. Caine.

My list of "M.P.'s as Artists" comes to an end with Sir Charles Dilke, whom I saw at 76, Sloane Street, after his triumphant electioneering campaign in Gloucestershire. Like many other distinguished men, Sir Charles has been in many lands. "In 1866-67, I followed England round the world," he said. "Everywhere I went I was in English-speaking or English-governed lands."

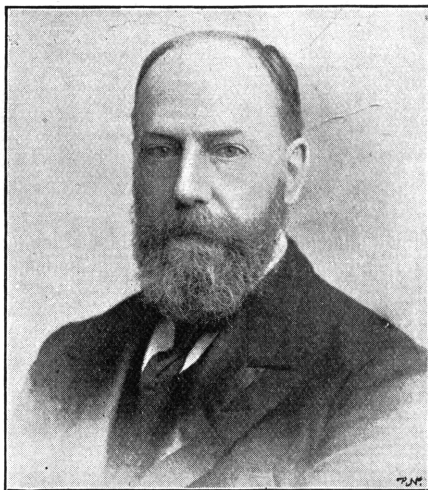
Sir Charles has many interesting stories to relate about his sojourn in New Zealand. "On one occasion I was sketching the head of a venerable old dame named Oriuhia-té-Aka, when my subject intimated that she wanted to see what I was doing. I showed her the sketch and explained things as far as I could, whereupon she broke into a torrent of abuse in the liquid and much-bevowelled Maori tongue. After some time I was given to understand that, owing to the omission of certain elegant tattoo designs that adorned the lady's chin, she did not consider my drawing a good portrait. I immediately added the requisite

stripes and curves, and, on noting this improvement, the subject of my sketch became so exuberant that I almost feared she would embrace me."

A few weeks after this incident Sir Charles accompanied Dr. Featherston, the Government agent, to Parewanui Pah, where negotiations were to be concluded for the purchase of a large tract of land required by the Provincial Government of Wellington. The price was agreed upon, and the only difficulty in the matter was to divide the money between the various tribes.

One tribe had owned the land from prehistoric times; another declared they had conquered it; while a third chief up and spake in the name of his people, affirming that his ancestors had been roasted and made into savoury dishes on the land, which was, therefore, obviously sacred to himself and his tribe. Many speeches followed, the most eloquent and poetic of all being that of a young brave, who was clad in one of the skirts of his half-caste wife.

Not the least insignificant item in this ex-



SIR CHARLES DILKE, BART.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.



PORIA, THE MAORI JESTER.
From a Sketch by Sir Charles Dilke.

traordinary conference was Poria, the jester, whose portrait, drawn on the spot by Sir Charles Dilke, is reproduced here. The framed picture hangs in one of the spare bedrooms of Sir Charles's house in Sloane Street, but was lent me for use in this article.

While the chiefs of the opposing tribes were haranguing their followers, in support of their claims, this half-mad buffoon, turned for the time being into a kind of self-appointed *advocatus diaboli*, went about interrupting and mimicking everyone who happened to be orating. Nor was Poria's playful spirit quelled by the incredible amount of kicking and buffeting he received indiscriminately from all parties.

No sooner was the sale definitely settled than a solemn grief came over the people.

"We have sold the graves of our ancestors," they said; a statement that was true only in a limited degree, for a large proportion of their ancestors had no grave at all, unless we regard as sepulchres the capacious stomachs of their cannibal kindred. However this may be, the wife of Hamuéra created a diversion by seizing her husband's greenstone club, and rushing out from the ranks of the women in order to sing a mournful impromptu song on the subject of the "deal" just concluded. Sir Charles Dilke also sketched Hamuéra's wife, and her portrait is given in the accompanying illustration.

There was a grand war-dance arranged next day, when this same Maori belle assumed the rôle of the mad prophetess, inciting the warriors with frightful grimaces and appalling yells.



HAMUÉRA'S WIFE, BEMOANING THE SALE OF THE LAND.
From a Sketch by Sir Charles Dilke.

Catching the Mail-Bags.

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

By R. H. COCKS.

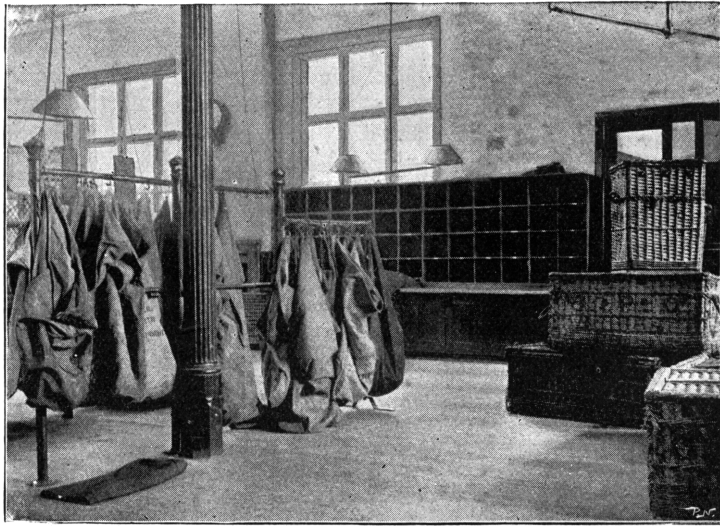


FIG. 1.—THE STATION POST-OFFICE. BAGS WAITING TO BE FILLED.



HERE are many ways of spending an afternoon with less pleasure and interest than that which I am about to relate. Although we all receive our letters with but seldom varying regularity, there are few perhaps who give any thought to the amount of toil entailed to gain this end; and if occasionally our despatches do get delayed in transit, we censure all concerned, not considering for a moment the various causes that readily account for any such delay.

Recently it has been my object to spend a few afternoons at various mail-stations on some of our great iron roads, and cull information concerning this interesting and very important branch of postal processes. With this end in view, having obtained the necessary permits, and armed with a reliable hand-camera, I first wended my way to one of these mail-stations, where the only day mail (and this at a some-

what late hour) thunders past, catching and depositing mail-bags.

Let us first give a passing glance inside the station post-office before proceeding farther up the line to the apparatus. We see here (Fig. 1) the empty letter-bags hanging in readiness to be filled and dispatched to their various destinations, as the name on each will indicate, and the mail-baskets that are carried by ordinary stopping trains, containing the parcels, etc. We must not stay long, as the

mail is to be up to time to-day, and the minutes are slipping by.

It has been my experience on my several visits to find at his post a courteous and well-informed postman in charge, who invariably arrives some few minutes before the mail is signalled. The postman's first duty on arriving is generally to open his receiving-net—a simple operation, but one very easily omitted, to which I shall have reason to refer later. This net (Fig. 2), with

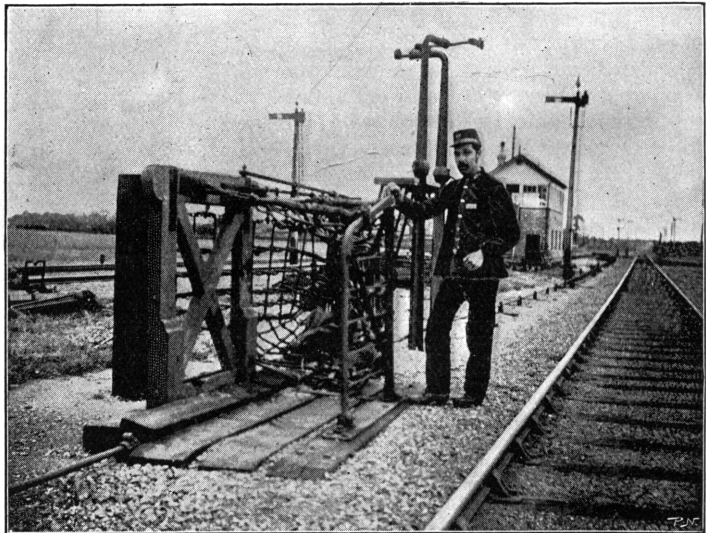


FIG. 2.—THE RECEIVING-NET READY FOR USE.

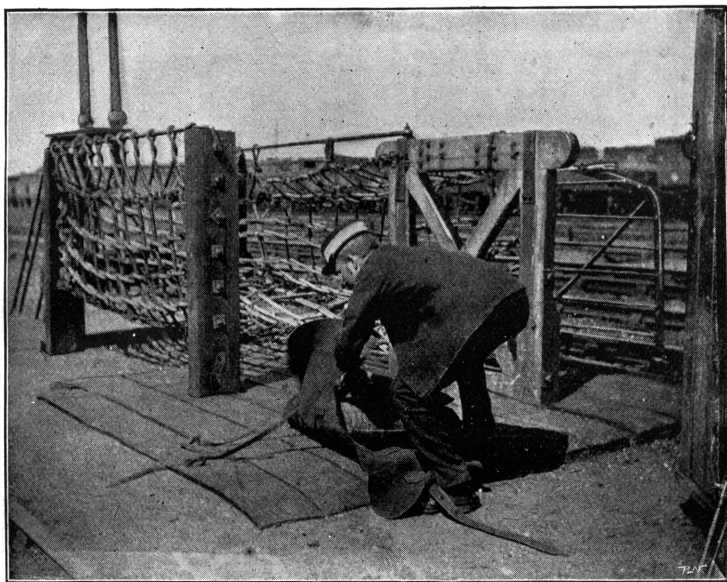


FIG. 3.—PACKING THE MAIL-BAG IN THE LEATHER POUCH.

its large rope meshes, looks at first glance most complicated, but is in reality a simple device.

It is shaped, we may notice, something like the letter **V**, and to prepare it all that has to be done is to prop up in a perpendicular position an iron support resembling a gate, which rests parallel with the rails and is about 3ft. distant from the net. In Fig. 2 we see it ready for use, and in Fig. 4 it is closed.

This "gate" works on a hinge at its base, and to close it an iron stay is let fall and the "gate" leans inclining inwards from the rails against a wooden one, similar, but immovable. These "gates" hold the receiving-net open.

Secondly, the postman (for many of the men in charge of this day-mail service are rural postmen, taking this as their last duty of the day) straps up his bag (Fig. 3), climbs and hangs it upon the "standards" (Fig. 4). The net, it will be observed, in the foreground is here closed. These "standards" are the iron brackets

which swing round into position for use, a catch at their base holding them secure.

After use they are always turned inwards out of the reach of passing trains; not that an ordinary passenger train would strike them, but a goods train heavily laden probably would do so.

Next we clamber up and take a glance at the simple catch device from which the bag is suspended. At each mail-station there are generally two standards, one single and one double, the latter being used when there

are more bags to be sent, which is usually the case with the night mails.

This catch is a short bar of about 2in. in length, always pointing in the direction the train takes. Upon this bar slides the thick, solid strap of the bag, a metal tube in the leather fitting exactly over it. Then the snap, actuated by a powerful spring, retains the strap and bag in position. Should, however, a gale be blowing at the time, this snap is also fastened down with some special string used, that there may be no possibility of the bag shifting.

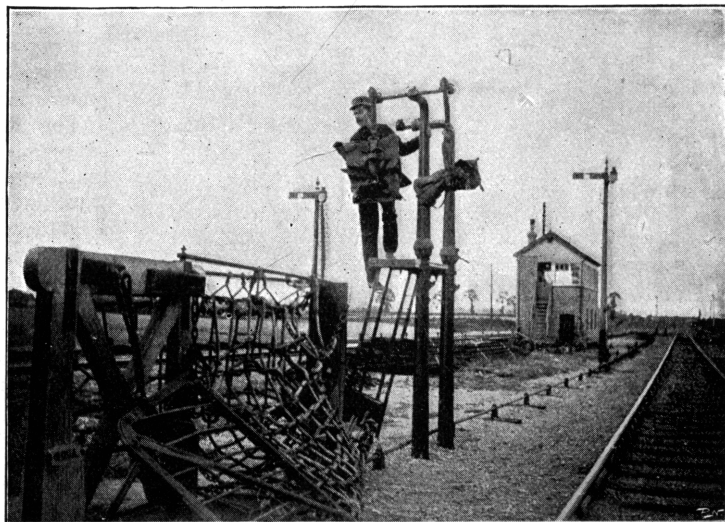


FIG. 4.—TURNING THE STANDARDS INTO POSITION.

Lastly, we may take a cursory glance at this "pouch," as the bag is more properly termed, and we find it to be a substantial leather case opening out flat, with four flaps, into which is placed the sealed canvas bag which postmen usually carry.

This, then, is rolled up, as in Fig. 3, strapped securely, slid upon the bar of the "standard," and finally swung round into position, as we see it in Fig. 5.

All being in readiness, the postman repairs to his cabin close by, and if this mail-station is far from a signal-box, there is an electric bell in connection, by means of which the postman signals his readiness, and the signalman responds.

A few brief moments elapse, the signals fall, and a distant roar is heard of the approaching mail. Very quickly she is in sight and spreads her nets, like some winged living thing, and swooping down carries off her plunder (Fig. 6). This net on the sorting van (which should be always next to the locomotive) must not be set before the mail train is within 200 or 300 yards of the "standards," but now and again is prepared earlier if the lines are clear of passing trains and objects close to the metals.

It is set by a lever within the car, and is closed on all sides but that which faces the engine, and this offers a wide open space to catch the pouches, which at times are of

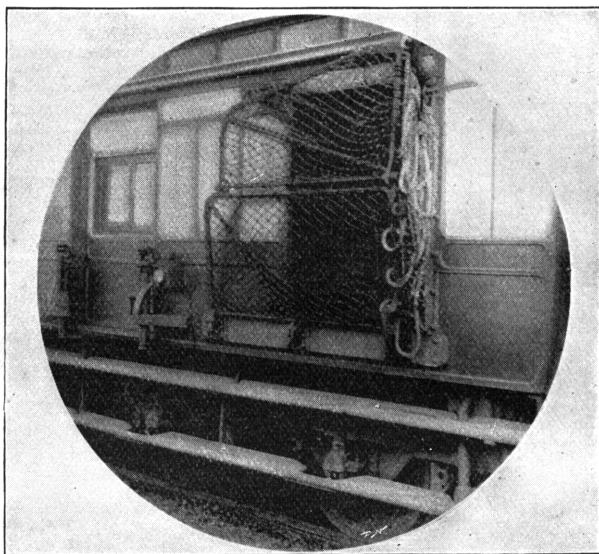


FIG. 6.—APPARATUS ON MAIL-VAN.

considerable compass and formidable weight. The engine has now dashed past the apparatus, and the net on the car following slips off the bags (Fig. 7), which roll down inside the car, wrenching open the snap and bursting the string that may have been tied round in addition. Simultaneously, an arm on the same principle as the stationary "standard" springs out some little distance off the ground alongside the net (Fig. 7), to which is attached the bag to be deposited in the net. This pouch, like the others, is suspended by a powerful strap, which, coming in contact with the cross-piece from gate to gate of the net, is released from the snap and hurled to the end of the net or to the corner of the V, the length of the net breaking the concussion.

The whole process of the exchange is but momentary, as the mail, represented in Fig. 7, was travelling at a mile a minute. This I gathered on the most reliable authority, and under these conditions, added to which are other difficulties, such as the time of day being advanced, when the light is weak, enormous vibration, and seizing the right moment for exposure, a good result is anything but an easy matter to obtain.

Lastly, we must take a glimpse at the interior of the sorting tender, or "ærial trawler," as this portion of the apparatus has been aptly

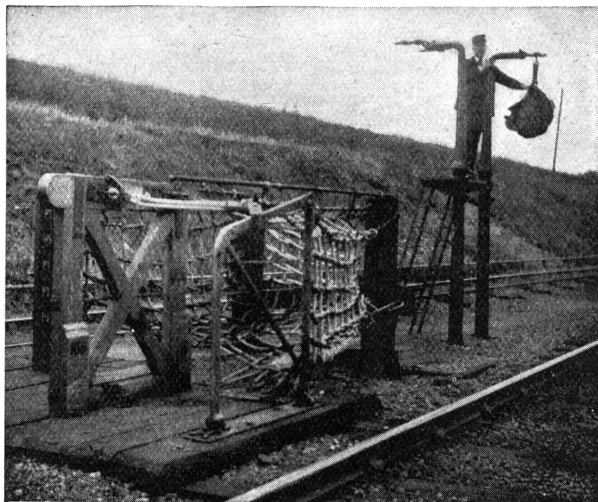


FIG. 5.—APPARATUS ALL READY.

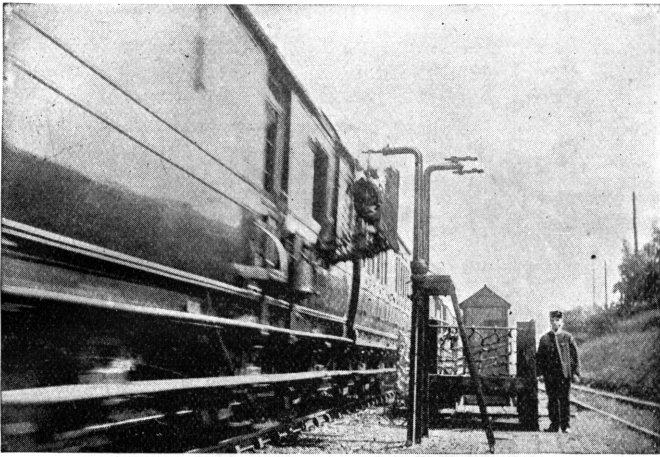


FIG. 7.—THE POUCH JUST LEAVING THE STANDARD.

termed (Fig. 8). To secure an illustration of this was by no means a light task, for, in the first place, the mail makes a brief halt of only two minutes, and nearly the whole of this time is required for loading up, every second being of value to the officials in their race against time. Then the lighting of the car, being for the most part obtained by artificial means, made a rapid execution an impossibility, and my sitters were into the bargain rather restless.

All the bags received are here unsealed, and their precious contents stamped at the rate of sixty per minute (as also the extra foreign and Colonial mails on two days in the week), the sorters never pausing for a moment, whilst quickly scanning the miscellaneous specimens of handwriting, and consigning the letters to their respective pigeon-holes, which, we notice, extend the entire length of the right side of the car; the receiving net being on the left-hand side just behind us. These sorters, who work either by day or night, are as hard-working a body of men as can well be found, and they perform their duties unostentatiously under all manner of trying conditions in this oscillating vehicle.

But recently it was my misfortune to be the indirect cause of the pouches being missed in the receiving-net on the ground. The postman got

chatting, and departed from his customary routine of procedure on arriving at his post (for method and system are everything in even so apparently a simple device as this.) In obliging me, by suspending the pouches on a standard better adapted by its position for a photograph, he omitted propping up the net; consequently the mail dashed past, taking his bags safely but leaving nothing in return.

There was no delivery in the town that night, or, in fact, any of the neighbour-

ing villages next morning. However, the matter was satisfactorily explained to the General Post Office officials, who came down next day to make inquiries, and the postman was quite exonerated.

The bags were taken direct up to London—some fifty miles off, and the matter thus reported by the sorting-van officials.

The Postmaster-General, as it may be remembered, offered some years back a substantial sum for any improvement in the present method of transferring the bags, but, as yet, no suggestion has taken the place of this process; a simple, highly ingenious, and at the same time reliable contrivance for catching the mails.

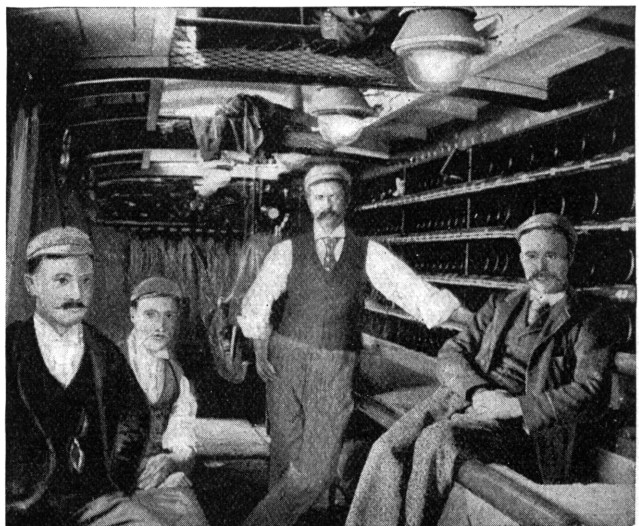


FIG. 8.—INTERIOR OF THE SORTING-CAR.



MODERN KNIGHT Errantry

BY BRYSSON CUNNINGHAM.

and not be such an unmitigated nuisance."

Jack Bowles, the gentleman referred to, also thought her a jolly nice girl. His thoughts ran on lines more prosaic than sentimental. He gave them vent in a frequently-muttered desire to punch the devoted head of Mr. Eccles for presuming to interfere between himself and the affections of Miss Fontaine.

Outwardly, these two youths comported themselves with tolerable courtesy. They shook hands, chatted together, met one another

with perfect affability, and only exhibited their real sentiments in the privacy of their own apartments. Love is responsible for a good deal of hate in this world. If we love one person to excess, do we not usually bestow a counterbalance of dislike on somebody else, in order to maintain the equilibrium of our affections? Here is material for philosophic speculation.

Miss Ethel was, of course, perfectly aware of her attractions. She had ample evidence of them every time she consulted a mirror, which was not seldom. She quite enjoyed being surrounded by a crowd of devoted admirers, each on the alert to gratify the least of her wishes. She laughed and extended her favours with a seemingly careless impartiality, while secretly she took a great delight in playing off one suitor against another. She knew her power, and wielded her sceptre right royally.

The conversation one evening was *apropos* of poetry in general, and of one of Mr. Ted Eccles's effusions in particular. He had composed a pastoral idyll after the most approved

HE was bewitchingly pretty. From her light blue eyes flashed the brightest and most captivating of glances. Through the coral of her lips you could just catch at times a glimpse of a row of pearls that an empress might envy. A wealth of golden curls clustered round her fair white forehead, her dainty ears, and shapely neck. Her figure was lithe and slender. Her carriage was graceful. Her fortune was considerable. And her name was Ethel Fontaine.

Ted Eccles pronounced her a little fairy, far too good for this rude work-a-day world. And he longed to have her all to himself, her earthly dross notwithstanding. She was a ray of sunshine on his life's dreary pathway, his guiding star; these and various other metaphors you can compile *ad infinitum* from the sonnets he was in the habit of composing. He saw no reason why his suit should not be successful if "that ass, Jack Bowles, who never seemed to see that he was not wanted, would only take himself out of the road,

classical models, with the reading of which he entertained the company.

"You know, I think we are living in most degenerate days," Ethel remarked to Maud Eccles, who was seated at her side; "men do nothing nowadays to justify the extravagant professions they make of undying affection, and all that sort of bosh." Here she laughed most pitilessly in the poet's face. "Why can't men *do* something to prove that they mean what they say?"

"Surely, Miss Ethel, you do not class us all as hypocrites?" pleaded Ted, with a slight accent on the word "all," as if he felt that the remark might not be without some justification in the case of his rival.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," she responded, archly. "You're all pretty much alike. When there's any talking to be done, each strives to outdo his neighbour; but there's no great hurry to put all these fine speeches into practice."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," interposed Jack Bowles, evidently much interested.

"Well, I think my meaning plain enough. A poet, or, for the matter of that, any person in love, or who imagines himself to be in love, throws himself into a dramatic attitude and exclaims that he is ready to do anything, go anywhere, for the object of his devotion and, if need be, sacrifice his life for her sake; while, as a matter of fact, he wouldn't even go without his dinner for one day."

"What would you have the poor fellows do?" broke in Maud. "How can they die for you when they've no opportunity of doing so?"

"The knights of old used to find some way of proving their devotion."

"Oh, yes, Ethel, but you forget that we are living under different circumstances now. A man can't nowadays go roaming round on a warhorse, amputating his neighbours, and wrecking their houses in order to gratify the whim of his lady-love.

We are too prosaic. He would get taken up and punished."

"Well, perhaps so," she pouted; "but, still, men might do something to prove that chivalry is not quite dead."

"Yes, give up smoking, and card-playing, and staying out late at nights, perhaps. Those are the sacrifices *de nos jours*."

"You are always making fun of what I say," rejoined Ethel, somewhat piqued. "I can't see why each age should not have its own form of chivalry, at any rate, in the shape of deeds and not words. If a man, like the idiotic hero of that idyll, were to come to me and say that he was ready to die for me, I should want some confirmation of his statement before I believed him. If he really meant what he said, he would have no difficulty in finding an opportunity of proving it."

This fragment of conversation left a great impression on the minds of Ted Eccles and Jack Bowles. They each regretted that the days of knighthood were passed; that no joust or tournament could afford them the opportunity of covering themselves with gore and glory in honour of Miss Fontaine. Ted's fervid imagination pictured himself, as the hero of a hundred combats, kneeling at her feet to receive the laurel crown of victory. Jack entertained the conviction no less that he would have vanquished whole armies in such a cause.

Ted dwelt long on the agreeable theme. And then there came to him a happy inspiration, upon which he proceeded to act.

"Bob," said he to Mr. Fontaine's coachman, a night or two later, "is that brown mare of yours restive?"

"Quiet as a lamb," was the response.

"But still she could kick if you vexed her?"

"I daresay," was Bob's cautious rejoinder.

"Well, look here, Bob," said Ted, confidentially, "I want you to do me a favour." Here Bob's fingers closed over half a crown. "I want you to assist me to carry out a little scheme of mine.



"HE PICTURED HIMSELF AS THE HERO OF A HUNDRED COMBATS."

Miss Ethel will be going out for a drive to-morrow afternoon, and if you could manage" — (a wink) — "er — manage to make it seem like as if the horse was—er — running away, and I was on the spot to stop her, I'd give you half a sovereign, Bob." Ted hurried over the latter part of his explanation somewhat nervously, and awaited the reply with apprehension.

Bob looked mystified, as indeed he was.

Ted explained again.

"You see, Bob, I don't want Miss Ethel to run any danger," he added, "but I'd like her to see me ready to risk my life for her. It wouldn't take much to make believe that the horse was running away, and you could shout and yell, and I'd be ready to rush forward and stop the blamed thing."

It took some little time for Bob to see the affair in all its bearings. At last, however, after much persuasion, he consented, for the sake of a sovereign, to carry out a runaway incident with as little danger as possible to Miss Fontaine, and as much glory as possible to Mr. Eccles.

The next afternoon the latter was strolling, to all appearances accidentally, along a country lane, when he saw a carriage coming in his direction at a very unusual speed. The coachman on the box seemed to have taken temporary leave of his senses. He was gesticulating like a lunatic, and yelling at the top of his voice for help. A young lady clung, white and terrified, to the carriage back.

Ted braced himself together for an heroic effort. He jammed his hat firmly down on his brow and, as the mare dashed up, breathless and foaming, spurred to unusual exertions by the erratic outcries of the son of Nimshi, he bounded forward and, flinging his arms round the astonished animal's head, speedily brought her to a standstill.

Then he rushed to the carriage door and assisted the agitated Miss Fontaine to alight. Bob had done his work so well that she sank trembling into his arms.

"What a shame!" he thought to himself, as he looked down on her pale and pretty face. For a moment he despised himself for the trick he had played upon her. The next the self-accusation was forgotten in the delicious sensation of bearing her in his arms. A great longing came over him to stoop down and kiss her. But while he hesitated she recovered. Her colour rapidly returned and, gently disengaging herself, she lifted a pair of grateful eyes upon him and exclaimed:—

"Oh, Ted, how brave and good you have been! What would have become of us if you had not stopped us?"

"We should ha' been smashed to smithereens," said Bob, solemnly. He was faithfully carrying out his contract; all the more so as he had a tender feeling for Mary, the housemaid, and the sight of Eccles gallantly supporting his young mistress had awakened all the romance and sympathy in his nature.

Ted felt uncomfortable, and a slight blush of shame passed over his face, which Ethel attributed to a feeling of modesty. She sat down on the bank at the roadside, to recover from the effects of her fright. Then Bob inquired about returning home. The mare was now standing perfectly unconcerned, and quite in accordance with her lamb-like character. But Ethel absolutely declined to return in the carriage. So Bob drove off alone, and Ted, with very pleasurable emotions, escorted her by the pathway across the fields to her father's house.

He smiled to himself with inward satisfaction several times during the course of that evening, and expressed his delight at having "put a spoke in old Bowles's wheel."

Of course the incident was soon noised abroad, with rapidly accumulating details. Ted found himself the centre of an admiring circle, and, what he prized more highly, decidedly in preference with Miss Ethel.

Much to Jack's disgust, not being a poet, he was unable to pour forth his woes in metrical form; but he renewed his determination to punch Mr. Eccles's head on the first convenient occasion. Why should fortune be so partial to Ted? He flattered himself that he could have rescued Ethel just as well and better than "that fool Eccles," if he had only had the good luck to be on the spot. He railed at Dame Fortune and her caprices. But all to no purpose. Ted had decidedly got the better of him.

Suddenly there flashed across his mind an idea which almost took his breath away.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I'll be even with that numskull yet." And he proceeded to elaborate his plan with much reflection and repeated expressions of satisfaction. It resulted in the following incident:—

A week later Miss Fontaine was directing her steps along the self-same pathway across the fields which she had so lately traversed in the company of Mr. Eccles. She was attended only by Tommy, a strapping lad of fifteen, who performed odd domestic jobs in the Fontaine household. Miss Fontaine had an old pensioner, a bedridden woman,

whose cottage she was in the habit of visiting periodically. On these occasions Tommy carried a basket containing jellies and other delicacies for the invalid.

The pathway was solitary, and in one part skirted the edge of a thicket. It was just at this point that Miss Fontaine found herself, to her dismay, suddenly confronted by six sturdy ruffians, armed with cudgels, who demanded charity in tones as plausible as their gestures were menacing. Tommy, not by any means a brave youth, dropped his basket and fled across the empty fields, shrieking for help. The thought of pursuit lent wings to his feet, and he tumbled headlong over the first stile into a dry ditch, where he lay breathless and too frightened to move.

Miss Fontaine was by nature timid, but, left alone in the face of imminent danger, she did not lose her presence of mind. As calmly as possible she handed her purse to the men and sought, not without much inward trepidation, to pursue her way. A dozen hands were instantly laid upon her, and—

At this moment, Mr. Jack Bowles came tearing along the path at his utmost speed.

He dashed headlong into the group, upset one man with the impetus of his charge, drove his fists into the faces of the second and third, and then, thrusting Miss Fontaine aside, commenced a vigorous onslaught on the remaining three. A severe struggle lasted for several minutes, in which blows and muttered curses succeeded one another without intermission. Then, just as it seemed that Jack would have to yield to superior numbers, the whole body of ruffians suddenly took flight, leaving him master of the field, with a torn coat and a generally disordered attire.

The victor turned to Miss Fontaine, who had been anxiously awaiting the issue of the doubtful conflict. He took her tenderly by the arms, and, with eyes full of concern, inquired if she had been hurt.

Poor Ethel was too overcome to make any reply. Her breath came and went in fitful sobs, and she was evidently on the verge of a hysterical attack. Jack drew her to his side and soothed her as only a devoted lover could. Then, as she grew calmer, she poured forth her thanks in such broken and grateful language, that he felt himself to be a disgraceful brute for having caused her so

much distress. He picked up her basket and gloves, and slowly escorted her home. Tommy, finding that no one pursued him, had also made the best of his way thither, and had arrived five minutes previously with an exaggerated account of the murder of Miss Ethel by a gang of ruffians. The whole household was in commotion when they arrived on the scene. They were welcomed with lively demonstrations of affection, and when Ethel narrated the



"MR. JACK BOWLES CAME TEARING ALONG."

story of Jack's prowess, that modest gentleman was overwhelmed with praise and congratulations.

He returned home that evening brimful of delight and satisfaction at the success of his plot. He had need to be, for it cost him several pounds to assuage the feelings and mollify the hurts of his hired "villains."

Ted's exploit was now put altogether in the shade, and he was highly wroth in consequence. Miss Ethel's lady friends all agreed that the encounter with six desperate ruffians and their defeat single-handed was a far more heroic performance than the stopping of a runaway horse. Jack was set up on the pedestal lately occupied by Ted, and Miss Ethel's favours veered round in the direction of her later deliverer.

But Ted was not going to let matters rest here. His fertile imagination speedily evolved another exploit to recover his lost glory. During the next few weeks Miss Ethel led a most exciting and precarious existence. She seemed to be under a perpetual sword of Damocles. Hardly a day passed but she was in some perilous situation, from which she was only rescued in the nick of time by the prowess of one or other of her lovers. A burglarious entry into her father's house was discovered and checked by Eccles. A midnight fire, whose origin was a mystery, gave Bowles the opportunity of mounting to her bedroom and carrying her off, amid clouds of smoke and shouts of applause. Eccles dragged her from under the feet of a cab-horse, whose reckless driver was certainly not above the suspicion of having tracked her along the streets for several days. Bowles was just in time to prevent her being gored by an infuriated bull while crossing the fields. And so on, turn by turn, each rival constituted himself her guardian angel at some critical juncture. And each adventure became more alarming than the last. Miss Ethel's latest escape was the general topic of conversation. People wondered at her extraordinary career. Insurance agents looked askance on her father's prudent efforts to take out a policy on her life. She herself began to find life a very uncertain quantity and far too exciting to be enjoyable. Poor girl, she longed for the old, uneventful days, when her existence flowed smoothly and sweetly along like the tide of a summer stream. The Fates now seemed determined to put an end to her, and, balked in one direction, they immediately resumed their attempts in another.

Matters came to a crisis at last. The

competition could not possibly go on for ever, and Ted Eccles determined to make one decisive stroke, which should "settle the hash of that ass, Bowles," once and for all.

There was to be a picnic on the river in a few days. Ted's ready invention gave birth to the idea of a thrilling rescue of Ethel from a watery grave. He thought the matter carefully over, and laid down a scheme as feasible as possible. He then strolled down to see Jim, the boatman.

Jim was the owner of some light river craft, and he had undertaken the duties of pilot and oarsman in the forthcoming excursion.

Very cautiously Ted explained to him the object of his mission. Nevertheless, Jim was considerably astounded at the audacity of a proposal to upset a whole boat-load of people into the water. It took him several minutes to grasp the fact of Ted's sanity. He shook his head very determinedly.

"Nay, nay, sir; thee's not going to get me hung for murder."

"But, Jim, I want you to do it in some shallow place, where nobody will get drowned."

"Can't be done, sir," said Jim, emphatically. "Think o' my reppitation."

Ted pleaded and persisted. He offered bribe after bribe on an increasing scale. Jim was obdurate. Still Ted waxed more importunate. With the offer of a ten-pound note Jim wavered. It was a sum not lightly to be rejected. He reflected a minute or two and then remarked, tentatively:—

"It's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescy?"

"That's all, Jim."

"Well, what about th' others?"

This was a poser. Ted had not troubled himself about the fate of the remainder of the party. "Oh, they'll manage to scramble out some way or other," he said, off-handedly.

"Look ye here, sir," said Jim, thoughtfully, "seeing as it's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescy, it's no use upsetting the whole boat-load. Besides, that 'ud be too big a job. How'd it be if Miss Ethel was persuaded to go for a bit of a row after the others had got out; and then, seeing as you wish it pertickler, I might manage to tip her in, nice and quiet like, close agen the side, so as there'd be no danger?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Ted, grasping Jim's horny hand in his enthusiasm.

It was arranged then for the sum of £10 (£5 down and £5 on completion of con-



MAX COWFARR.

"THE VERY THING!"

tract), that Jim was to offer to indulge Miss Fontaine's well-known penchant for rowing, and by this means take her farther up the river than the rest of the party; and then, having reached the selected spot, to sink or overturn the boat in a skilfully accidental manner, so that Mr. Eccles, who would be at hand, might plunge in and obtain all the credit of her rescue.

Ted took his leave. Scarcely an hour elapsed before Jack Bowles popped into Jim's workshop.

He also had a communication to make to the astonished boatman. It was none other than the identical scheme of his previous visitor. Jim stared at first. He wondered if everybody was going crazy. Then he decided to keep his own counsel. He listened attentively to Jack's exposition of the plot, raised various objections, and finally allowed himself to be persuaded into an arrangement with him on the same terms as with Ted Eccles.

As Jack closed the door behind him, Jim remarked, sententiously:—

"The work's well paid as is twice paid. Well, I've no objection to twenty quid. As for them, they can fight it out who has her—it's none of my business."

The day of the picnic was a glorious one, as all days should be. Not a cloud broke

the vast expanse of blue overhead. The river flowed clear and limpid, dreamily reflecting the panorama of foliage extending along its banks. The party set out in the best of spirits for a day's enjoyment.

Ted Eccles took his station behind a tree, close to the river's brim. He was not aware that Jack Bowles had ensconced himself behind a similar tree on the opposite bank. Neither was Jack conscious of the proximity of his rival.

They waited while the minutes dragged slowly along. Each kept an anxious watch on the nearest bend in the stream. And, at last, their patience was rewarded by the sight of the skiff containing Ethel and Jim. Ethel, dressed all in white, with her hat off and her golden curls flashing in the sunlight, was gracefully dipping her oars into the gliding tide. All unconscious of her impending fate, she dreamily contemplated the cool and shady creeks as they passed along. The harder toil devolved upon Jim, whose sturdy stroke carried the boat forward with a steady momentum. With thoughts full of coming events, he cast furtive glances at the various landmarks as they came in view.

At length the boat drew abreast of the chosen spot. Ted and Jack scarcely breathed as they saw Jim, unnoticed by Ethel, skilfully withdraw a plug from the bottom of the boat. There was a moment's intense silence. Jim had resumed his oars. Then the dreamy look suddenly vanished from Ethel's face, and she started to her feet.

"Oh, Jim, quick, the boat's sprung a leak!" Jim leaped up, too, and, in doing so, caused the boat to lose its equilibrium. It overturned both its occupants into the water.

Now was the moment. Both rivals plunged into the water with one impulse. Both were excellent swimmers, and reached the overturned boat in a few vigorous strokes. Then, for the first time, they became aware of each other's presence.

Ted, with his arm round Ethel's waist, glared with astonishment and anger at Jack. The latter reciprocated the glare with interest. Ted felt that he was being defrauded out of his legitimate laurels. Jack felt that his pet scheme was being frustrated by the malignity of his foe. Angry blood surged through their veins.

Ted was for bearing the clinging Ethel to *his* side of the river; Jack had the intention no less of taking her to *his* side, in spite of Ted Eccles or any other mortal. He caught her by the arm.

"Let go," spluttered Ted. "She's mine. I got her first!"

"You be hanged!" ejaculated Jack, fired with indignation.

"Let go, I tell you," screamed Ted.

"I'll smash your head for you," was the response.

"Let go, you scoundrel!"

"Go to blazes, you idiot!"

Ted raised his arm and struck Jack violently in the face. In doing so he lost his hold of Ethel, who, shrieking with fright, drifted away down stream. Fortunately Jim was at hand. He overtook her before she had gone far and conveyed her safely to shore, more frightened than hurt.

Meanwhile the fight waxed furious. The blow maddened Jack; the loss of Ethel infuriated Ted. Closely interlocked, they floundered about in the water, now one uppermost, now the other, striking, parrying, splashing, blowing, plunging, and spluttering,

like a couple of great fish in mortal combat. Ethel's shrieks had attracted the attention of the picnic party, and the banks were soon lined with interested spectators. Jack and Ted, heedless of everything save each other's existence, fought on like maniacs. In vain the crowd shouted to them; they neither heard nor cared.

The duel must have continued until one or other of them was *hors de combat* had not Jim, in a moment of inspiration, procured a boat-hook from an adjoining cottage, with which he hooked the combatant who first floundered within reach. This happened to be Ted, and he was fished out of the water by main force, amid the cheers and laughter of the onlookers. Jack had no alternative but to follow, sheepishly.

The curtain must now in charity be drawn upon the crestfallen rivals. They both lost Ethel. She, to put an end to her perilous adventures, married another fellow.



One Year's Hard Cash.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)



FROM time to time there have been printed in magazines descriptive accounts of the Royal Mint as regards the working processes by which our supply of change—from five-pound pieces to farthings—is manufactured and distributed. But, so far as I know, there has never been prepared any concise account of the extent of the Mint's operations as regards its output of hard cash, nor any attempt to show these, in some instances, astounding results in a form that enables them to be readily understood by us in whose pockets jingle the coined results of the work of a very industrious department of the State. Let us then consider the working of the Royal Mint from a fresh point of view, and see what we can make of the facts placed at the disposal of everyone by a man who literally "coins money"—the Deputy-Master of Her Majesty's Mint.

Diagrams Nos. 1, 2, and 3 relate to our modern coinage only. No. 1 illustrates the proportions of gold, silver, and bronze coins, respectively, to the coins made during the ten years 1885-94. Here are the actual figures upon which No. 1 has been based:—

	Number of Pieces.	Per- centages.
Gold coinage during years 1885-94	72,477,708 or 15.5 per cent.	
Silver " " "	192,139,058 or 41.1 " "	
Bronze " " "	202,531,840 or 43.4 " "	

Total number of coins made }
during the ten years 1885-94 } 467,148,606 100.0

We cannot, of course, assume that these results for the ten years 1885-94 also represent the proportions of gold, silver, and bronze coins respectively to the whole existing coinage of this country, because the number of coins of each class now in circulation can only be estimated, whereas the above results are the actual Mint figures for the period stated. They show us what has been the coinage of gold, silver, and bronze coins respectively during an appreciably long span of the Mint's operations, and we see that the number of bronze coins is nearly three times as large as the number of gold coins, the pieces of silver coined being nearly as numerous as the pieces of bronze. (See No. 1.)

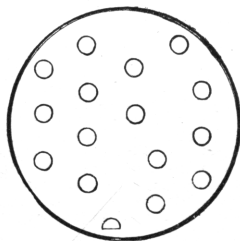
When we deal with the respective values of the three groups of coins—see No. 2—we obtain results very different from those which relate to the respective numbers of gold, silver, and bronze coins. The figures

upon which diagram No. 2 has been computed are:—

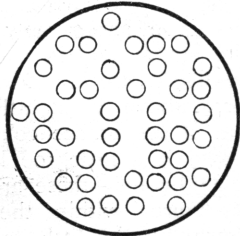
	Face-Value.	Percentages.
Gold coinage during years 1885-94	£ 57,671,768 or 83.9 per cent.	
Silver " " "	10,439,823 or 15.2 " "	
Bronze " " "	584,416 or 0.9 " "	

Total face-value of coins made }
during the ten years 1885-94 } 68,696,007 100.0

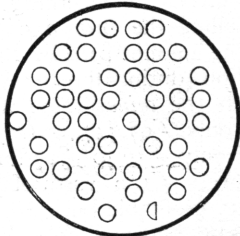
The face-value of the silver and bronze coinage is considerably greater than the actual value of the metal of which these coins are made. In fact, as regards the silver coinage, an "unofficial" coiner might almost be tempted to buy silver at the present market price and make good coins of it, at a profit, if he could work on a large scale, and if he could dispose of his wares when coined. The cost of the silver bullion for these coins, whose face-value is stated at £10,439,823, was very little more than one-half of this amount, so that, in round figures, the Mint makes a yearly profit of half a million sterling upon the silver coinage. The



I.—Gold coins: 15½ per 100



II.—Silver coins: 41 per 100.

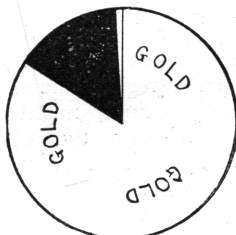


III.—Bronze coins: 43½ per 100.

No. 1.—Each of the above three large circles represents One Hundred Coins of the Realm. The little discs inside each of the three circles show, by their number, the respective quantities in every one hundred coins, of:—I. *Pieces of Gold.* II. *Pieces of Silver.* III. *Pieces of Bronze.* [Computed on the whole coinage for the ten years 1885-94.]



I.—Gold coins in black.



II.—Silver coins in black.



III.—Bronze coins in black.

No. 2.—Each of the above circles represents the FACE-VALUE of the "Moneys of the Realm" coined and delivered into Store at the Royal Mint during One Year. [Computed on the average yearly coinage for the ten years 1885-94.] The black part of each circle represents the FACE-VALUE of:—I. Gold Coins. II. Silver Coins. III. Bronze Coins.

value of the bronze coins is relatively so small, that in parts I. and II. of diagram No. 2 their value shows only as a very narrow white streak, and in part III. as a very narrow black streak. Moreover, the percentage 0·9 above is a little too high for the value of the bronze coins, and the percentage 83·9 is a little too low for the value of the gold coins—these are, however, the nearest figures within the limits of precision shown by the little tabular statement just given. Concerning the profit made by selling the bronze coinage at its face-value, the amount paid by the Mint for bronze bullion [during the ten years 1885-94, to which the coined value of £584,416 relates] was only £97,747, or (say) a cost to the Mint of only £16 to £17 for the metal composing every £100 worth of bronze coin made: a very profitable business.

The see-saw between gold and bronze, with silver sitting in the middle to keep things steady, is further illustrated by No. 3, where gold—as in No. 1—has again to go down bottom while bronze comes up top.

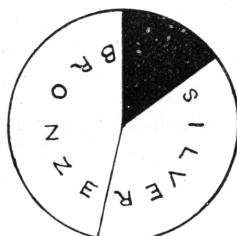
This diagram No. 3 illustrates the respective weights of the three groups of coins, and it has been based on the following figures:—

	Tons.	Percentage.
Gold coinage during the years 1885-94.....	453'4	or 15'1 per cent.
Silver " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,162'1	or 38'6 " "
Bronze " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,392'0	or 46'3 " "

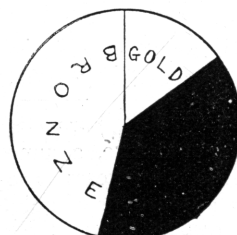
Total weight in tons of coins made }
during the ten years 1885-94... } 3,007'5 100'0

We see that on the score of *weight* the bronze coinage outstrips the gold coinage still more than on the score of "number of pieces"—see No. 1 and the tabular statement about the *number* of coins made. The weight of the bronze coins is more than three times the weight of the gold coins, and, for the third time, silver occupies the middle place between gold and bronze: compare diagrams 1, 2, and 3.

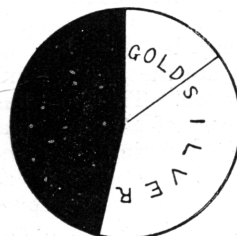
It may be of interest if I give here a condensed summary of the coinage during the ten years 1885-94, and which splits



I.—Gold coins in black.



II.—Silver coins in black.



III.—Bronze coins in black.

No. 3.—Each of the above circles represents the WEIGHT in TONS of the "Moneys of the Realm" coined and delivered into Store at the Royal Mint during One Year. [Computed on the average yearly coinage for the ten years 1885-94.] The black part of each circle represents the WEIGHT in TONS of:—I. Gold Coins. II. Silver Coins. III. Bronze Coins.

up some of the results already quoted for gold, silver, and bronze, respectively, into the results for each different coin. Here it is:—

Moneys of the Realm coined and delivered into Store in the Mint office, from the 1st day of January, 1885, to the 31st day of December, 1894.

	Number of Pieces.	Face-Value. £.
GOLD COINAGE.		
Five-pound pieces	73,360	366,800
Two-pound pieces	135,064	270,128
Sovereigns	41,800,397	41,800,397
Half-sovereigns	30,468,887	15,234,443
Total 1885-94	72,477,708	£57,671,768
SILVER COINAGE.		
Crowns	4,885,848	1,221,462
Double-florins	2,689,830	537,966
Half-crowns	20,792,024	2,599,003
Florins	15,061,860	1,506,186
Shillings	53,143,200	2,657,160
Sixpences	57,903,120	1,447,578
Threepences	57,341,216	466,765
Fourpences — <i>Maundy</i>	169,896	2,832
Twopences — <i>Maundy</i>	57,024	475
Pence — <i>Maundy</i>	95,040	390
Total, 1885-94	192,139,058	£10,439,823
BRONZE COINAGE.		
Pence	93,219,840	388,416
Halfpence	78,848,000	164,267
Farthings	30,464,000	31,733
Total, 1885-94	202,531,840	£584,416
Grand Total, 1885-94	467,148,606	£68,696,007

[NOTE.—In the Face-Value column the results have been shown to the nearest pound, in order to avoid shillings and pence.]

The above statement refers to the coinage for the ten years 1885-94, so that by dividing any of these results by ten, we may at once obtain the yearly figures which relate to our One Year's Hard Cash.

I have done a little sleight-of-hand with the 467 millions of coins just detailed in the column headed Number of Pieces, and have embodied the results in diagram No. 4, called The Popularity of the Penny. Coins, like every other commodity, are subject to the tides of demand and supply, and we may be quite sure that nothing but an incessant demand for pence would cause the Mint to turn them out in such quantities that they easily take the first place in this diagram, which may be explained thus:—

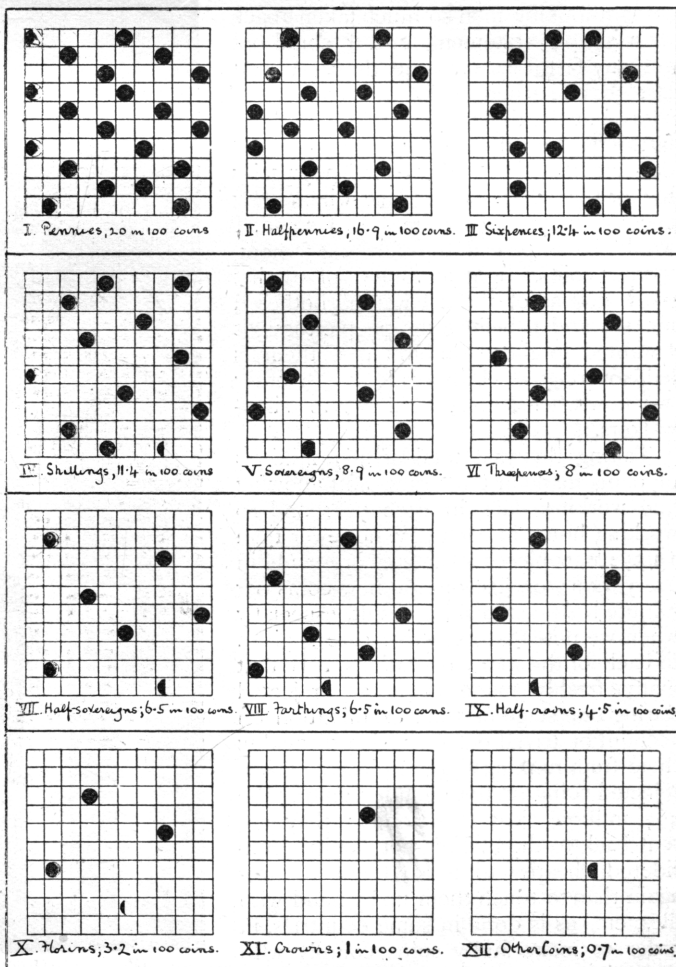
Each of the twelve large squares in No. 4, numbered I. to XII., represents one hundred coins of the realm. The black discs in each of the twelve large squares show, by their number,

how many coins of the value named there are in every 100 coins made; and this set of twelve squares, viewed as one consecutive series, indicates the respective degrees of popularity of the gold, silver, and bronze pieces of our coinage. [No. 4 has been calculated on the whole coinage of the Royal Mint during the ten years, 1885-94.]

It is certainly interesting to note the following sequence of our coins as regards their popularity:—

1. The Penny.
2. The Halfpenny.
3. The Sixpence.
4. The Shilling.
5. The Sovereign.
6. The Threepence.
7. The Half-sovereign.
8. The Farthing.
9. The Half-crown.
10. The Florin.
11. The Crown.
12. Other Coins: these include, in the order stated, the double-florin, the Maundy fourpence, the two-pound piece, the Maundy penny, the five-pound piece, and the Maundy twopence.

Diagram No. 4 shows graphically, and also by numerical statement, the extent of the difference between the popularity of each



No. 4.—The Popularity of the Penny.—For description see text.

coin, from the popular twenty pennies in every 100 coins, to the solitary crown-piece in every 100 coins—gold, silver, and bronze. Curiously enough, the half-sovereign and the farthing are equally popular: both coins thrive to the extent of 6·5 in every 100 coins made.

Apropos of farthings, I had occasion while I was preparing this account of the coinage to use a quantity of farthings for a certain calculation, and I experienced more difficulty in getting them than if I had wanted an equal number of half-sovereigns. The Bank was unable to supply any coin below the halfpenny, and, being advised to "try the drapers," I mustered my courage, and in reply to the obsequious question of many shop-walkers: "What is your pleasure, sir?" meekly replied, "Five shillings' worth of farthings, please, or as many as you can let me have." I don't remember ever to have seen important-looking men so much taken aback by a simple statement, and I could not get any farthings "at the drapers'." At last I unearthed a lot at a sweetstuff shop, but the difficulty I had to get those farthings proved to me that they really do not deserve a degree of popularity higher than that eighth place which they occupy in No. 4 diagram. If I could, I would have placed the farthing among "other coins," right at the tail of the list—the getting of those I wanted bothered me so, and I believe the people thought I wanted to gild them, and pass them as half-sovereigns. I always look the other way now when I meet those insulted shop-walkers.

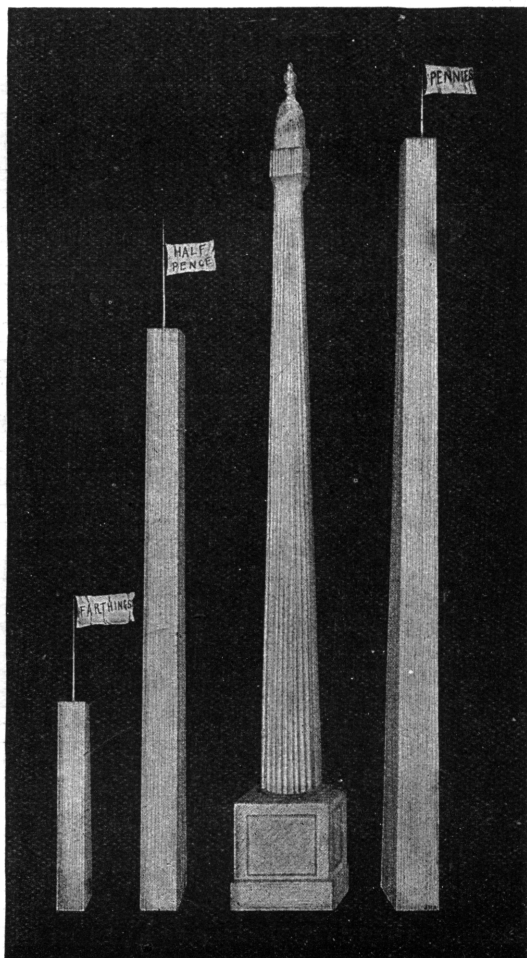
Taking this vast total of 467 millions of coins made in ten years, and allowing 300 working days in each year and 10 working hours in each day, no fewer than 15,572 new pieces of money are made in every hour, or just on 260 new coins per minute! An astonishing result, especially when we note that excessive care is given to each of the many operations, and that many freshly made coins are rejected during one stage of their examination on account of trivial defects which disqualify them from ranking as good pieces. These rejected coins are not included among the 467 millions just mentioned; they are sent back to the melting-pot, for it is considered cheaper to make them all over again than to touch them up by hand with files, etc., as is done in some countries, in order to make faulty coins comply with the stringent regulations as to weight, etc.

The Supremacy of the Penny shown by No. 4 suggested to me that a more extended investigation of our bronze coinage might lead to some interesting results. Therefore, I obtained the facts relating to bronze money for the whole period of its coinage, *i.e.*, from the first issue on December 17, 1860, to December 31, 1894. During the thirty-four years' existence of bronze money, its issue from the Mint has been as follows:—

	Number of Pieces.	Face-Value.	Weight. Tons.
Pence	356,882,400	£ 1,487,010	3,319
Halfpence	299,162,400	623,255	1,669
Farthings	121,534,080	126,598	339
Total	777,578,880	£2,236,863	5,327

[These quantities include the 1,700 to 1,800 tons of bronze coin made by two Birmingham firms, under the superintendence of officers of the Mint, when, in 1860, the substitution of bronze for copper money necessitated a very large coinage during a short time.]

The results just stated may astonish some readers who are able to grasp the meaning of



IV. III. I. II.
No. 5.—Our Supply of "Coppers."—For description see text.

such a large number as $777\frac{1}{2}$ millions of bronze coins, but they will not convey much meaning to the majority. Therefore, I have thrown these results into the graphic form exhibited by No. 5—Our Supply of Coppers—which may be described thus:—

Part I. of this diagram represents the Monument, 202ft. high, which is the scale of the drawing.

Part II. of No. 5 is a solid square tower, consisting of ten thousand vertical columns of pennies, each column being $184\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high: this tower of pence is 10ft. 1in. square.

Part III. is a solid square tower consisting of ten thousand vertical columns of halfpence, each column being 138 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high: this tower of halfpence is 8ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square.

Part IV. is a solid square tower consisting of ten thousand vertical columns of farthings, each column being 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high: this tower of farthings is 6ft. 8in. square.

Parts II., III., and IV. of No. 5 have been carefully computed, and then drawn to the scale of the height of the Monument, and this extraordinary quantity of bronze money has been issued by the Royal Mint since the introduction of the bronze coinage in the year 1860 up to the 31st December, 1894. The face-value of these three towers of bronze coin is nearly 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling; they contain more than $777\frac{1}{2}$ millions of coins, and they weigh 5,327 tons!

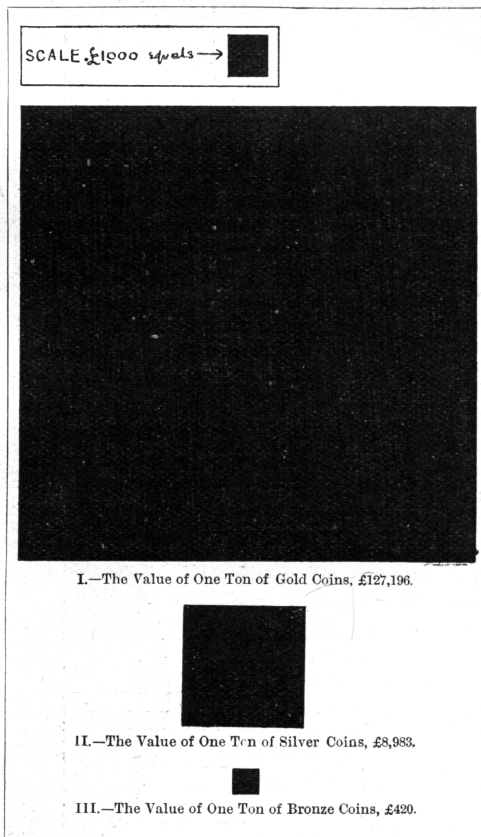
This, then, is the meaning, exactly described, of the great towers of "coppers" seen in No. 5; and, truly, the results astonished even me, who calculated and drew them.

In diagram No. 6 we have a contrast between the values of gold, silver, and bronze coins, respectively, that makes our pence look rather small, despite their gigantic proportions exhibited by No. 5. Parts I., II., and III. of No. 6 represent the face-value of one ton of gold, silver, and bronze coins, respectively. The little square at the top of No. 6 represents the value of one thousand pounds sterling, and it here serves as a scale of

measurement. As regards the value (£420) of one ton of bronze coin, this has been computed on the coinage during 1885–94, and it is liable to some variation for the following reason. When the bronze money was first authorized, in order that the penny might not be inconveniently large, or the halfpenny and farthing too small, the latter coins were ordered to be of greater weight than the half and the fourth part of the penny, respectively. From this discrepancy it follows that the value of one ton of bronze coin may possibly vary from the £420 stated, but, as this value is based on the results of ten years' work, it is probable that it fairly represents the proportions of pence, halfpence, and farthings that go to make up a ton of bronze money. Incidentally, I may remark that one ounce avoirdupois is equal in weight to three pennies, five halfpennies, or ten farthings,

and this statement shows that the penny is too light in proportion to the halfpenny and the farthing, and that these two coins are correctly proportioned in weight. No one need be in want of an ounce letter-weight if three pennies, or five halfpennies, or ten farthings be at hand. The gold and the silver coins, respectively, are all correctly proportioned to each other as regards weight.

A millionaire might be termed an eight-tonner, for one million sterling weighs nearly eight tons; the few thousand sovereigns over the million which are necessary to make up exactly eight tons' weight are not of much importance to a millionaire. One million sovereigns weigh (avoirdupois) 7 tons 17 cwt. 26lb. 10oz. 95 grains, and if cast into a solid mass so as to make a cube of gold, *such cube would*



No. 6.—Parts I., II., and III. of this diagram represent the FACE-VALUE in Pounds Sterling—i.e., the *nominal* value—of One Ton of Gold, Silver, and Bronze coins, respectively. The little square above Part I. represents the value of One Thousand Pounds Sterling, and it here serves as a scale of measurement.



No. 7.—“Worth her Weight in Gold.” [Fourteen stone, at £3 11s. per ounce avoirdupois=£11,133.]

measure only a mere trifle over 4ft. each way: so that a million of gold can be packed into a little case that may nearly be spanned by a longish walking-stick—but as this little case would weigh nearly eight tons, it would, like my volumes of “Cruden’s Concordance,” be protected from burglars by reason of its own heaviness.

By the way, talking about weight, the female shown in No. 7 was once represented to me as being “worth her weight in gold.” The fact was mentioned to me by the lady herself, at a registry office, where I once attended for the purpose of selecting a good plain cook. She said that her late mistress said she was “worth her weight in gold,” and so, feeling doubtful as to whether I ought to engage such a treasure, I took the trouble to make the calculation whose result is printed beneath No. 7. When I found that this good lady was worth more than £11,000 sterling, I did not feel justified in engaging her at £18 per annum; such wages are not fair interest on the capital employed. So when people talk about other people, or themselves, being worth their weight in gold, you can use this result in No. 7 as a reliable gauge of their intrinsic worth; if for your convenience you take it at (say) £800 per stone-weight, you will be sufficiently near the mark, for all practical purposes.

At last the slang word “dollar” for a crown-piece is to be justified by the coining of a genuine British dollar—and a very fine coin it is (see No. 8).

At the Court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, the 2nd day of February, 1895.

Present: The Queen’s Most Excellent Majesty, Lord President, Marquess of Ripon, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Kensington, Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Whereas it is expedient to provide for the coinage of a British silver dollar for circulation in Our Colonies of the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and Labuan, and elsewhere;

Now, therefore, We, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, and by virtue of all powers vested in Us in that behalf, do hereby order as follows:—

(1.) A British dollar shall be coined under the direction of the Master of Our Mint, or at one of Our Mints in British India, and be of the metal, weight, and fineness specified in the Schedule to this Order.

(2.) Such dollar shall have for the obverse impression the figure of Britannia standing upon a rock in the sea, her right hand holding a trident and her left hand resting on a shield, with a ship in the distance and the inscription “One Dollar” and the date of the year, the whole surrounded by a Chinese ornamental border; and for the reverse impression, surrounded by a similar border, a scroll pattern with the Chinese labyrinth in the centre, and the value of the piece, in Chinese and Malay characters respectively, arranged crosswise within the scroll.



No. 8.—The British Dollar lately designed for circulation in the East. [Shown by permission of the Deputy Master of the Royal Mint. For description see text.]

Such, with a few trivial omissions, is the wording of the Royal Order authorizing the coining of a British silver dollar. The facsimile of it in No. 8 is larger than the original coin, which has a diameter of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., and weighs 416 grains, or less than one ounce avoirdupois ($437\frac{1}{2}$ grains). The "Chinese labyrinth in the centre" is thoroughly Chinese in the sense of being radically different from anybody else's labyrinth—there's no way *in* to the middle, nor out of it! The hieroglyphics on the reverse side of the dollar stand for "one dollar," the Chinese characters occupying the upper and lower quarters of the scroll, while the corresponding Malay characters are to the right and left. It is well to mention this to avoid any mistakes, and, as the Chinese Minister in this country is responsible for the drawing of these hieroglyphics, they may be taken as accurate, unless, by some trick of Chinese subtlety, he has marked the coin "two dollars," instead of one dollar, and has then proceeded to order a large quantity at the one-dollar rate for subsequent sale in the East at twice the price. Will Chinese scholars please check the accuracy of these inscriptions? The dies for this British dollar have been prepared in the

Mint—at the joint expense of the Colonies principally concerned—but the actual coining operations will take place at the Bombay Mint. A large circulation is expected, and two of the largest Eastern banks have guaranteed a minimum coinage of five million dollars annually.

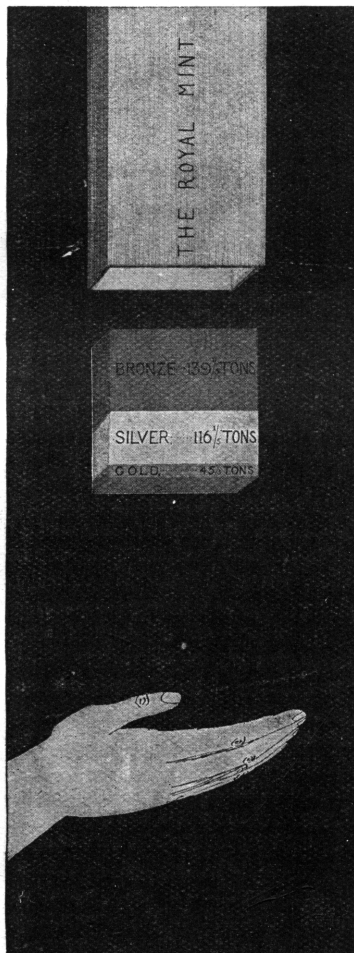
Our own Mint has now enough to do to provide us with one year's supply of hard cash, and in No. 9 I show the nation's hand receiving this supply from the Royal Mint. The cube of metal which is falling from the Mint weighs more than 300 tons, and is composed as follows:—

	Tons.	Face-Value
Bronze Coin	139½	£58,442
Silver Coin	116½	1,043,982
Gold Coin	45½	5,767,177

Total...300½ £6,869,601

NOTE. — These weights being, for convenience, approximately stated in tons, will not, if multiplied by the values per ton stated in No. 6, give the exact values here mentioned.

The size of this cube in No. 9, representing one year's hard cash, is only a little more than 10ft. 4in., but, notwithstanding its comparatively small size, its weight of 300 tons, plus the impetus gained during its fall, makes it a sufficiently heavy mass to be caught and sustained even by the strong hand which waits for it—the hand of the nation—and which has no difficulty whatever in spending this ample supply of Hard Cash.



No. 9.—The Nation's Hand receiving One Year's supply of Hard Cash from the Royal Mint—in the form of a Cube, each side of which measures only 10ft. 4in.; but this Cube weighs more than 300 tons, and is worth £6,869,601 sterling, FACE-VALUE. [Calculated on the average yearly coinage of the ten years 1885-94, the actual issue for the year 1894 being £6,654,441.]

NOTE.—Some of the calculations and illustrations of this paper necessitated a knowledge of the specific gravity of the coinage. Mr. F. W. Bayly, Assistant Chemist and Assayer in the Royal Mint, has very kindly made some special experiments with various coins, and has communicated the results to me.—J. H. S.

IV.—THE DERVISH OF THE NILE PYRAMID.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

I.

N some respects the sahibs would make worthy followers of Mahomet," said Hassan, our guide, as we sat idly smoking under the awning of our tent one hot day; "for, since the unworthy latchet of their shoes has been the sahibs' servant, he has learnt that they appreciate three things which every good Moslem does—coffee, a pipe, and a story."

"Is there any other quality you would like us to add to the list, Hassan?" Denviers asked the Arab, removing from his mouth the amber-tipped and lengthy Egyptian chibooque which he had been vigorously pulling at; "if there is, you may as well mention it."

"Sahib," Hassan responded, gravely, "there is something better than all these—to be of assistance, when able, to a diligent servant of the Great Prophet!"

"Well," replied Denviers, "you have an ingenious way of asking for whatever favour you require, Hassan, I must admit. However, so long as you do not wish to start off to Arabia the Happy with the pilgrims, you are welcome to carry out any other plan you may have in view."

"The sahibs' slave seeks nothing for himself," Hassan remarked, thoughtfully; "yet, to a true believer, the pilgrimage to Mecca is as a cup of water in the desert to the thirsty. If the Englishmen will listen, they shall hear what the Arab seeks—it concerns the strange dervish whom ye saw in the streets of Erment three days ago."

"And a fine specimen of humanity he was, Hassan," Denviers retorted, with a smile. "A cunning glance he gave us indeed from beneath the matted hair which hung down over his naked shoulders. When he clutched at the coins we gave him, I certainly thought he looked much less harmless than the serpent which he was exhibiting, for the latter had a silver ring fastening its mouth to prevent it from biting him, as you said, at all events."

"So Hassan has learnt some news concerning the dervish at last!" I exclaimed to Denviers. "I don't know whether that fanatic claims to be descended from Mahomet or not, but certainly our best plan will be to leave the fellow alone; he deserves no help from us."

"Wisdom lies in the sahib's words," the Arab interposed, as he overheard my remark, "for, concerning the dervish, Hassan heard this morning by chance in one of the bazaars of Erment a

strange story, surely. Indeed, because of what has happened, there is one coming to visit the Englishmen who desires their assistance. Badly, indeed, has the dervish wronged a most faithful follower and descendant of the Great Prophet—an Egyptian who

has twice performed the holy hajj, or pilgrimage."

"Well, go on, Hassan," Denviers urged, "or probably our visitor will arrive before you



"HE CLUTCHED AT THE COINS."

are half-way through your yarn." Thus adjured, the Arab stretched himself at our feet and began :—

"Sahibs, of all the dwellers in Erment, Sheik Hammad was long considered the wealthiest and most fortunate. For him caravans travelled far and near, pouring the profits of each expedition into his coffers, until he became so rich that the eyes of envying men were often turned upon him as he walked through the winding ways of Erment, with his daughter Sapphia by his side. For the hand of the latter there were many suitors, but the sheik was unwilling for her to wed, and dismissed those who sought his alliance in this way. As you are aware, sahibs, the pretty women of Egypt may only be seen closely veiled in the streets, while in the harem they are kept to their own apartments. Yet for all that, the beauty of Sapphia became the topic of conversation in the bazaars, by every well-side, and even in the cloisters of the mosques ; and, knowing this, Hammad smiled—but kept his daughter from those who longed to loosen the strings of his purse.

"One day, as Sheik Hammad lay upon a divan in his harem thinking of a new caravan which he had raised and recently sent to Tripoli, a eunuch announced the visit of a holy man, or dervish, to his master. As all know, no true Egyptian refuses to give such a man audience, and the dervish was consequently received by the sheik with that respect due to the former's religious calling. Hammad rose and then, prostrating himself, touched with his lips the holy man's feet——"

"Was the holy man, as you call him, the same Erment that we saw at Erment?" Denviers interposed ; "if so, I am sorry for the sheik's act of humility."

"The sahib shall hear," Hassan responded. "The dervish stretched out his hand, and touching the sheik, bade him rise and listen to the message which he had to deliver. Knowing that the holy man was head of a band of dervishes, as, indeed, the green colour of the scanty garment which he wore plainly indicated, Hammad was silent as his visitor told of the wondrous visions vouchsafed to him at times by the original founder of the sect known as the Rifâée. To give a portion of his wealth for the support of these dervishes Hammad knew he would be asked, and, accordingly, the request was acceded to with little demur. The dervish explained how he had long dwelt within a pyramid, once the tomb of a great man of his order ; he also declared that it was part of a command given to him in a vision to seek

out Hammad and offer to exchange his position with him for a year. The sheik, however, sahibs, feared he would make but a poor substitute to be placed at the head of so many illustrious dervishes, and humbly declined the great honour proposed to him. At this the dervish was troubled in mind, but on Hammad promising a larger sum than at first to the members of the strange sect, the venerable man departed, saying that he would consult the founder of his order when another vision was granted to him."

Denviers smiled at Hassan as he interposed :—

"I expect, if Hammad had consented to the change of position offered him by the dervish, when he was restored at the end of the year, probably he would have found his coffers emptied altogether. After that, the estimable dervish would have had, no doubt, a vision concerning some other rich man."

"The sahib shall hear what happened next," Hassan added. "Dervishes are above the common cravings for wealth."

"Evidently they are," said Denviers, "if we may judge from the disinterested proceedings of this one. However, go on with your yarn, Hassan."

"Shortly afterwards the dervish paid a second visit to the sheik," the Arab continued, "and stated the result of his vision—which was fully as surprising as the first one that had been granted to him. For a long time he spoke to Hammad concerning the importance and position of chief dervish, while, to all his words, the sheik carefully listened, expecting to be asked to reconsider his former decision. You may easily understand, then, sahibs, the surprise of Hammad when the dervish flung himself at the sheik's feet and exclaimed :—

"See ! You, who are but a sheik, have it in your power to be raised far above all other Egyptians !"

"Bend not to me," answered Hammad ; 'for, as you say, I am only a sheik, while you are the most famous dervish of all the land which the Nile waters.'

"The dervish rose and glanced curiously into Hammad's face : 'Is it wise to refuse power ?' he asked, gravely.

"Not if one seeks it," the sheik answered, cautiously.

"Listen to what I would say," the dervish continued : 'wealth and influence can each accomplish much ; he who has both is master of his fate.'

"You speak in riddles," Hammad replied ; 'I wait to learn the meaning of your words.'

"‘The meaning is clear enough,’ the dervish replied : ‘with you is wealth, with me influence. Let us unite our powers.’ Still the sheik was puzzled.

"‘How may that be done?’ he asked, little imagining what the reply would be.

"‘Easily enough,’ returned the dervish : ‘your daughter is fair to look upon, give her to me in marriage.’ Hammad stared at the dervish for a minute without replying, then said, with a forced laugh :—

"‘Surely you jest. Holy men such as you never wed ; for Sapphia, my daughter, to become your bride would be impossible.’

"‘The Great Prophet wedded more than once,’ the dervish retorted : ‘am I, his unworthy follower, to imagine that he erred in aught he did?’

"‘I know not,’ replied Hammad, who at last began to see that the dervish intended, directly or indirectly, to get some share of the sheik’s wealth for himself ; ‘but of this you may be assured : the great honour of being related to an illustrious dervish such as you are would overwhelm me. I cannot allow you to extend your friendship for me to such a pass.’

"‘You refuse the alliance?’ the dervish asked.

"‘That is what my words are meant to convey,’ replied the sheik, with a decided but deferential air. His visitor moved to where a small brazier stood in one part of the room, and before the sheik could prevent him he thrust something upon the live charcoal.

"‘See!’ cried the dervish ; ‘you have sealed your own fate! Seed of coriander, frankincense, and shreds of a written charm give forth the smoke and fragrance which steal upon your senses. Send out caravans, and plan to send out others ; give your daughter to a rich man as you think to do ; but, by the charms which are mine, I say all that you venture upon shall fail. Your wealth shall be lost and poverty shall come upon you, sickness shall seize upon the fair Sapphia and you, her sire ; men shall accuse you of possessing the evil eye, and women shall hide their children’s faces lest you look upon them to their hurt! A foolish and a

mad choice have you made, but now by it you must abide ; for not even dust brought from the tomb of the Great Prophet will be able to cast from you the spell which the charm upon the glowing embers casts upon you! In the byways and bazaars of Erment, day by day, I will gather the people together and declare by the serpent, symbol of the Nile, the wrong you have done me ; and what is your reward to be, you, who have brought the head of the dervishes face to face with dishonour?’

"Hammad, sahibs," the Arab went on, as we listened to the account of the dervish’s idle threats, "knew only too well that misfortune would come upon him from that hour. He stretched out his hands imploringly to the holy man and besought him to remove the spell—but the dervish was inexorable. He turned and left the apartment, his face flushed with anger and disappointment, while Hammad tried to repeat the first chapter of the Koran, which, every true believer knows, has much power to protect the one who recites it. His senses suddenly were over-



"YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR OWN FATE."

come by the power of the dervish’s imprecation——"

"Or by the fumes from whatever the estimable dervish flung upon the charcoal?" Denviers interrupted, as he smiled incredulously.

"As I said, sahibs," Hassan went on ; "Hammad’s senses were affected by the

imprecation, and, with a cry to Allah and Mahomet for help, he fell down in a swoon upon the richly-carpeted floor of the apartment. Hearing the voice of their master, two eunuchs ran in to his assistance. They raised him, and succeeded in restoring the sheik to consciousness, but from that hour his health began to fail him. A week later Hammad received word that every camel belonging to the expedition he had sent to Tripoli had died on the way; his slaves had deserted him, fearing to return, since, in the midst of their misfortune, down upon them swooped a band of Bedouins, who carried off all the merchandise with which the camels had been loaded. Day after day the sheik had to listen to similar accounts of his losses, while the dervish explained to those who gathered about him in the bazaars how Hammad's own evil eye had brought upon himself these misfortunes.

"At last the sheik determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, accompanied by his daughter, for he feared that if he delayed much longer, death itself would come upon him. With a part of his diminished wealth that remained, Hammad purchased a camel, and placing his daughter Sapphia upon it, the sheik set out with the pilgrims bound for the birthplace of the Great Prophet. Leading the camel and supporting himself with a long spear, which Hammad knew would probably be wanted in their defence from the bands of marauding Bedouins, the sheik made the whole of the journey to Suez on foot. From Erment, where stands the famous temple built at the command of the lovely Cleopatra, they passed by Thebes with its wondrous ruins, where the eyes of Sapphia glanced in awe at the two giant statues, whose stern, mysterious faces the morning sun gilded, outlining their twin shadows, dark and grotesque, upon the scorching sand. At Dendarah, too, they lingered, and amid its fallen columns Hammad spoke to his daughter of the wonders of the processions of the priests of the goddess Athor when they would sacrifice to her because of the year's return. Then to Asyut they pressed on, through its emerald green pastures, its flowers, and the flocks that fed there, on through the valley of the Nile till Cairo was reached, the fairest city of all. At Suez, when there the pilgrims arrived, Hammad found to his dismay that the dervish was one of the great throng bound for the Holy City, for, as he passed one of its mosques, the holy man emerged from a porch and held up a warning hand to the sheik.

"'Your pilgrimage is in vain!' the dervish cried. 'Whether you would go by land or sea, your eyes will never behold the City of Mahomet!'

"Before Hammad could reply, the dervish disappeared in the surging crowd, and the sheik was filled with the belief that his death was at hand. Sapphia urged upon her sire to take ship to Yambo, the City of the Sea, and thence to journey to Mecca. Hammad, however, found that the pilgrim ship was already overcrowded with passengers; and at last, in his anxiety to reach the Holy City, he proceeded by a clumsy craft, the owner of which willingly offered to convey the two pilgrims to Yambo. Among those who had set out from Erment was a young Egyptian of good birth, and he had often conversed with Hammad on the long march, so that when they reached Suez he still wished to accompany the sheik even to Mecca, and by persuasion prevailed upon the owner of the vessel to accept him as a passenger. Well, indeed, was it for Sapphia that the young Egyptian did so.

"Leaning over the vessel's side that night, watching the play of the waters of the gulf, as the waves leapt about the stem of the vessel that cleaved its way onward, Hammad suddenly heard a cry that came, he knew, from Sapphia's lips. Drawing his sword he ran in the direction whence the sound came. There he saw his daughter struggling to free herself from several Arabs, who were trying to force her over the side of the vessel opposite to where the sheik had been idly resting. With a cry to Allah for succour, Hammad rushed upon the Arabs, only to find himself instantly surrounded by them. To his assistance, however, Khedi, the young Egyptian, came; the owner of the craft and his crew keeping discreetly out of the way, or probably being in collusion with the Arabs, who were doubtless instigated by the dervish to carry Sapphia off. Hand to hand they contended, Hammad and his companion, the Egyptian, fighting with a desperate courage that awed their assailants. The deck grew slippery with the blood of the evil men, and at last, in sheer despair, the remainder of those who were uninjured flung themselves over the vessel's side into the waves, but whether they afterwards succeeded in entering their boat, sahibs, no one knows, for when the owner of the vessel at last approached, he found Khedi, the Egyptian, and Sapphia, with her veil rent, both supporting Hammad, who lay upon the deck. The latter feebly drew his daughter's head down, and

whispered something into her ear, and even as she assented to the sheik's request, his face grew rigid and they saw that the dervish's threats were not idle—Hammad was dead! Landing at Yambo, Sapphia made no attempt to continue the pilgrimage, and Khedi, the Egyptian, purchasing for her a camel, as well as one for himself, by land they returned without further mishap until even Erment was reached from which they had set out. There Sapphia remained to mourn the death of Hammad, while Khedi the Egyptian, who as a boy had once performed the pilgrimage, went a second time when the next year came round to thank Allah and Mahomet for his preservation, as well as for saving Sapphia from the dervish's plot. Now, sahibs, comes the strangest part of the story, for he who is coming to seek your aid is none other than Khedi, the young Egyptian, and ye shall hear why he does so.

"The only surviving kinsman of Sapphia was so much influenced by the account of Khedi's bravery, that when the young Egyptian went to him and sought her hand he consented, especially as he had heard a rumour that the dervish was still determined to wed Hammad's daughter. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the second day before Khedi was to receive his bride, the procession which then takes place set out through the streets of Erment. Musicians went before; next, attired in garments of white, a number of the fairest daughters of Egypt followed. Beneath a canopy of rose-coloured silk, which four men supported, Sapphia walked closely veiled, her lustrous black eyes alone visible as she glanced at the gay throng there to do her honour. Suddenly, in the midst of those gathered there, a horseman urged a richly caparisoned steed and, as the crowd reluctantly gave way to avoid the horse's hoofs, each man

muttered in his neighbour's ear the name of the dervish whom all knew so well. From the crooked by-ways of the city, from beneath the porches of the adjacent mosque, from every quarter there came forth the dervishes, of whom he who was mounted upon the horse was the leader. Round him they gathered, dressed as they were in scanty, sordid garments, and then broke right through the musicians and maidens behind them.

"'In the name of Allah, I claim my bride!' the dervish cried; and before the astonished throng could intercept him, he snatched up Sapphia and flung her before him, then urged his steed quickly forward, while his followers ran by his side, thrusting back those who sought to break through the cordon. So well had the dervish laid his plans, sahibs, that Khedi, the young Egyptian, to whom the story was quickly told, found himself too late to interfere, for Sapphia was far beyond his reach, and his enemy had worsted him! From what he heard, the

dervish carried Sapphia off to a certain ruined pyramid, which he and his followers are said to tenant; but none of his own race will assist the Egyptian to recover his stolen bride. In the streets of Erment I met him this morning, and learning that this strange affair took place but yesterday, while the sahibs were with their slave away visiting some ruins, I promised to

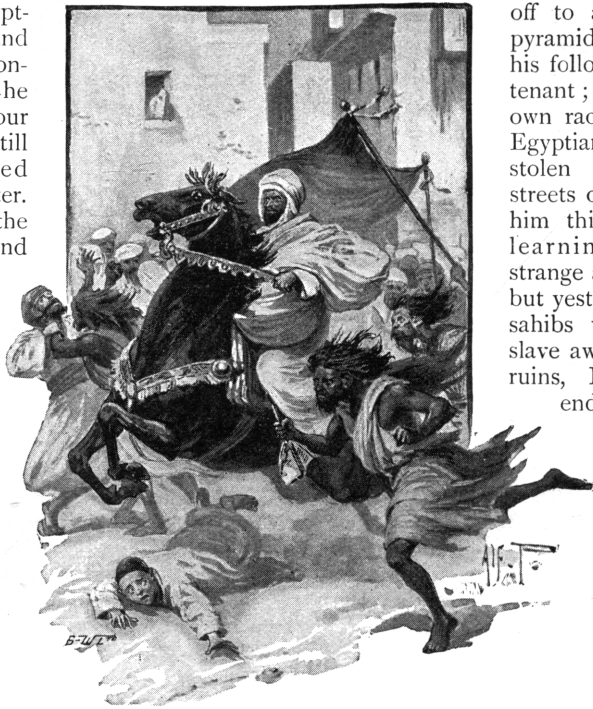
endeavour to get from you the aid he needs."

"Well, Hassan," said Den-viers, thoughtfully, as the Arab concluded his strange story, "if Khedi, as you say this Egyptian is named, asks us

to help him we will agree; but it is evident that we shall run into considerable danger in doing so."

"Allah bless the sahibs," Hassan fervently returned. "When the Egyptian comes——"

"If I am not mistaken, he is already ap-



"HE SNATCHED UP SAPPHIA."

proaching our tent," I interrupted, as I saw someone crossing the sandy plain which stretched before us.

"The sahib is right," Hassan answered, as he rose and prepared to welcome the stranger; "for he who is making for the tent is none other than Khedi, the Egyptian!"

II.

FOLLOWING our guide, we advanced to meet the one who sought our aid. From the richness of the robes which he wore, Khedi was evidently a man of high position. As he bent deferentially before us I noticed that his limbs, although slight, were well-knit, while the deep bronze of his oval face, his broad forehead, and the grave glance which he turned upon us as we neared him, plainly enough betokened that he belonged to the race dwelling beside the Nile. Denviers listened in silence to Khedi's remarks; then, while the Egyptian conversed with Hassan, my companion and I drew apart and discussed the man's proposals.

"One thing is certain," said Denviers, at last. "Khedi's plan is useless, for if we went with him to the ruined pyramid, of which he speaks, and then openly demanded the stolen bride from the dervish, we should gain little or nothing by it. Besides, I don't like the way in which he plays with the handle of the sword he carries; he speaks gravely enough at present, but once he gets into the dervish's presence his self-control may vanish, and probably our liberty with it."

"After all, it is only by hearsay that we understand Sapphia to be the dervish's prisoner," I responded. "If we went together, he could invent some excuse by which to get into that estimable fellow's presence, and afterwards we would probably be able to hit upon some reasonable plan for the woman's rescue."

"Just so, Harold," Denviers answered; "we must have some clear idea of the way to the ruined pyramid. We will get that from Khedi, and then leave him and Hassan here. As we hourly expect Kass to arrive with our Wadigo followers, ahead of whom we have pushed on, so as to explore some of these ruins as we arranged, it is absolutely necessary for one of the three of us to await those on the march. Hassan would be very useful to us, but as it is we must leave him here."

Without further discussion we joined our guide and Khedi. From the latter we obtained a clear description of the route to the pyramid, and having persuaded him to agree to our going without him, we started,

leaving our rifles in Hassan's charge, so that if we entered the dervish's presence he would understand our visit as being of a friendly nature.

For a considerable time we pushed on steadily, noting carefully as we went the various landmarks which Khedi had mentioned. Sometimes these were a few overthrown pillars, or an obelisk still standing upright, its weather-worn hieroglyphics beyond our power to decipher. Once we rested on the huge, broken-off paw of some creature hewn in stone, the rest of which, for aught we knew, was buried far down in the shifting, burning sands at our feet. Towards sunset, however, we found ourselves entering a great cleft in the rocky range barring our way, and glancing up at either side as on we went, we saw that in many places the stone had been hewn into uncouth shapes, among which could be observed vast temples in various stages of decay, and such as we had not previously seen during our travels in Egypt. Soft and subdued fell the light from the entry and from above the vast fissure upon the strange handiwork of man that confronted us at every turn of the rocky way. For several minutes we passed on in silence between a double row of sphinxes, until before us rose a wall of granite, which seemed to cut off further progress.

Just as we were discussing the reason why the Egyptian had not spoken of the intervening rock, Denviers caught my arm and pointed upward. Glancing there I saw what appeared to be a low archway, and, rapidly following my companion as he made his way up the narrow way which we discerned leading to it, we were soon confronted by two half-naked dervishes wearing as their sole garment a strip of green cloth wound about their loins. We recognised immediately their similarity to the one we had seen in the streets of Erment, and, accosting the foremost of them, Denviers asked, as best he could, for an audience with their head or chief. The man and his fellow-watcher first profoundly bowed, then greeted us with a derisive laugh, which caused us for the moment to repent that our weapons of defence had been left behind. One of the dervishes then hastily disappeared into the narrow passage, returning quickly with several others, who hustled rather than led us down the slanting way. At intervals the passage was broken by corridors running across it, but our guides, or captors as the dervishes seemed to consider themselves, hurried us directly on until we had advanced considerably more than a

hundred paces. There, in response to their cries, a huge portcullis of stone which ran easily in its grooves was raised. No sooner had we passed within the grotesquely-carved vestibule than this portcullis dropped quickly behind us as we went on our way, the shaft continuing for some distance and being frequently intersected.

"We are prisoners, safe enough, Harold," muttered Denviers in my ear. "I don't think these unwashed dervishes part with their guests in a hurry."

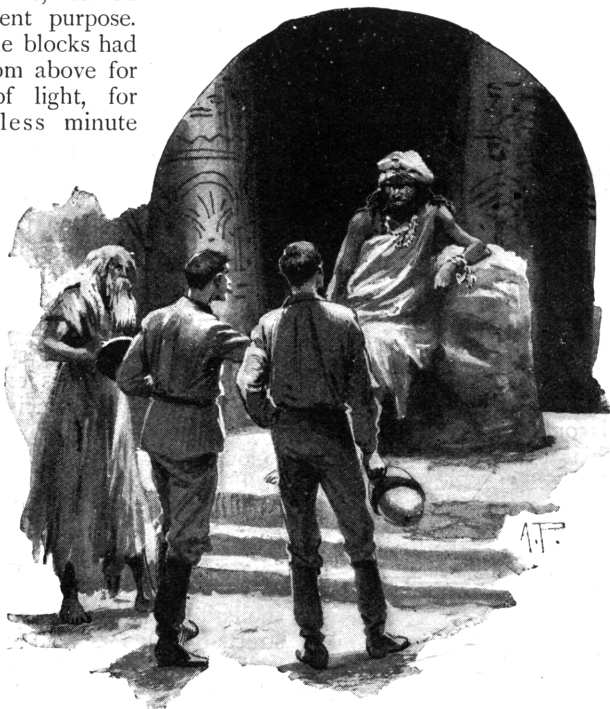
"It looks to me remarkably like——" I began, then ceased speaking as I glanced in surprise at the scene which faced us. We had entered what at one time had been the interment chamber of the one in honour of whom the pyramid had been raised, but which, at this time, served for a very different purpose. Some of the stone blocks had been removed from above for the admission of light, for through countless minute pieces of glass set in a gracefully carved framework the rays of the setting sun entered the chief dervish's dwelling. Distant as was the century in which the pyramid had been constructed, the slabs of polished red granite, forming the inner sides and roof of the apartment, seemed as perfect as though recently placed there. Set in niches that rose from the floor to high above our heads were placed at intervals great images of sacred bulls carved in stone, while pillars as white in hue rose upward and branched out fan-shaped till they were pressed against the partly-gilded roof they supported, their outlines marked there with great streaks of colour, ochrous and blue.

Passing on, with curious glances at all we saw, we were brought suddenly before the one to see whom again we had undertaken the adventure. Resting on a raised block of

stone, approached by three steps, we saw the dervish who, in the streets of Erment, had clutched our gifts as though in need of them. The light from the window high above fell upon him as he sat there, his sordid attire and neglected hair being strangely out of keeping with the splendour of the apartment, and still more so with the effeminate adornments which he wore. About his stained turban was wreathed a curious ornament much like the koor which Egyptian women of rank wear; of gold it was, thickly inset with gems, the centre one being a splendid emerald. About the neck and wrists of the dervish were strung heavy beads of gold; among them glittered several brilliants.

While we stood uncovered before the

chief dervish, one of his followers sharply questioned us as to the reason for our visit, holding upright a green banner, which, from Hassan, we afterwards learnt was the distinctive emblem of the great Rifáee sect. To a string of inquiries put to us, Denviers gave replies which apparently satisfied the chief dervish, and we were even hoping to obtain the information we sought as to Sapphia's whereabouts, when a cry rang through the apartment. We turned and glanced with ill-



"BEFORE THE CHIEF DERVISH."

concealed vexation at the cause of it. Pushing his way hurriedly into the chief's presence, down flat on his face a dervish flung himself, then rising quickly he delivered a message to him. Instantly the chief dervish rose and, catching the man by the throat, cried:—

"It is impossible; say that it is false!" The subject dervish held up his hands imploringly, then, finding himself released, he gasped out:—

"By Allah and Mahomet, what I have said, is said! False words for the wrong-doers are—but thy slave speaks the truth alone!"

The chief dervish glanced threateningly at us.

"Speak!" he exclaimed. "You declare you come here in peace. Why, then, have you plotted against me?"

We stared at him blankly, not understanding in the slightest degree the cause of his anger.

"We have wronged you in no way," Denviers answered, quietly. "If you have any charge to make against us, let it be said; otherwise we cannot refute it."

"Tell me," the chief dervish asked, "have you heard aught in the bazaars of Erment concerning Sapphia, the daughter of one Hammad?"

Denviers gave a cautious reply, which, however, failed to accomplish what he purposed.

"You acknowledge that you have!" the chief dervish broke in. "Answer, then, where is she?"

"It is rumoured in Erment that she is an inmate of this strange pyramid, or harem as it seems to have become," my companion answered, with a calmness which he was far from feeling, for our position had most unexpectedly become serious.

"Hear me!" his questioner cried. "Yesterday, by the right which I claim as head of this most illustrious sect, I claimed for my bride one who had been unjustly bestowed upon another. She was placed under the charge of the women of my anderoon, for which purpose one of the divisions of the pyramid serves. To me, as the greatest Rifæe, visions are granted; in obedience to one of them, Sapphia was carried off. Still seeking guidance, I have passed the intervening time within the place containing the sarcophagus of the founder of our order. No word has reached me from the women of the anderoon as is customary for them to send. Growing uneasy, I sent to ask why. The women are all bewailing what has happened, and—well, ye both know how it came about."

"I have said we know little about what you so obscurely hint at. Certainly, as we have not even seen your bride, we are at a loss to understand what has occurred."

"Ye speak falsely, by Allah!" the dervish interrupted. "For since ye entered this pyramid an hour ago, Sapphia, my bride, has been snatched from me!"

"We are astonished!" cried Denviers, in

a conciliatory tone. "We saw you once in Erment; afterwards we heard of your great fame, and determined to visit you—that is all the explanation we can possibly offer you for our presence here."

"A flattering and a false answer," the dervish responded, clenching his fingers with wrath; "but to your words my ears are closed even as are the camel's nostrils to the sand-storm. If by to-morrow's dawn those whom I hear have gone at once in pursuit of Sapphia do not overtake her, ye shall both die for your share in the deeply-laid scheme by which I have been despoiled. Pray Allah my bride be brought back, or——" the dervish pointed to the string of a bow which one of his subjects held, a gesture as significant as it was unpleasant.

At a sign from their chief, the fanatical dervishes flung themselves upon us. We fought with our hands for freedom, but were soon overpowered and forced up the slanting passage through which we had come. At the intersection of one of its corridors we were turned aside until a low stone door was reached, which turned with ease as we were thrust within a granite-flagged recess, lit only by a flickering lamp suspended by a long chain from the roof, and there we were left.

"I fancy our adventures are over at last, Frank," I said, gloomily; "my opinion is that Sapphia's escape has been made an excuse for seizing us. How are we to know but what she is still in some part of the pyramid? This treacherous dervish has evidently determined to put an end to our existence."

"It certainly looks like it," he replied. "I thought he was too friendly from the first, but still his words had a genuine ring about them, which completely threw me off my guard. I thought that his cunning expression was due to the race he belongs to. If Sapphia has really managed to escape, no doubt there are some of the dervishes implicated in it who will naturally stir up the wrath of their chief against us, so as to shift the blame from their own shoulders on to ours."

"There is no way of getting out of this place except by the door," I commented, after a careful survey; "and that method of egress is past our power to use."

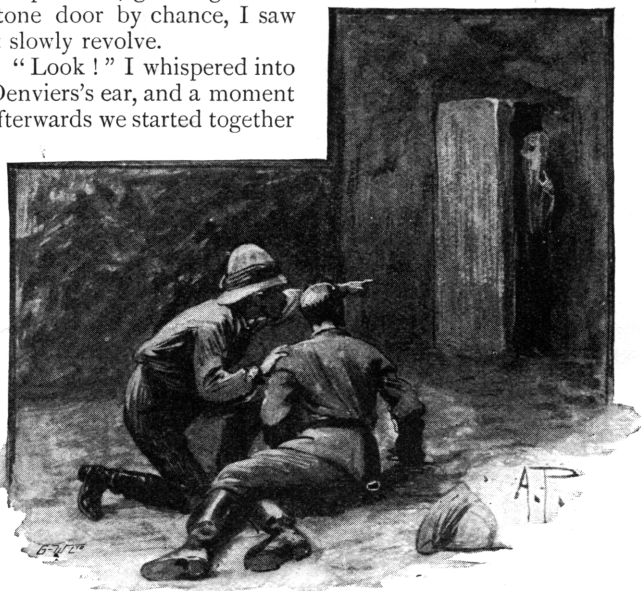
"The worst of the affair is that the woman did not need our help, if what the dervish declares is true, and, if it is false, then we shall be put to death without doing anything whatever to save her."

"In my opinion, this is the worst scrape we have ever been in," I added; "for even

if we got out of here, which is most unlikely to happen, there is that stone portcullis cutting off further retreat—to say nothing of the dervish's followers who handled us so roughly as soon as they got his permission."

We sank down on the stone floor, but were too much disturbed to sleep, although for several hours nothing occurred to us. We were both convinced of the dervish's desire to destroy us, and had given up all hope of escape when, glancing at the stone door by chance, I saw it slowly revolve.

"Look!" I whispered into Denviers's ear, and a moment afterwards we started together



"LOOK!" I WHISPERED.

to our feet, as someone entered and quickly thrust to the door.

III.

We glanced in strange surprise at the intruder, who was an Egyptian woman, and closely veiled. Was Sapphia before us? we both wondered, as our unexpected visitor advanced and stood before us. Her first words, however, dispelled the supposition.

"Sapphia has escaped from the pyramid," she said. "You are accused of helping her; but the women of the dervish's harem know that is false. Listen!" she continued—for Denviers had attempted to ask a question—"there is no time to be lost if you value your lives. Hear me, then: Sapphia's sire once did a service for mine, since both dwelt in Erment. To be the dervish's bride I thought an honour; she considered it otherwise, and besought us to help her to escape. Last night, when none save the guards of the pyramid's entrance were alert, some of the

women of the harem rose, and helped to free Sapphia. We let her down from a window of the strange anderoon—"

"We heard that she escaped soon after our arrival to-day," Denviers interposed, quietly.

"So the chief dervish was informed," the Egyptian woman answered; "for at that hour her absence from the harem first became known. To have told our beloved Abbah that he had been despoiled of his new-found bride, hours before he knew it, would have brought the messenger of the news one reward—a sack and the Nile. Every woman of this land loves intrigue; in the escape of Sapphia, Abbah will understand the lesson he has sometimes forgotten—great treasures need great safeguards. To what fate are you consigned?"

"The bowstring," replied my companion, at whose answer I felt a cold shudder run through me: "unless you can help us to escape."

"I?" the Egyptian woman asked. "Would that I could free you; as it is, I can only give you a little help—the rest will depend upon yourselves. Although you speak my language well, I see that you belong not to this land. Had you done so I might have

influenced the three night-guards to have set you free—but you are Franks, if I judge rightly. No dervish will help you and, moreover, you are unarmed. What I can do I will; if it fail, you can but die, even as you are already condemned to do."

"We will accept the slightest chance of escape that offers," I returned, promptly. The woman was silent for a few minutes, then suddenly moved to the door. She held up a warning hand to us, as we began to follow her, then disappeared before we could clasp the stone edge of the revolving door to prevent it from shutting.

"I thought this Egyptian woman meant to help us, Frank," I said to Denviers, as we stood by the door, which had securely closed upon us. "It looks to me as if the dervish has sent her to raise false hopes within us."

"Perhaps her courage suddenly failed," he responded; "the Nile is inconveniently near

for any one of the dervish's household who plots against him."

He had hardly finished his remark when the door opened again and, drawing them from under her hanging veil, the woman, who had returned, pressed in our hands two jewelled daggers.

"They are mine," she whispered. "If you are taken with them upon you, my life, no less than your own, will be forfeited. Remember this and be resolute. If ever you escape, seek out Sapphia and say that I helped you, lest the knowledge of your deaths might cloud the day when she weds Khedi, her lover, of whom you know nothing."

We did not contradict the woman's last remark, but waited impatiently for her to unfold whatever plan she had for our escape.

"From the high window of the women's aroon you might escape, but thither I dare not lead you. No; your way lies beyond the guarded portcullis and the three dervishes who keep watch there. Hear, then, how the heavy stone framework is moved."

Denviers shrugged his shoulders. "It seems to me that such information is useless," he remarked. "How are we to get near enough to it without being discovered?"

"Have patience and you shall hear. Heavy as is the portcullis, it moves easily enough by a touch of the projection, which you will see in the second stone block on the right—counting from the base. You have seen the many corridors which intersect the main slanting shaft—one of them opens within fifteen feet of where the watching dervishes are. Without difficulty you can reach the corridor; once there, lurk in the shadow of its entry and wait for what follows. If an opportunity occur, dash out and make good your escape by raising the portcullis; if not, you can but return here and await the fate which presses close upon you both, for it wants scarcely an hour to dawn, and then you die. No more will I tell you—speak! are you ready to attempt what may bring you safety or, at the worst, death a little sooner than Abbah has decreed?"

"Will your own life be imperilled if we escape?" Denviers asked.

"Not so, for at times I traverse the corridors at night when the chief dervish is within the apartment where you saw him. Besides, my words to the guards will be spoken warningly; neither they nor the chief dervish will suspect me, for none know of the service rendered to mine, and which to Sapphia I would repay." Then lowering her voice, the woman told us where the escaped one had

been urged to conceal herself from those who might pursue her.

"We will make the attempt, then," Denviers answered, and a minute after we were beyond the stone door. Following the Egyptian woman, who acted as our guide, we passed further down the corridor than was the place of our confinement, until we reached another way intersecting at right angles. Up the latter we cautiously advanced, then again we turned.

"This last is the corridor of which I spoke," our guide whispered: "for your lives, make not the slightest sound as you proceed; watch carefully at the end until again I appear." Without further delay she left us, passing back by the way we came.

"I wonder how the dervishes are armed?" Denviers muttered to me. "These weapons of ours will be poor things with which to ward off a sword-stroke."

"We must take our chance," I whispered in reply, feeling convinced that his words were only too true. Slowly and carefully we passed down the corridor, moving close to the stone wall in the shadow which fell upon one side of the passage. Nearer and nearer we got to the entrance, until at last we crouched together where we could see the three dervishes of whom the Egyptian woman had spoken. We noticed that they were close to the portcullis; one of them, indeed, was idly leaning his back against it, standing in such a position that he could see clearly anything that appeared in the part of the shaft he faced.

Three fierce-looking fellows the dervishes were, each armed with a heavy-handed dagger, the blade of which was very wide near the haft, but narrowed to a long, keen end, the weapons being considerably larger than those the woman had given us. It was evident that we could only act on the defensive, for, as the dervishes stood there, we knew it would be quite useless to make an attempt to escape. As we watched them and caught part of their conversation, which was carried on in Arabic, the one who leant against the portcullis suddenly stood upright and pointed down the passage. Instantly the others turned about, and one of them exclaimed:—

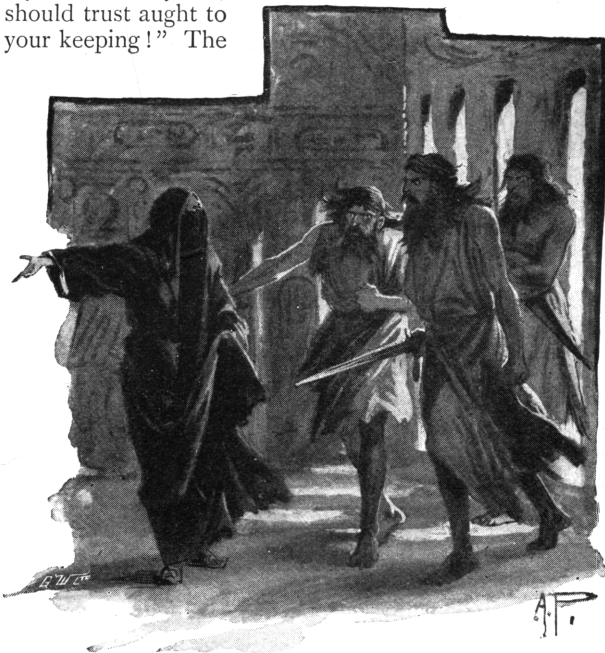
"See! The queen of Abbah's harem approaches!"

"A strange hour for her to wander here," replied the one who stood to his right.

"She has too much freedom," retorted he who had first seen her, as we heard footsteps slowly drawing near; "she was Abbah's first

bride, or ——." The rest of the remark did not reach us, for when the woman approached the three dervishes promptly salaamed. From the slit in her veil the Egyptian glanced at them in apparent anger.

"Fools!" she cried; "to think that Abbah, my lord and yours, should trust aught to your keeping!" The



"'FOOLS!' SHE CRIED."

dervishes were considerably astonished, wondering what was laid to their charge. "But a few hours ago Abbah's latest bride escaped, and none of you know how that came about; now, alas! worse has happened——"

"Worse?" interrogated one of the dervishes. "What can be even as unfortunate?"

"Aye, worse," the Egyptian woman went on. "Disturbed by the events of the day, I could not rest, and so entered the chief apartment where Abbah keeps vigil. He lay still upon the marble at the base of one of the great images. Thinking that he slept, I passed away. A strange fancy came upon me to visit the place into which the prisoners had been thrust, they whom ye say planned and carried out Sapphia's escape. The door stood open—the prisoners were gone!"

"Escaped?" the dervishes cried together, as they snatched their weapons from their sides.

"Escaped even while you three have pretended to keep watch. Does Abbah sleep, think you, or have the Franks slain him, and are they still hiding there after what they have done? Go, find and slay them!"

"They cannot have left the pyramid, for the portcullis has never been raised since they entered here," replied the dervish who leant against it. "If Abbah live, as I pray Allah and the Prophet he may, he shall find one who has kept his post."

"The great dervish, Abbah, our lord, is at the mercy of these false Franks!" cried one of the others; "while you keep guard we will follow the queen of the harem and search for them."

"I dare not witness the slaying of men," the woman answered. "Go, seek them out, and give no alarm until you have them in your power; I will await here your return."

Down the gloomy passage the two dervishes disappeared. When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Denviers caught my arm and whispered:—

"Come on, I will keep the dervish at bay while you find the spring of the portcullis."

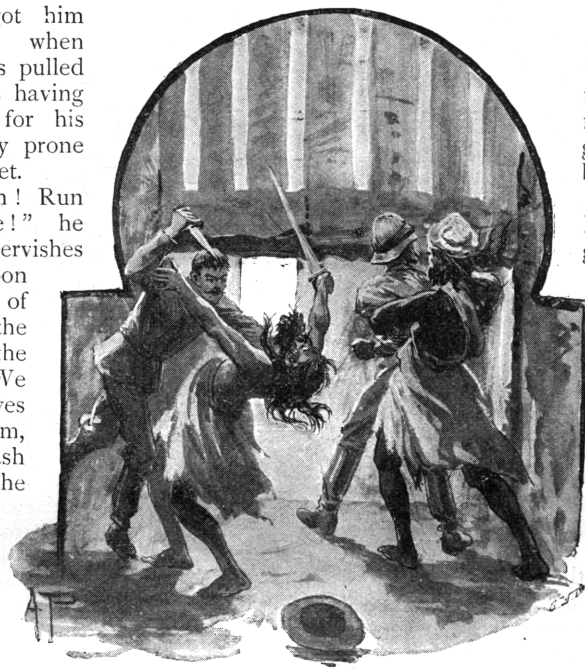
We ran out from our place of concealment upon the dervish, who was conversing with the Egyptian woman, whose scheme we then easily understood. In a moment the man thrust her aside and confronted us boldly, while the woman covered her eyes with

the end of her veil as if in great terror at our unexpected appearance.

Denviers aimed a blow at the dervish with his dagger, but catching it on his own weapon the man made a return lunge, which my companion warded off with considerable difficulty. Quickly I caught sight of the projection, and, pressing upon it, caused the heavy portcullis to be slowly raised. Just as I did so, a cry from Denviers's lips struck upon my ears, but before I could take warning from it, I was seized from behind and flung upon the paved floor. Looking up, I saw who my assailant was—the chief dervish himself! For a minute I was completely startled, then seizing the weapon in my belt I snatched it out and aimed an upward blow at my unexpected assailant. He caught my wrist and endeavoured to wrench away the weapon, raising loud cries for assistance. Close over me he bent; I flung my disengaged arm about him and tried to drag him down, convinced that a few seconds would decide my fate—for I heard the dervishes returning at their chief's cry for

succour. I got him beneath me, when suddenly I was pulled away, Denviers having separated us; for his own enemy lay prone almost at my feet.

"Look! Run! Run for your life!" he cried, as the dervishes were closing upon us, and one of them pressed the projection of the portcullis. We shook ourselves free from them, and with a dash got beyond the descending heavy bars of stone, which even grazed Denviers's head as both passed safely beneath it. Down fell the



"I WAS SEIZED FROM BEHIND."

portcullis as we ran headlong, making for the entry, urged on by the fanatical cries of the dervishes, who quickly raised the obstruction and pursued us. We passed down the narrow path and ran on in the gloom until we reached the avenue of sphinxes. In the hollow formed by two huge extended paws we crouched, while our pursuers still ran on—to fail in their search and to return disappointed. As soon as we dared, we set out to where our tent was pitched, and arrived there, contrary to our expectation, without being pursued again, and having with us Sapphia, whom we accidentally discovered in a retreat in which the queen of the harem had advised her to hide.

Hassan and Khedi came across the sandy

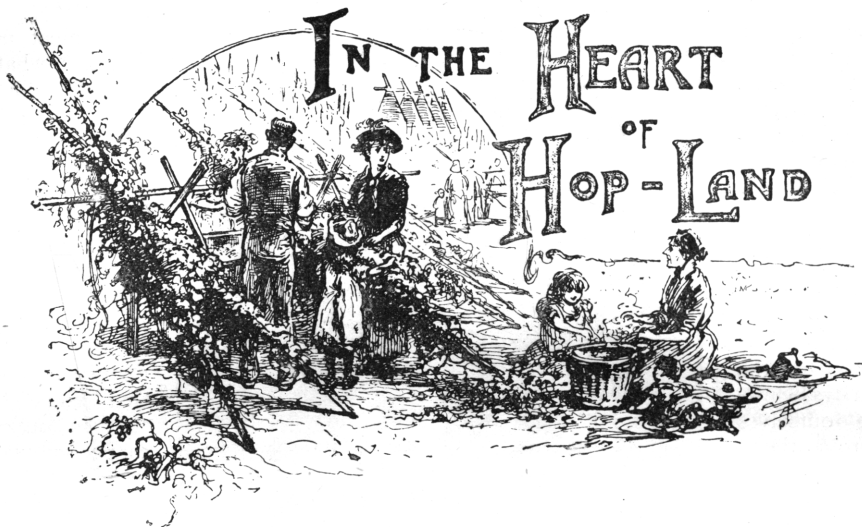
waste to meet us. We explained what had happened, whereupon the Egyptian, with many protestations of gratitude, bore off his bride to Erment.

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers to our Arab guide, as we threw ourselves down to rest in the tent, "you do not seem much disturbed at the fact that you had no part in our adventure, although usually you express great disappointment."

"The sahib's slave has no cause for regret," Hassan answered. "The Englishmen have escaped with their lives, while the Great Prophet has

chosen to reward also the dust of their august feet, so that all is well." As he spoke the Arab drew from his sash a curiously-worked Egyptian purse apparently well filled. Our grave guide had used the opportunity of our absence to extract for his own personal benefit a liberal backsheesh from the Egyptian. "Khedi deserved to have his bride restored, sahibs," he added, "and their slave has enough gold to buy himself a camel with!"

Without waiting for our views on the subject, Hassan found it convenient to have some business with Kass, our chief Wadigo follower, who had then arrived, and hurried away accordingly.



BY MISS T. SPARROW.

“**W**ELL, them's fools as does it, that's all I can say,” and Beery Bill, a hawker up Houndsditch way, tugged his cart through the doorway by tilting it so savagely that the unsold vegetables rolled about the floor.

His partner, meek and jaded-looking, did not rise from the wooden box on which she was sitting, with a puny child on her lap, while two even punier pounced upon some unsavoury carrots and began munching them with gusto.

“It's for the sake o' the childer,” she said, feebly, with that weary reiteration in her tone which takes the place of reasoning in the minds of the ignorant; “that's every blessed bit o' food they've 'ad to-day.”

Beery Bill did not answer at once; he unearthed a canvas sack from underneath a heap of garden produce which that morning had been voted too stale for selling purposes, and was left to further rot in a corner, and having disposed of this round the netherpart of his person, he squatted on the ground opposite his partner and thoughtfully lighted his pipe.

“It's for the sake o' the childer I say no,” he began, when the first puffs had proved satisfactory; “'op-picking is all very well in its way, but the company is mixed, very mixed. The young varmint's er bad enuf 'ere in the town; they ud be ten times wuss running wild in the country.”

“I enjoyed 'op-picking myself many a time,” said the faded woman, with a little sigh for the green fields and the balmy air,

and the babbling brook and the dappled sunsets that were but a memory for twenty-five grimy, squalid years.

“So did I,” he replied, condescendingly; “but it's gone down in style since then. Farmers used to know their 'ands, and take them reg'lar year by year. Now anybody goes—even toffs!” The scorn in the last word was indescribable, and he shook the ashes from his pipe with the air of one who had clinched the subject altogether.

Then the meek one tried another tack.

“Vegetables is not profitable this season,” she began, cautiously.

“That's so,” he replied.

“It's so 'ot—they're too plentiful.”

“And stink afore you get to the best streets, no need to tell me that,” he remarked, drily.

“The 'ops, as they do say,” she went on, playing her last card tentatively, “'ave never been so fine, and the farmers are payin' 'ands what they like to ask.”

His dirt-stained hand tugged at his grizzled beard; perhaps visions of a froth-filled pewter in a cleanly village “pub” floated before his bleared eyes. Anyway, his voice was less dogmatic when he spoke again.

“Folks talk a pack o' lies, Melier, and I shouldn't hearken to such. Not that I want to be unreasonable to you, and if you 'ave taken a fancy to go 'op-pickin', a 'op-pickin' we will go. It's the journey down's the hobstacle; the people 'er that rough, it's not fit for you and the kids. If we could track it, now.”

“What's that?” I inquired, speaking for

the first time from the one chair this interesting family owned.

(Perhaps here is the place to introduce myself, as an individual in quest of personal experience, and able to vouch for the truth of what follows.)

"It's goin' by road," Bill explained; "in a waggon, with friends, and takin' your furniture too."

"I thought that never was done now," I remarked.

"Plenty do it every year," answered Bill, in high good humour that he was able to teach someone; "it comes cheaper in the end. You see, now the farmers 'ave to find us something better than barns, and they run up 'ouses with stone or brick floors and throw in some straw as if we were beasts. We are not accustomed to luxuries, as perhaps you see," waving his pipe round the tableless, curtainless, carpetless, chestless apartment, some eight feet square; "but we like our 'ome comforts, and must either buy 'em there or take 'em with us. It's borrowin' the 'osses is what beats me."

"You should try to join some other family," I suggested; "if you can make up a party, I will come too."

"It's the joinin' that's so 'ard," replied Bill, rising and divesting himself of his canvas wrap. "I 'ear Furniss, two doors lower, is goin' that way: 'e's a low sort o' fellow, a chimney-sweep. Then Mrs. Sam will be bound to go with 'er eight childer; but if I ketch my wife speakin' to 'er——" (and the threat was lost in his throat) "I'll go to the 'Four Stars' and cogitate there. We aint haristocrats, miss, but we 'ev our little feelin's."

A few days later and the "tracking" was begun. I must own that in fancy it had taken the shape of a nineteenth century gipsy party, and I had imagined the stalwart Bohemian van, the picturesque and neat gipsies, the cheerful horses, the light-hearted, barefooted children.

My dismay at the reality could hardly

be concealed, when I joined them some five miles from St. Paul's. Two or three open, ramshackle carts, drawn by the most sorry beasts I ever came across, contained bundles, babies, parcels, and fire-irons, shied in promiscuously, allowed to remain where they fell. Dirty mattresses bulged out from dirty blankets; a child's scarlet frock, which had evidently been forgotten, was tied to the handle of a frying-pan, and waved attractively in the wind. Treacle oozed out of a hamper, whilst babies and bluebottles had a race as to who could first have their fill; kettles were stuffed with family linen (which same is a figure of speech), a variety of headgear, apparently for Sunday's donning, adorned basket-handles, sticks, and even cotton Sairey Gamps; whilst tin slop-pails made an elegant receptacle for sundry boots, pots of lard, penny combs, and half-loaves of bread. Added to this, every male as he trudged along had a big bundle slung over his shoulder, whilst every female had the same or a baby. Three boys and three girls composed the juniors of the party; which besides was formed of eight men, five wives, and two flashy damsels who were flower-girls in town.

"Have we to walk all the way?" I inquired, ruefully, of one of the latter.

"Did you 'spect a carriage and pair?" she said, tossing back her auburn mop of a fringe, "or perhaps you wanted one of the gen'lemen to give you a lift."

"We take it in turns to ride in the carts," remarked Mrs. Bill, timidly. "You go first, miss."



"THE JOURNEY DOWN."

I looked at the jolting, jumbling vehicles, at the raw-boned, spavined steeds, and heroically declined.

"How do you manage about sleeping?" I ventured to ask next.

"We pull up under a hedge, and shift the best we can," was the answer.

From that moment I genuinely agreed with Beery Bill that the journey down was a "hobstacle."

We made many a halt, always in the vicinity of a public-house. The poor man has generally coppers for a drink, and the cup went round, each one being pressed just to have a snack! Some bottles were filled with cold tea, and at one place the landlady gave the children some currant-cake.

Slowly we trundled along the road; houses got fewer and fewer; the trees became thicker and more plentiful; gardens, fragrant with

towel. And we women sat and talked, as women sit and talk all the world through, the mothers of their children, the girls of their admirers, and the old crone, who was deaf and bent double, of the wonderful, brilliant "past."

Meanwhile, the birds sang in the bushes, the cocks crowed in the adjacent farms, and the air was heavy with the luscious sultry sweetness of the last days of a hot and fading summer. The very leaves seemed perspiring, as they drooped or turned over with the sickly heat, and it was somewhat languidly we recommenced our tramp. The dust lay thick upon the road, and already some of our party were blistered and footsore. The children suffered most; they cried, and when



"WE WOMEN SAT AND TALKED."

late roses, wall-flowers, and southern-wood, tempted the juveniles to loiter longingly at the gates; and the ripening corn greeted our gladsome gaze on every side. Our travellers had started at 4 a.m., and before noon began to lag. So none were sorry when Beery Bill proposed we should turn into a hollow we came to and make ourselves "quite at 'ome."

The horses were set free, some of the men smoked, some stretched themselves out on the long green grass and fell fast asleep. Bits of bread were doled out to the youngsters, smeared with treacle or lard, as taste inclined, and Beery Bill, who was reckoned a character, took it into his head to have a wash there and then; so, unlatching a gate, he retired to a very weedy duck pond, his wife standing by with a bit of a rag, which did duty for a

scolded, whimpered pitifully below their breath. The parents carried those they could, but were hardly able to drag themselves along.

Still and stiller became the air, till one almost heard the blades of grass pant for breath. The dust we swallowed stuck in our throats and lay in great lumps there. The sky darkened; the earth seemed to throb beneath our cracked and swollen feet. Then came a vivid, blinding flash, and the heavy roll of thunder. We all stood still; the little ones clung, trembling, to their mothers' breasts; the horses quivered and hung their heads; the women, half-blinded and scared, hushed their frightened babes, or rubbed their dazed eyes: and the men—they remained stock still, staring at one another in a bewildered sort of way.

It came so suddenly, flash after flash, roar after roar; a blue darkness enveloped us, and then yellow flame shot out from the sky, and like jewelled daggers shone hither, thither, pierced here, there, till our very brains caught fire, and it was an effort not to scream aloud with the dazzling, brilliant beauty of it. The peals of thunder roared just above our heads; the ground shook just beneath our feet; we could go nowhere; we could do nothing—just stand to see what followed. And then down came the blessed rain, a splashing, liting downpour that drenched us to the skin in five minutes, but relieved the painful tension of our nerves, and made us feel like human beings once again. It welled down from the heavens in ponderous sheets; it splashed up from the ground in merry hisses; our strained, dry flesh sucked it in thirstily at every pore; like drunkards returning to their cups after a period of forced abstinence, we revelled in the liquid, and cared little for what followed the excess.

For all too soon the reaction came: the refreshing coolness became chilliness, the chilliness gave way to cold. Our soaked rags saturated into our shivering frames, and our limbs grew stiff, with ominous pains in the joints. The contents of the carts had turned into a squashy pulp, and the girls cried as they saw the emaciated condition of their flimsy finery. We staggered on, till an early dusk, thickened by an intermittent drizzle, momentarily increased our discomfort.

We were in a winding lane, and had just passed through a straggling village, where we had begged separately and in couples for food and shelter in vain. Our appearance was against us. For the sake of the wailing babes one other attempt was made. Beery Bill so far demeaned himself as to go to a farm with me and offer to pay a trifle for the accommodation of the whole party in a barn. We were curtly refused. Then Beery Bill took action.

"If they won't give us leave, we must take it," he said, gruffly, and when dark had descended (or the dim night pall which takes the place of dark on an August night) we drew up in a ditch and, tethering the horses, crept silently and fearsomely one by one across two fields to a disused barn. The bottom door was locked, but the men climbed and hoisted us up through the window, and we cowered down upon the hay thankful for such a shelter.

Shall I ever forget that night? The steamy noisomeness that exuded from our garments made breathing a pain, not a pleasure; we

had no light but the sparks from the men's pipes and the grey shadow that came from the moon behind the clouds. I felt, rather than saw, the people grope about, winding hay round their feet to dry them, wringing the wet from their long, lank hair, and rubbing the back of the old woman, who was bad with rheumatics. Soon, too soon, I fell asleep, and fast asleep, unwitting that death had found us out in that deserted barn in that deserted field, and was stealing one away, whose tiny life ebbed fast within an arm's length of me.

At 2 a.m. they woke me.

"We must be on the tramp again," was whispered. "Norah's child is dead."

I looked across to where Norah lay. She had been comely once, but want, and what it drives to, had sadly scarred her face. The dead body of the six-year-old girl was by her side. No one showed signs of grief, but unusual quietness prevailed. All were pre-occupied with the awkwardness of the dilemma.

"Shall we take it with us?" I asked one of the flower-girls, who was twisting her fringe with a hair-pin.

"Not likely," was the reply; "we must leave it here and chance it."

Stealthily we crawled from our strange bed-chamber, leaving two men behind. Beery Bill was one of them.

When we were well under way in the sunless dawn he joined us again.

"That's an orkard piece of business," he said to me, jerking his thumb to where the dead child lay, shroudless and uncoffined. "I must ask you to cut with me and do the rest o' the journey by train. If they track us, it will save the others not to be found among 'em."

So I changed attire with his wife; he shaved, or scraped off rather, his grisly beard, and thus disguised we trudged in an opposite direction to our travelling caravan. As we mounted a hill I looked back. Where the barn had stood was steeped in smoke.

"You fired it!" I exclaimed, pointing to the curling circles as they rose above the trees.

"Them as knows least fares best," he replied, oracularly, and I took the hint.

Perhaps it was as well that I never read a paper for three weeks, nor did I meet any of our party again.

At a roadside station we caught a hop-pickers' train, and became merged in the great floating riff-raff that belches out of London yearly at this time. Weighted with

his secret, Bill's pride was not so keen, and sighting a pal in the hawker line, he accosted him cordially, and agreed to throw in his luck with him. Fortunately for us, this "pal" had lost sight of the two relations who had booked with him a berth at Jop Hill Farm, so with the

brook as far removed from the village as possible. They consist of a room with a partition of wood; the light comes from a sloping pane in the roof. Some straw is thrown on the stone floor, and a hook in the wall for a lamp constitutes fixtures. No fire is allowed, smoking is forbidden, even the lamp must

be out at 9 p.m. Breaking the rules means forfeiture of wages. At the end of each row is a cook-house with range and sink.

Here the women take it in turns to cook for the whole party, and rations are served in common. Milk and other necessities have sometimes to be brought from the village, a two miles' trudge. No inhabitant will serve them if they can avoid it; and hop-pickers would



"'YOU FIRED IT!' I EXCLAIMED."

happy honesty of East-end folk, we slipped into their places, which they did not come to claim, having, no doubt, in the meantime, got a job more worth having. Our employer was of the crusty sort, though one of the largest landowners in the neighbourhood. He hated us as the spawn of humanity, and openly favoured the "home-dwellers" on every possible occasion. They took their cue from him, and flaunted us and flouted us (particularly the women) as the very dregs of creation.

Such a feeling was bound to come to a head; it did very soon.

All south country people know that the hops are first gathered into bins or canvas bags slung on a pole. A party work at a bin and are paid according to measure. Enough are gathered each day to fill the furnaces and enough only; more than enough would rot. So if the workers begin early and work hard, the bell may ring as soon as 4 p.m.; the carts go round and collect the hops, and not a stroke more may be done.

The hop-pickers are reduced to their homes or the "pub." The "homes" are buildings erected specially for them, in a field by a

fare badly indeed if it were not for stray pedlars (who make a mint of money at such times) selling cheap and nasty wares, but at least bringing everything to hand. This suits the women, and the men have the village ale-house. They cannot be expected to sit in darkness minus their pipe, so to the ale-house they go, where the kind publican lets them run into debt, knowing to a T what they get from the hops.

It is at the ale-house discontent is brewed. At least so it was with us. One day it rained, and as damp hops are useless, work was stopped, and we were told our services would not be wanted that day. In the afternoon it cleared up; the home-dwellers were called to work, but the bell was never sounded for us.

The whole of a weary six hours we fretted and fumed, and at night, when the men met at "The Dun Cow," their wrath culminated. They determined on a strike.

I had accompanied Beery Bill that evening and heard the details of the plot.

We were to refuse to work the next day till they had promised to pay us the half-day's work we had lost through Farmer ——'s partiality, and there was to be a distinct

understanding that we were not to be shelved in that way again. As Beery Bill expressed it: "Leddies and gen'lemen don't come down from Lonnen to oblige you by working in your fields, and then stand by and see other folk do it."

We were very brave that night, but courage oozed off in the morning. Seven a.m. is a chilly time to deliberately turn your back on breakfast, dinner, and tea. Many of the men had had a bad night with their wives, who wept and wailed at their resolve, which meant want for themselves and the "kids." But their advice was never asked; they were told to strike, and they had to.

Still, the women's moaning had this effect: the men were open to compromise, and a civil word would have soothed all. But it was not forthcoming. The deputation said their say to the foreman, who told them plainly to go to the deuce, that they bred disease and dissension wherever they went, and that to his mind they were a parcel of rogues, nothing more.

They retired, cursing low and deep. Not a soul of us left the "houses" or their environs for four entire days. The sun blazed its fiercest, burning up the hops ere they could be gathered from the poles. We saw and rejoiced. We lazed and lounged the livelong day, sick with the heat, faint with hunger; we tossed in those dark holes the livelong night, craving for a bite, a taste, a morsel of solid food. The men had forestalled their wages a week before, and but for the extra thrifty we should not even have had the milk and oatmeal flour, which was our chief sustenance. The children were sent out to gather fruit, and the women begged. Some of the men prowled about at night, and what they brought home we thankfully ate without asking questions.

Then the weather changed, and it rained continually; our houses were not weather proof, and the absence of fires chilled. Sodden and desperate, the men with matted hair and hollow eyes huddled together in corners, pretending to chuckle at the ruin the rain made in the hops, but in reality itching to finger them and devastate the gardens while still in their glory. But not a thought of yielding ever entered our heads. There is nothing like the British working-man for doggedness of resistance.

Illness came to increase our troubles. We had among our crew a pretty, quiet girl named Mary Rutherford; she was a shirt-maker by trade, and far gone in consumption; the doctor had ordered her country air, and

she took this means of procuring it. She came down with a motherly old soul, who had six olive branches of her own. Mary had been down the year before, and formed an attachment to a farm servant called Larry. His simple devotion to her recalled the days of knight errantry. He wore a bit of her hat-ribbon in his button-hole; he brought her milk, warm from the cow, in a can hidden under his coat; he scrawled verses to her every day on dirty bits of paper, and he notched their combined initials on every gate-post and tree he could. They mooned about the fields at twilight, they loitered beneath the sycamores under the stars, and when the strike began he boldly visited our habitations, bringing her money and food.

Whether the midnight meanderings had something to do with it, or the damp situation of our tenements accelerated the disease, I cannot say; but Mary presently developed a hacking cough and blood-spitting. Her strength went at a stroke, and before anyone realized she was really ill, she was dead. No doctor had been called, no clergyman had been sent for; she slipped away from our midst as she had lived, with no fuss and not a word of complaint. She had suffered, and suffered in silence, and as she lay so meekly there, with the thin hands folded and the long lashes resting on the white, waxen cheeks, there was a choke in each man's throat; for they felt, had they but known, they would have given up both pipe and beer for the mild grey eyes once more to smile on them and the gentle voice once more to greet them shyly but with kindness. Larry was inconsolable, and sobbed like a very child.

She was starved through the strike, he declared, and he would work no longer with those who had hunted her to death, but would come to London and bury his grief there.

Perhaps his sorrow, so outspoken and demonstrative, compared with that generally shown by the coster class, inspired Beery Bill with an idea.

He had been pondering for some time, with his big head in his big hands, when he suddenly announced it was only right to try and bring our employer to grasp "the responsibilities of his position."

"And this is 'ow we'll do it, mates," continued Bill. "We'll carry Mary theer and we will lay 'er as she is on 'is doorstep, so when 'e rises with the lark 'e can see 'ow starvin' looks like; mebbe it will give 'im an appetite for breakfast."

We were all too low to resist this gruesome



"THEY LAID HER IN FRONT OF THE WINDOWS."

plan, and Bill plainly delighted in a situation. So, while a harvest moon bathed the peaceful, sylvan landscape in her cold, yellow light, and the summer breeze waved through the uncut corn and rustled in the boughs of the dark, spreading trees, three gaunt and haggard men carried, on a stretcher, the frail corpse, uncovered, for we had neither sheet nor towel to lend her.

Stepping lightly through the grounds, unwatched by dogs, they laid her in front of the windows in a bed of sweet peas and mignonette, her black hair framing her white face, which looked so sharply chiselled in the still, clear moonlight. Then they hied back to us to bide their time. On a sheet torn out of a copy-book, and pinned to her breast, was the following:—

Mary Rutherford dead
For want of bread.

This was Larry's contribution to the ghastly transaction, and probably was the nail that went straight home.

I heard later that Farmer — sent at once for the doctor to remove the corpse for fear of infection, and when the medical

examination resulted in the verdict that the inscription was about true, he sent for the foreman and was shut up with him a long time.

The result was that, at noon, Farmer — visited our dwellings in company with the foreman. The men were all called out on the grass, and Farmer —, a hale and hearty man, boasting eighty summers, with a blue eye as bright as any schoolboy's, his ruddy face surmounted by snow-white locks, addressed them, leaning on an oaken stick.

The upshot of his speech was that, though he refused to allow us to dictate to him as to the terms he made with the home-dwellers, if we chose to go in then and there to work, he would pay us 10d. a bushel instead of 9d. as heretofore, for the remainder of our stay. The foreman had also orders to pay a day in advance to those who had got into arrears.

We accepted the terms and turned in. The lesson had done good on both sides.

Many weeks after, when back in London, Beery Bill confessed to me and his wife that he had got the "corpse idea" from—The Surrey.



From a] AGE 10. [Miniature.

PROFESSOR JEBB, M.P.

BORN 1841.



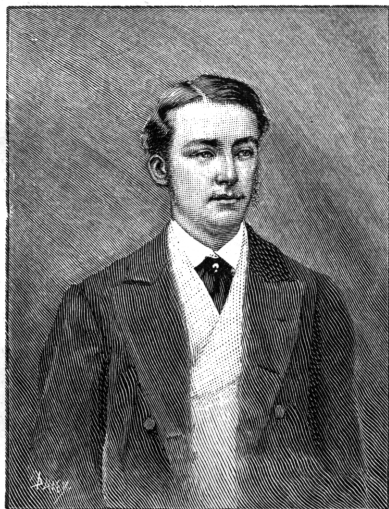
ROFESSOR RICH-
ARD CLAVER-
HOUSE JEBB,
LL.D., D.C.L., was

born at Dundee. He graduated as senior classic at Cambridge, in 1862, and was soon afterwards elected a Fellow. In 1871 he was nominated by the University as a Governor of Charterhouse School, and in 1872 was



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. [Lafayette, Dublin.

University of Cambridge, and was re-elected at the General Election in 1892, and again in 1895. He is the author of many standard works, which, unfortunately, we have not sufficient space to allude to here.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Mauill & Co.

elected Classical Examiner in the University of London ; and was also appointed Tutor of Trinity College ; but resigned these posts on being called, in 1875, to fill the Chair of Vol. x.--58.



AGE 33.
From a Photo. by Le Jeune, Paris.

Greek in the University of Glasgow. In 1879 the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1891, on the death of the Hon. H. C. Raikes, he was elected M.P. for the



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [R. H. Lord, Cambridge.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 10 MONTHS. [E. T. Brooks, Newbury.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

BORN 1864.



R. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, the now popular lessee and manager of the Royalty Theatre, Soho, inaugurated his management a month ago by his successful production of "The Chili Widow," being strongly supported by his clever partner in



From a Photo. by]

AGE 8. [E. T. Brooks, Newbury.

life, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and a strong cast. Mr. Bourchier received a thorough education at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took active part in any

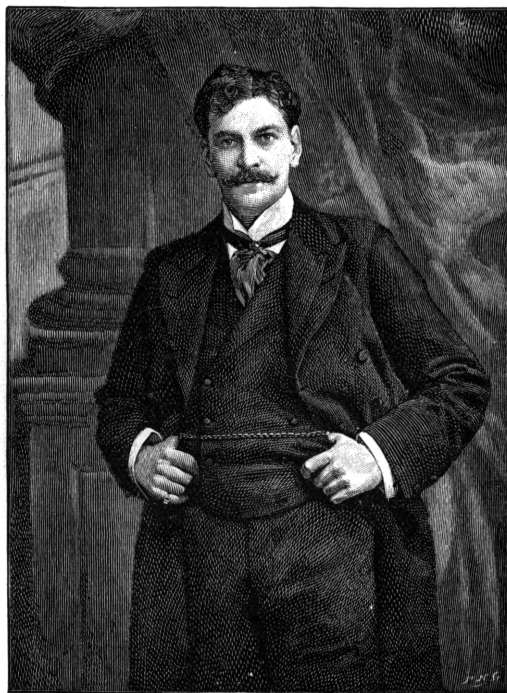
amount of amateur performances. In 1889 he made his first appearance as a professional actor on tour with Mrs. Langtry. He came to London with her for a season at the St. James's Theatre in 1890, and for a time managed the theatre himself. In the autumn of the



From a Photo. by]

AGE 18. [C. Hawker, Newbury.

same year he joined the Crite.ion company to play *Charles Courtly* in "London Assurance," and *Joseph Surface* in "The School for Scandal." As the hero of "The Derby Winner" he has been eminently successful, and as to his present work, no better can be said than recommend the reader to see for himself. He will not be disappointed.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY. [Walery, Regent Street.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.



RS. BOURCHIER, known to every playgoer as charming Violet Vanbrugh (a favourite godchild of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts), is the daughter of the late Rev. Reginald Barnes, a Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, and a personal friend of the late General Gordon. In fact, it was at Mr. Barnes's house that the gallant hero spent his last

under Mr. Kendal's tuition were, Miss Vanbrugh thinks, the most valuable in her professional life. Back in London, she joined Sir Henry Irving's company, and



AGE 5.
From a Drawing by Philippa Marshall.



AGE 8.
From a Photo. by Owen Angel, Exeter.



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [W. & D. Downey.

for ten months appeared as *Anne Boleyn* in "Henry VIII." The title part could not have been more charmingly played.

She also acted as under-study for Miss Ellen Terry, and appeared as *Rosamund* in "Becket" several times, also with very great success in Mr. Daly's version of "Twelfth Night." Last month Miss Vanbrugh appeared at the Royalty as *The Chili Widow*, in which part she has delighted many a crowded audience.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn.

few days in England previous to starting on his fatal expedition to pacify the Soudan. In March, 1888, Miss Vanbrugh made an excellent *Kitty Mattland* in "The Don," at Toole's Theatre, and in the autumn essayed a higher flight by appearing as *Ophelia* at Margate. The next year she had a good opportunity for the display of her high spirits, in a *matinée* of "The Begum's Diamonds," and made a dashing *grande dame* as *Lady Gillingham* in "The Weaker Sex." She then accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in their trip to America. These two years

MR. MELTON PRIOR.

BORN 1844.



R. MELTON PRIOR, one of the most distinguished war correspondents of our time, is the son of Mr. W. H. Prior (for fifty years an artist on wood); he was educated at Boulogne, and was appointed special artist to *The Illustrated London News* in 1873. He

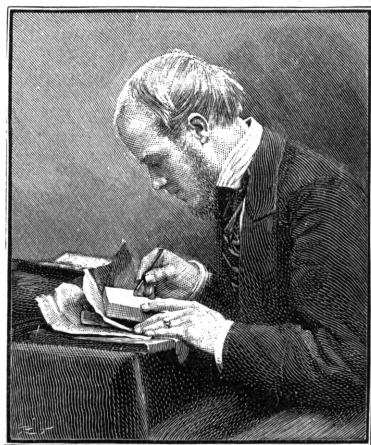


AGE 3.
From a Photograph.

has been through no fewer than fourteen different campaigns—namely, Ashantee, Spanish and Carlist,



AGE 16.
From a Photograph.

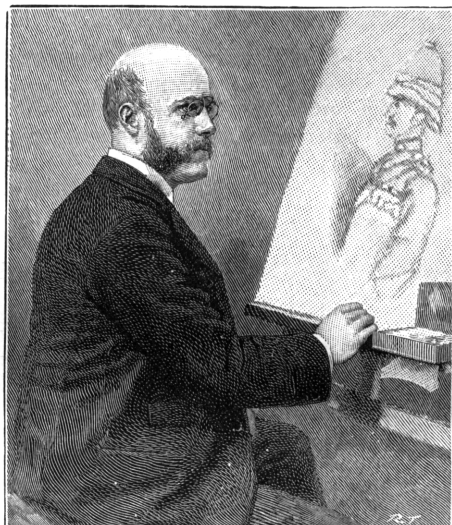


AGE 21.
From a Photo. by C. B. Tayler, Strand.

Herzegovinian, Servia, Turko-Russian, Kaffir, Basuto, Zulu, Boer, Egyptian (1882), Soudan Expedition, British Soudan Expedition, Nile Expedition, and Burmese—receiving eight wounds from bullets and fragments of shells, being reported three times



From a] AGE 28. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 40. [Faber, San Francisco.

in the London papers as killed. Mr. Prior has been round the world twice, and has visited nearly every country and capital in the world; and made sketches at nearly every important wedding, from that of the Prince and Princess of Wales down to the Czar of Russia's, and, said Mr. Prior the other day, "I feel quite ready for as much travelling and sketching as I have already done!"



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Barraud.



Punch and Judy.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.



WHO has not wasted a pleasant half-hour watching the antics of Punch, even when we ought to have been on more important business? I once remember seeing the late Prime Minister lingering on the edge of a crowd in Parliament Street while the immortal drama was being enacted under "the pale glimpses of the moon." It was a

night on which there was an important debate, in which the Grand Old Man delivered a telling speech; and who knows but he made his points the better for the few minutes he allowed his mind to be relaxed by watching the exploits of the grand old hero of the curbstome-play that has run a greater number of nights than even "Hamlet," or any of the other famous plays that continue to hold our stage?

We are never tired of it ; no one is ever tired of it. We have all watched it as children, and when we grow old we like it as well as ever. But whereas it was in former days on the village green that we witnessed it, or in the convenient by-street, we may see it now in the dining-room, or, if it be summer-time, on the lawn. Formerly it was thought only fit for the "rude mechanicals" of the village street or the market-place ; it is now the fashion for society to indulge in it, and for Royalty even to look upon it with pleasure, so good is it for everyone to get a touch every now and again of rude, unsophisticated Nature. And Punch and Judy is rude, and for the most part very unsophisticated. We are, however, softening down even this specimen of "good old" aboriginal humour, and now it more frequently closes with a "nigger" song, or something of that nature, than, as formerly, with the death of the Father of Evil.

It was my good fortune recently to come across the "Royal" Punch and Judy show—one beloved of the Royal children for two, if not three, generations—and to get photographs of some of the scenes of the immortal drama. These I propose to give, and to accompany them with some of the text of the original play, at the same time indicating where innovations have been introduced.

As regards the origin and history of Punch and Judy, there is as much dispute amongst authorities as touching the birthplace of Homer. But on one point there appears to be little, if any, doubt ; and that is, that the comedy came to us from Italy, where it was popular in the Middle Ages, as PUNCHINELLO, (contracted with us to simple Punch). The

original characters were : Punch ; his wife Judy ; the Baby ; Toby, the dog ; Scaramouch, transmogrified later into the Clown ; a Courtier ; a Doctor ; Constable ; the Hangman, etc. In short, the four chief characters are always the same ; the others change somewhat according to localities, national requirements, etc.

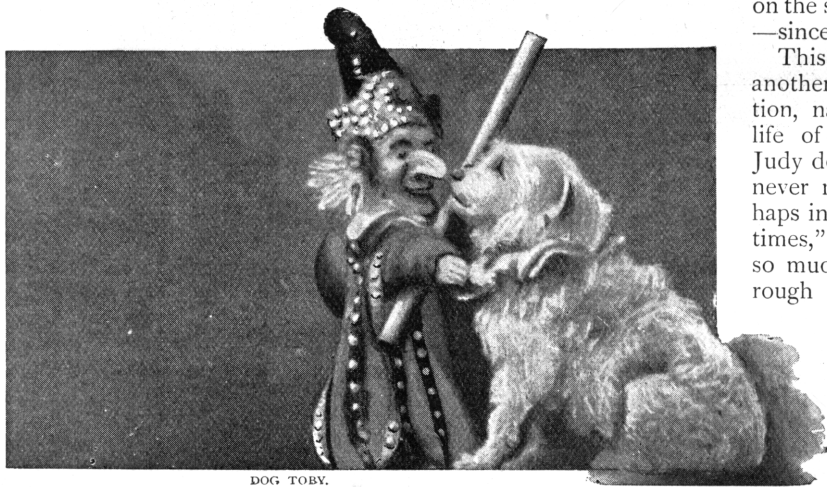
Mr. Punch is well known nearly all over Europe, as well as wherever the English tongue is spoken. Toby always has the distinction of being performed by a living individual, if one may speak of a humble member of the canine family as an individual. It is popularly thought that a dog of breed only can be trained to take the part of Toby. This is a mistake, as I was informed by Mr. Jesson, whom we may designate the "Short" of the firm which "runs" the Royal Punch and Judy, his son taking the part of "Codlin," albeit nothing like the immortal "friend" in character. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that Mr. Jesson's father was the original of Mr. Dickens's "Short," he having performed with the "dolls" for something like sixty years, while his son has been in the profession forty years. Grandpère Jesson, now, of course, defunct, chiefly frequented London and the home counties, although he made wide stretches now and again for variety's sake, and "to see a bit of life," as his son puts it.

But to return to Toby. The part is always taken by a mongrel ; nothing else in the canine line will stand the training. The Toby of the present Royal Punch and Judy is eleven years old, and he has taken the part since he was a few months old. His father was twenty-three years old when he was born, and he too had been in the profession—

on the stage so to speak—since he was a puppy.

This does away with another popular tradition, namely, that the life of a Punch and Judy dog was six years, never more. But perhaps in the "good old times," when there was so much tramping and rough weather to be

endured, and in addition, possibly, so much hard training, six years may have



DOG TOBY.

been the span of life allotted to Toby. But things are changed now, and the life of the Punch and Judy man, and dog, has fallen in pleasant places compared with what was formerly the case.

There has been a general elevation of the stage—thanks to Sir Henry Irving *et autres*; and Punch and Judy has gone up with the rest. It is now one of the professions to be looked up to, and there is some talk of training younger sons for it, instead of sending them into the Church and to cattle-ranching in the Far West. There is more money to be made in it than in stock-broking, the fine arts, journalism, or gold-mining, and when you are good, you play to Royalty, and put up the Royal Arms.

Mr. Jesson "shook the dolls" before the Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters when they were little children, and he remembers His Royal Highness laughing till the tears ran down his face when Punch rolled the baby about as though he were making a roly-poly pudding of it, in order, as he said, "to soothe it to sleep." The others were amused, but none laughed like the Prince of Wales.

Says Mr. Jesson, with pride, "I've played before the Prince's children, too, and they were just as pleased as their father used to be." He adds, "I've played at Windsor, at Marlborough House, at Buckingham Palace, at Osborne, at Frogmore, and at Sandringham."

"You do pretty well, then?" we naturally queried.

"Oh, yes, I make enough at Christmas to keep me the year round, if I liked to be idle the rest of the year."

It should, perhaps, be said here, lest too many of those in search of a profession should rush in, that to be a Punch and Judy showman is not so easy as might at first sight appear. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal of dialogue to commit to memory, and that, in our days, novelties must be introduced from time to time; the one who aspires to perform with the dolls must be very ready-witted, quick to get up fresh "patter," good at repartee, and if not a Sims Reeves, at least distinctly "Sims-Reevesy" at a song. Then he must be something of a mechanical genius into the bargain.

Listen to Mr. Jesson: "I make everything connected with the show myself. I make the frame and the hangings, paint the scenery and the drop-scene in front, do the carving above the stage, carve the heads of the dolls, and cut out and sew their clothes. In fact, there is nothing about the show I don't make

myself—and my son can do it all, too. That gives us plenty of work to do at home, when we are not otherwise engaged. The dolls, you see, get so much knocking about that they only last about six months."

In addition to all this hard work, there is another consideration which should be taken into account by those wishing to enter the profession. It is the danger attached to the calling. The performer with the dolls cannot do without the squeaker—and *he may swallow it!* And everyone who has committed such an error *has died after it.*

However, if, after fairly considering the difficulties, the ambitious youth (or maiden, for, like medicine, the law, and other honourable callings, the profession is open to the fair sex) should decide to take up with the dolls, he will find the following text, with a due admixture of his own brains, all that is required in the way of dialogue:—

(PUNCH enters: and after a few preliminary squeaks he bows three times to the spectators—once in the centre, and once at each side of the stage, and then speaks as follows):—

PROLOGUE.

Ladies and gentlemen, pray, how d'ye do?

If you're all happy, I'm happy too.

Stop and hear my merry little play;

If I make you laugh, I need not make you pay.

(After this PUNCH makes his bow and exit. He is then heard behind the scene singing, or rather squeaking, the song, "Mr. Punch is a Jolly Good Fellow.")

Formerly the tune used to be the popular one of "Malbrook," but nearly all performers nowadays have different tunes, generally picking up some of the popular airs of the day.

(After squeaking for a minute or so behind the scene, PUNCH makes his appearance and dances upon the stage, while he sings):—

Mr. Punch is a jolly good fellow,

His dress is all scarlet and yellow;

And if now and then he gets mellow,

It's only among his good friends.

(He continues to dance and sing, and then calls): Judy, my dear! Judy!

(This constitutes the first scene of the play. The second scene opens with the entrance of dog TOBY. PUNCH salutes him with):
Halloa, Toby! Who call'd you? How do ye do, Mr. Toby? Hope you are very well, Mr. Toby?

(To which TOBY answers with a snarl or a bark): Bow-wow-wow!

PUNCH: Poor Toby! (Putting his hand out cautiously, and trying to coax the dog, who snaps at it): Toby, you are a nasty, cross dog. Get away with you! (Strikes at him.)

TOBY: Bow-wow-wow! (*seizing PUNCH by the nose*).

PUNCH: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, my nose! My poor nose! My beautiful nose! Get away! Get away, you nasty dog. I'll tell your master. Oh, dear! dear! Judy! Judy!

(PUNCH *shakes his nose, but cannot shake off the dog, who follows him as he retreats round the stage. He continues to call "Judy! Judy, my dear!" until the dog quits his hold and exits.*)

PUNCH (*solus, and rubbing his nose with both hands*): Oh, my nose! my pretty little nose! Judy! Judy! You nasty, nasty brute, I will tell your master of you. Mr. Scaramouch! (*calls*) My good friend, Mr. Scaramouch! Look what your nasty brute of a dog has done!

(*Enter SCARAMOUCH, the clown, with a stick.*)

SCARAMOUCH: Halloo, Mr. Punch! What have you been doing to my poor dog?

SCARAMOUCH: Where?

PUNCH: In your hand?

SCARAMOUCH: A fiddle.

PUNCH: A fiddle! What a pretty thing is a fiddle! Can you play upon that fiddle?

SCARAMOUCH: Come here, and I'll try.

PUNCH: No, thank you. I can hear the music where I am very well.

SCARAMOUCH: Then you shall try yourself. Can you play?

PUNCH (*coming in*): I do not know till I try. Let me see! (*Takes the stick and moves slowly about, singing some popular tune. He hits SCARAMOUCH a slight blow on his cap, as if by accident.*)

SCARAMOUCH: You play very well, Mr. Punch. Now let me try. I will give you a lesson how to play the fiddle. (*Takes the stick and dances to the same tune, hitting PUNCH a hard blow on the back of the head.*) There's sweet music for you!

PUNCH: I do not like your playing so well as my own. Let me play again. (*Takes the*



PUNCH AND CLOWN.

PUNCH (*retreating behind the scene, on observing the stick, and peeping round the corner*): Ha! my good friend, how d'y' do? Glad to see you look so well! (*Aside*) I wish you were further with your nasty great stick.

SCARAMOUCH: You have been beating and ill-using my poor dog, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: He has been biting and ill-using my poor nose, Mr. Scaramouch. What have you got there, sir?

stick and dances as before. In the course of the dance he gets behind SCARAMOUCH, and, with a violent blow, knocks his head clean off his shoulders.) How d'y' like that tune, my good friend? Is that sweet music, or sour music, eh? He, he, he! (*laughing and throwing away the stick*). You'll never hear such another tune so long as you live, my boy. (*Sings the tune of "Malbrook," or some other, and dances to it.*) Judy! Judy, my dear! Judy, can't you answer, my dear?

JUDY (*within*): Well! What do you want, Mr. Punch?



PUNCH AND JUDY.

PUNCH : Come upstairs. I want you.

JUDY : Then want must be your master. I'm busy.

PUNCH (*singing*) :—

The answer is genteel and civil !
No wonder, you think, if we live ill.
And I wish her sometimes much evil.
Since that's all the answer I get.

Judy, my dear ! (*calling*). Judy, my pet !
Pretty Judy, come upstairs.

(*Enter JUDY.*)

JUDY : Well, here I am ! What do you want now I'm come ?

PUNCH (*aside*) : What a pretty creature !

JUDY : What do you want, I say ?

PUNCH : A kiss ! A pretty kiss ! (*Kisses her, while she gives him a slap in the face.*)

JUDY : Take that, then ! Now, how do you like my kisses ? Will you have another ?

PUNCH : No ; one at a time—one at a time, my sweet, pretty wife. (*Aside*) : She always is so playful. Where's the child ? Fetch me the child, Judy, my dear. (*Exit JUDY.*)

PUNCH (*solus*) : There's a wife for you ! What a precious, darling creature. She has gone to fetch the child.

(*Re-enter JUDY with child.*)

JUDY : Here's the child—Pretty dear ! It knows its papa. Take the child.

PUNCH (*holding*)
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Oh, rest thee, my baby,
Thy daddy is here ;
Thy mammy's a gaby,
And that's very clear.

Poor, dear little thing ! It cannot get to sleep. By-by, by-by, hush-a-by. Well, then, it shan't. (*Dances the child, and then sets it on his lap, between his knees, and sings a nursery ditty.*)

(*After nursing it upon his lap, PUNCH sticks the child against the side of the stage, or the platform, and going himself to the opposite side, runs up to it, clapping his hands, and crying : "Catchee, catchee, catchee !" He then takes it up again, and it begins to cry.*) What is the matter with it ? Poor thing ! It has got the tummy-ache, I daresay. (*Child cries.*) Hush-a-by ! Hush-a-by ! (*sitting down and rolling it on his knees.*) Naughty child ! Judy ! (*calls*) the child has got the tummy-ache. (*Child continues to cry.*) Keep quiet,

out his hands) :
Give it me, pretty little thing !

JUDY : How awkward you are !

PUNCH : Give it me. I know how to nurse it as well as you do. (*She gives it to him.*) Get away ! (*Exit JUDY, PUNCH nursing child in his arms.*) What a pretty baby it is ! Was it sleepy then ? Hush-a-by-by ! (*Sings to the tune of "Rest thee, Babe."*)



PUNCH, JUDY, AND BABY.



PUNCH AND JUDY PLAY CATCH-BALL WITH THE BABY.

can't you? (*Hits it a box on the ear.*) Hold your tongue! (*Strikes the child several times against the side of the stage.*) There—there—there! How do you like that? I thought I should stop your squalling. Get along with you, you naughty, crying child. (*Throws it over the front of the stage among the spectators.*) He! he! he! (*Laughing and singing.*)

(*Re-enter JUDY.*)

JUDY: Where's the child?

PUNCH: Gone—gone to sleep.

JUDY: What have you done with the child, I say?

PUNCH: Gone to sleep, I say.

JUDY: What have you done with it?

PUNCH: What have I done with it?

JUDY: Aye, done with it? I heard it crying just now. Where is it?

PUNCH: How should I know?

JUDY: I heard you make the pretty darling cry.

PUNCH: I dropped it out of the window.

JUDY: Oh, you cruel, horrid wretch, to drop the pretty baby out of the window. Oh! (*cries, and wipes her eyes with the corner of her apron*) you barbarous man. Oh! I'll make you pay for this, depend on it. (*Exit.*)

PUNCH: There she goes. What a to-do about nothing! (*Dances about and sings, beating time*

with his head, as he turns round, on the front of the stage.)

(*Re-enter JUDY with a stick; she comes in behind, and hits PUNCH a blow on the back of the head, before he is aware.*)

JUDY: I'll teach you to drop my child out of the window.

PUNCH: So-o-oftly, Judy, so-o-oftly! (*Rubbing the back of his head with his hand.*)

Don't be a fool, now. What are you at?

JUDY: What! You'll drop my poor baby out of the window again, will you? (*Hitting him continually on the head.*)

PUNCH: No, I never will again. (*She still hits him.*) Softly, I say, softly. A joke's a joke.

JUDY: Oh, you nasty, cruel brute! (*Hitting him again.*) I'll teach you!

PUNCH: But I do not like such teaching. What! You are in earnest, are you?

JUDY: Yes (*hit*) I (*hit*) am (*hit*).

PUNCH: I'm glad of it. I don't like such jokes. (*She hits him again.*) Leave off, I say. What! you won't, won't you?

JUDY: No, I won't (*hits him*).

PUNCH: Very well. Then now comes my turn to teach you. (*He snatches at and struggles with her for the stick, which he wrenches from her, and strikes her with it on the head, while she runs about to different*



JUDY BELABOURS PUNCH.

parts of the stage to get out of his way.) How do you like my teaching, Judy, my pretty dear? (*Hitting her.*)

JUDY: Oh, pray, Mr. Punch—no more!

PUNCH: Yes, one more little lesson (*hits her again*). There, there, there! (*She falls down with her head over the platform of the stage, and as he continues to hit her, she puts up her hand to guard her head.*) Any more?

JUDY: No, no; no more (*lifting up her head*).

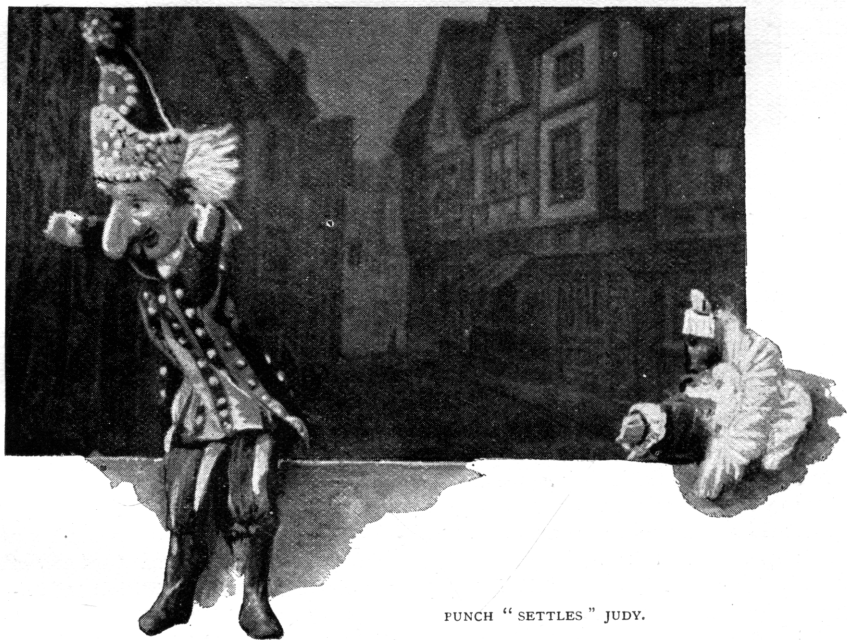
PUNCH (*knocking down her head*): I thought I should soon make you quiet.

JUDY (*again raising her head*): No.

PUNCH (*again knocking it down, and following up his blows till she is lifeless*):

the centre, the music would cease, and suddenly his neck would begin to elongate until it was longer than all the rest of his body. After remaining thus for some time the head would sink again; and as soon as it had descended to its natural place, the figure would exit.

After this bit of business Punch was wont to come on with his famous horse, Hector, and prance round the stage several times. There used to be a showman in the north named Bailey who made a great deal of this scene. Mr. Jesson remembered the man very well, and said that he was one of the best performers with the dolls to be found anywhere. He added that this artist died in London



PUNCH "SETTLES" JUDY.

Now, if you're satisfied, I am. (*Perceiving that she does not move.*) There, get up, Judy, my dear. I won't hit you any more. None of your sham-Abram. This is only your fun. Have you got the headache? You are only asleep. Get up, I say! Well, then, get down. (*Tosses the body down with the end of his stick.*) He, he, he (*laughing*). To lose a wife is to get a fortune!

Thus ends the first act.

The second act used, in our boyhood days, to open with the entrance of a figure like a courtier, who sang a slow air and moved to it with great gravity. He would first take off his hat on one side and then on the other side of the stage. Then he would stop in

about seven years ago, and that there had been no one to touch him since. The finish of the scene was that Punch was thrown, and he, thinking he was killed, cried out for the doctor to come and bring him to life again. At present, when the gee-gee is left out, Punch is mauled by one of the other characters, and he shouts for the doctor. Whereupon the doctor enters, and the following dialogue ensues:—

DOCTOR: Who calls so loud?

PUNCH: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Murder! Murder!

DOCTOR: What is the matter? Bless me, who is this? My good friend, Mr. Punch? Have you had an accident, or

are you taking a nap on the grass after dinner?

PUNCH: Oh, Doctor! Doctor: I have been thrown—I have been killed.

DOCTOR: No, no, Mr. Punch—not so bad as that, sir. You are not killed.

PUNCH: Not killed, but speechless. Oh, Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR: Where are you hurt? Is it here? (*touching his head*).

PUNCH: No, lower.

game are you up to now? Have done. What have you got there?

DOCTOR: Physic, Mr. Punch—(*hitting him*)—physic for your hurt.

PUNCH: I do not like physic; it gives me a headache.

DOCTOR: That's because you do not take enough of it. (*Hits him again.*) The more you take, the more good it will do you.

PUNCH: So you doctors always say. Try how you like it yourself.



PUNCH AND DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: Here? (*touching his breast*).

PUNCH: No, lower, lower.

DOCTOR: Here, then? (*going downwards*).

PUNCH: No, lower still.

DOCTOR: Then, is your handsome leg broken?

PUNCH: No, higher.

(*As the DOCTOR leans over PUNCH's legs to examine them, PUNCH kicks him in the eye.*)

DOCTOR: Oh, my eye! my eye! (*Exit.*)

(*It should be said that sometimes it is Punch who gets the kick in the eye.*)

PUNCH (*solus*): Aye, you are right enough. It is my eye and Betty Martin too. (*Jumping up, and dancing and singing.*)

The Doctor is merely an ass, sirs,
To think I'm as brittle as glass, sirs;
But I only fell down on the grass, sirs,
And my hurt—it is all in my eye!

(*While PUNCH is singing and dancing, the DOCTOR enters behind with a stick, and hits PUNCH several times on the head.*)

PUNCH: Halloa, halloa, Doctor! What

DOCTOR: We never take our own physic if we can help it. (*Hits him.*) A little more, Mr. Punch, and you will soon be well. (*Hits him.* *During this part of the dialogue, the DOCTOR chases PUNCH to different parts of the stage, and at last gets him into a corner, and belabours him until PUNCH seems almost stunned.*)

PUNCH: Oh, Doctor! Doctor! No more, no more! Enough physic for me. I am quite well now.

DOCTOR: Only another dose (*hitting him*).

PUNCH: No more! Turn and turn about is fair play, you know. (*PUNCH makes a desperate effort, closes with the DOCTOR, and, after a struggle, succeeds in getting the stick from him.*) Now, Doctor, it is your turn to be physicked (*beating the DOCTOR*).

DOCTOR: Halloa, Mr. Punch. I don't want any physic, my good sir.

PUNCH: Oh, yes, you do; you are very bad. You must take it. I'm the doctor now. (*Hits him.*) How do you like physic?

(*Hits him.*) It will do you good (*hit*). This will soon cure you (*hit*).

DOCTOR : Oh, pray, Mr. Punch, no more ! One pill of that physic is a dose.

PUNCH : Doctors always die when they take their own physic (*hitting him*). Another small dose and you will never want physic again. (*Hitting him. Here the DOCTOR falls down dead, and PUNCH, as before, tosses away the body with the end of his staff.*) He, he, he ! (*laughing*). Now, Doctor, you may cure yourself if you can. (*Sings and dances, and then exit.*)

Punch now enters with a large sheep-bell, which he rings violently, while he dances about the stage. He then sings a song, beginning, "Mr. Punch is a very gay man." In the midst of this there formerly entered a servant dressed in a foreign livery ; but the servant is now generally done away with, and we have a policeman in his stead. The policeman begins by ordering him to go

POLICEMAN : That bell (*striking it with his hand*).

PUNCH : That's a good one. Do you call this a bell ? Why, it is an organ !

POLICEMAN : I say it's a bell—a nasty bell.

PUNCH : I say it is an organ (*striking him with it*). What do you say it is now ?

POLICEMAN : An organ, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH : An organ ? It is a fiddle. Can't you see ? (*Offers to strike him again.*)

POLICEMAN : It is a fiddle.

PUNCH : I say it is a drum.

POLICEMAN : It is a drum, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH : I say it is a trumpet.

POLICEMAN : Well, so it is a trumpet. But, bell, organ, fiddle, drum, or trumpet, the gentleman he says he does not like music.

PUNCH : Then bell, organ, fiddle, drum, or trumpet, Mr. Punch he says the gentleman's a fool.

POLICEMAN : And he says he'll not have it near his house.

PUNCH : He's a fool, I say, not to like my sweet music. Tell him so. Be off. (*Hits him with the bell.*) Get along. (*Driving the POLICEMAN round the stage backwards, and striking him often with the bell.*) Be off, be off. (*Knocking him off the stage.*) PUNCH continues to ring the bell as loudly as before, while he sings and dances.)

(*Re-enter POLICEMAN, sily, with a stick.*)

(PUNCH, perceiving him, retreats behind the side curtain, and remains upon the watch. The POLICEMAN does the same, but leaves the end of the stick visible. PUNCH again comes forward, puts down his bell very gently, and creeps across the stage, to ascertain whereabouts the enemy is. He then returns to his bell, takes it up, and going quietly over the stage, hits the POLICEMAN a heavy blow through the curtain, and exit, leaving his bell on the opposite side.)

POLICEMAN : You nasty, noisy, impudent blackguard, I'll have you. (*Hides again as before.*)

(*Enter PUNCH, and strikes him as before with the bell. The POLICEMAN pops out, and*



PUNCH AND POLICEMAN.

away, because a gentleman, or "an old woman," who lives near by, won't have the noise.

PUNCH (*with surprise and mocking him*) : The gentleman he says he don't like that noise ! What noise ?

POLICEMAN : That nasty noise.

PUNCH : Do you call music a noise ?

POLICEMAN : The gentleman don't like music, Mr. Punch. So we'll have no more music near his house.

PUNCH : He don't, don't he ? Very well. (*PUNCH runs about the stage, ringing the bell as loudly as he can.*)

POLICEMAN : Get away, I say, with that nasty bell.

PUNCH : What bell ?

aims a blow, but not quickly enough to hit PUNCH, who exit.)

POLICEMAN : You scoundrel, rascal, thief, vagabond, blackguard—you shall pay for this, depend on it.

(He stands back. Enter PUNCH with his bell, who, seeing the POLICEMAN with his stick, retreats instantly, and returns, also armed with a bludgeon, which he does not at first show. The POLICEMAN comes forward and strikes PUNCH on the head so hard a blow that it seems to confuse him.)

POLICEMAN : I'll teach you how to ring your nasty noisy bell near the gentlemen's houses.

PUNCH (recovering) : Two can play at that. (Hits the POLICEMAN with his stick. A conflict ensues, during which the combatants exchange staves and perform various manœuvres. PUNCH knocks his antagonist down on the platform by repeated blows on the head.)

POLICEMAN : Oh, dear ! Oh, my head !

PUNCH : Oh, your head, eh ? (Hitting him again.) How do you like that, and that, and that ? (Hitting him each time.) Do you like that music better than the other ? There ! a whole concert for you.

POLICEMAN : No more ! I'm dead.

PUNCH : Quite dead ?

POLICEMAN : Yes, quite dead.

PUNCH : Then, there's the last for luck. (Hits him and kills him. He then takes hold of the body by its legs, and throws it away.)

At this point, the modern play usually goes off into all kinds of comic "business" in order to amuse the children without wounding their tender susceptibilities ; but in the real, legitimate play, the hero, after a short scene in which he knocks a blind beggar about, is confronted with the constable, when the following dialogue takes place :—

CONSTABLE : Leave off your singing, Mr. Punch, for I'm going to make you sing on the other side of your face.

PUNCH : Why, who are you ?

CONSTABLE : Don't you know me ?

PUNCH : No, and don't want to know you.

CONSTABLE : Oh, but you must. I am the constable.

PUNCH : I don't

want the constable. I can settle my business without the constable.

CONSTABLE : But the constable wants you.

PUNCH : Does he, indeed ? What, for, pray ?

CONSTABLE : You killed Mr. Scaramouch. You knocked his head clean off his shoulders.

PUNCH : What's that to you ? If you stay here much longer I shall serve you the same.

CONSTABLE : You have committed murder, and I have a warrant for you.

PUNCH : And I have a warrant for you. (PUNCH knocks him down and then dances and sings about the stage.)

(Enter an OFFICER, usually in a cocked hat, sometimes in the costume of a police-officer.)

OFFICER : Stop your noise, my fine fellow !

PUNCH : Sha'n't.

OFFICER : I'm an officer.

PUNCH : Did I say you were not ?

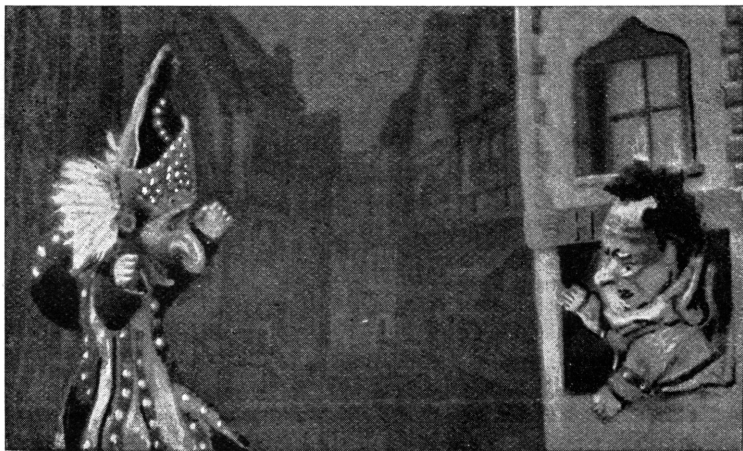
OFFICER : You must go with me. You killed your wife and child.

PUNCH : They were my own, I suppose ! Haven't I a right to do what I like with my own ?

OFFICER : We shall see about that ! I'm come to take you up.

PUNCH : And I'm come to take you down. (PUNCH knocks him down, and sings and dances as before.)

At this point there is usually some comic business, Scaramouch, or the clown, coming to life, and greatly surprising Punch by putting his head through the window, and when Punch strikes at him with his stick, dodging out and in, and back and forth, with much agility. Then follows some amusement from the Clown placing Punch's corpses upon the platform, and bothering Punch by counting one more than he does, the odd one being



PUNCH AND CLOWN DODGING EACH OTHER.



PUNCH COUNTING THE DEAD.

made by inserting himself amongst the dead bodies.

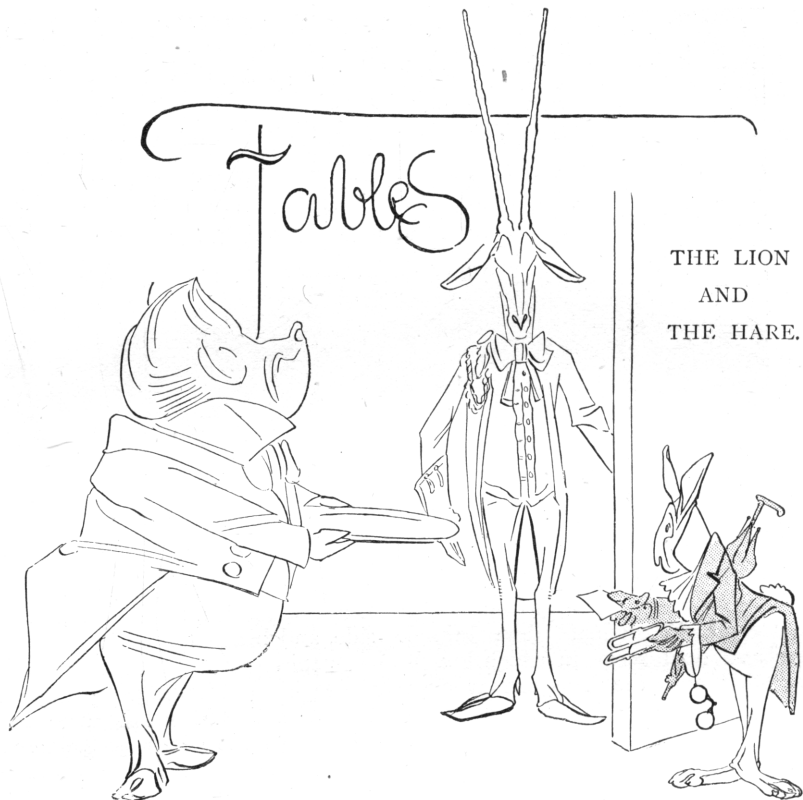
In the "good old original" drama there is another and final scene in which Punch triumphs either over the hangman or over the arch-enemy of mankind himself; but it is probably never represented now, even Bailey—he who was "the best man that ever performed the dolls," refraining from putting in this scene because "it was apt to harrow the feelings of the little ones and give them bad dreams": which sentiment shows that there may be good and kindly feelings in the humble performer of the way-side and the village green. For Bailey was never anything more than that; his lot having been cast in Punch's pre-Royalty and fashionable society days. It is, however, customary with some handlers of the dolls to finish up with the introduction of the bogey man, who gives Punch a good frightening. Nothing delights the children so much as this.

The present palmy days for Punch, according to Mr. Jesson, date from about thirty years ago. "People then began to write about the show," said he, "and that led to its becoming more popular, and being taken up by the rich; and," added he, "its popularity grows year by year." These things astonished Mr.

Bailey, who, though mellow with age, was still in the green, so to speak, of the countryside, and had not seen "London Town" for over thirty years. He was one who kept to the legitimate drama, not only in respect of the *dramatis personæ*, dialogue, etc., but also as regards the general paraphernalia of the show. He would as soon have thought of washing his hands in "brown October," as of performing to anything but the drum and pipes, or wearing anything but the good old white hat—such a stickler was he in these matters.*

Speaking of the music of the show, every lover of Punch and Judy must hold that the introduction of the dulcimer and other the like fantastical instruments, in place of the Pandean pipes and the drum, is of the nature of an impertinence, and ought not to be tolerated. But this, as well as other matters connected with Punch and Judy, will, I understand, be seen to shortly; as, following in the wake of the Browning, the Goethe, the Ancient Monuments, and other similar societies, there is to be a Punch and Judy Society; or, at least, so it is whispered.

*This worthy's definition of a gentleman is characteristic. "Well, you see," said he, "a gem man is always pleased to see the children happy, and he never stands before a lady."



THE LION
AND
THE HARE.

1.—A HARE ONCE CALLED TO INTERVIEW A LION—



J. A. S.

2.—AND WAS DULY USHERED INTO THE ROYAL PRESENCE.



3.—“IS IT REALLY A FACT,” INQUIRED THE HARE, “THAT YOU LIONS ARE TERRIFIED BY THE CROWING OF A COCK?”



4.—“CERTAINLY!” REPLIED THE LION, “WE LARGE ANIMALS ARE GENERALLY POSSESSED OF SOME TRIVIAL WEAKNESS. THE ELEPHANT, FOR EXAMPLE, WILL TREMBLE AT THE GRUNT OF A PIG.”

“AH!” INTERRUPTED THE HARE, “NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY WE HARES HAVE SUCH AN UNACCOUNTABLE DISLIKE FOR THE DOGS.”

AN EXPERIMENT IN REAL- ISM



BY MRS. E. NEWMAN.

SCENE: *Summer night. Well furnished study in good house. Study table, upon which are a shaded lamp, litter of papers, and writing materials. French windows opening on to lawn. A lounging chair placed with its back towards window not quite closed, and sufficiently distant for it to be easily pushed wider open.*

TIME, 10 P.M.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: -

MR. BERESFORD: *Master of the house, about twenty-eight years of age, in evening clothes, walking slowly to and fro, glancing every now and then anxiously at his wife.*

MRS. BERESFORD: *His wife, about twenty, wearing a becoming tea-gown, seated before writing-table pen in hand.*

POLICE-CONSTABLE.

MANSERVANT JAMES.

PRESENT: Husband and Wife.



E: I think you might come with me, Peggy.

SHE: Oh, it will be such a crush. Much pleasanter here than in those crowded rooms, Jack. Make some pretty ex-

cuses to Aunt Elinor for me. I really *must* write this, and the house is so quiet and nice at this time.

HE: Must? The story, do you mean? You speak as though you were writing against time—forced to earn money to pay the butcher's bill.

SHE: You don't understand. It's the artistic temperament that involves the "must." If I could only have seen one. (*Meditatively.*)

HE: An artistic temperament?

SHE: Now, Jack! I meant a burglar. I

was wishing that I knew just enough about one to be able to describe him quite accurately—realistically, you know. Didn't you help to capture one at the Colonel's once—before we were married? How did he speak? What did he look like?

HE: The low scoundrel, he was. Why do you want to write about such people, Peggy?

SHE: Stories should be exciting and realistic in these days, and you would not like me to write about people with pasts you know, Jack, even if I knew any, which I do not.

HE (*aside*): Happy ignorance! (*To HER*): No, that would certainly be worse than the burglar.

SHE: You see, it is such a drawback to have so little experience of what is going on

in the world. Brought up in a country home, and happy as the day was long, I really cannot remember anything more exciting than the death of the old pony, when we all cried ourselves ill. And now, married to—well, I suppose I must not make you vain, and you really did choose me, didn't you, Jack?

HE: And would choose you again, darling, if I were free.

SHE: That's just lovely to hear. But who besides ourselves would care for the history of it?

HE: The only way to make it interesting to other people would be for us to begin to quarrel before them, and so give them the opportunity to point a moral about what comes of love matches, I suppose.

SHE: Quarrel! You and I? That would be too dreadful, Jack.

HE: It seems to me that the only thing we could differ about would be—I say, Peggy, I wish you would give up the writing work.

SHE: Give it up? Acknowledge that I am beaten?

HE: Why not, if you are?

SHE: But I don't allow that I am beaten, Jack—not yet, at any rate. (*Takes a sheet of paper from the table, and reads it to herself, writing a word of correction here and there.*)

HE (*aside, looking at her with kindly anxiety*): I wish she hadn't gone in for that sort of thing; there's no necessity, and it only seems to bother her. Had she taken a fancy for anything money could buy, she should have it, cost what it might. It's that Fitzallan woman egging Peggy on, for her own purposes. Wants to make her a woman of the world after her own pattern, I suppose, and is persuading her she ought to do something that would give her more prominence in society—something clever, as it's called. Peggy is clever enough for anything; but it's the kind of cleverness that wears best at home. I'm not afraid for her in the long run, only I should like to spare her the disillusionment that must come as to the opinions of such women as Mrs. Fitzallan. To see such ideas ventilated by my Peggy would be more than I could stand. If I could only manage to show her something like the reality, so that she might use her own judgment about it, I believe she wouldn't want to write about burglars. I've half a mind to—(*looks meditatively at her as she sits biting the top of her pen and gazing anxiously at the page of writing.*) She's got lots of pluck, and I would take good care to go no farther than

she could bear—I will do it! (*To HER*): Well, if you won't come, I suppose I must go alone, but I shall not stay long. (*Goes to her side, takes her face between his hands, and kisses her.*)

SHE: Very well, Jack. You will find me here when you come back, I daresay. Lots of love to auntie and the girls. And be sure to waltz with Alice. She does not get too many partners, you know.

HE: All right. (*Goes out.*)

SHE (*looking after him as he goes*): Now, of all the dears, Jack is the very dearest. That's what I tell Mrs. Fitzallan. It's no use talking to me about the wickedness of men when there's my Jack to prove the contrary. She says I should write ever so much better if I knew the ways of the world—especially men's ways. But I know Jack's ways, and if he has a fault or two—well, so have I, and we care for each other all the same. Only—well, I *should* like Jack to hear me called clever. People look down upon you if you can't do something to show you have some originality, Mrs. Fitzallan says. I shouldn't have the courage to whistle or skirt dance, and, besides, they are out or nearly out. A strong, realistic story might do something for one—only it must be pessimistic and up to date. Only stupid people are satisfied with descriptions of everyday life, she says. She is always hinting with that superior air of hers that I am country-bred. I did make her change colour when I gave that little retort about not always finding good breeding in town. I really am dreadfully happy and content with everything, from Jack to my dear home and the lots of pretty things he surrounds me with; and if I could only do something striking just for once, so that people could tell Jack he had a clever wife, there would be nothing left to wish for. What others think doesn't matter in the least, but I don't want him to feel that his country wife is not capable of holding her own. But how in the world—? It really seems as though I couldn't write about anything but love and happiness, and that wouldn't do at all—quite old-fashioned, she would say. If Jack were not kind there would be no happiness for me—it would just break my heart. Not that that would matter, Mrs. Fitzallan seems to think. Says Mrs. Gray's has been broken over and over again, and that she writes all the better for it. I prefer not to write better that way. No; I will try the burglar, and if—

(*The sound of something falling in the adjacent room causes her to look round, a little startled.*)

SHE: What was that? Someone in the next room! I thought the servants were gone to bed. (*Rises to her feet, then sinks back into her seat again with a look of astonishment and dismay. The door is slowly pushed open and a man is seen standing on the threshold, carrying his boots in his hand.*)

JACK BERESFORD (*disguised as a burglar, with a patch over one eye and wearing a black wig under the battered-looking, low-crowned hat, a beard covering his chin, a red handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat, and rough, untidy clothes*).

HE: Don't you be afeared, mum (*speaking thickly, as though there were something in his mouth, and dropping his boot again as he awkwardly touches his hat*).

SHE: Who are you? What brings you here? (*Catching up a dagger-shaped silver paper-knife, and raising it as if to strike*). Advance a step nearer, at your peril!

HE (*aside*): Yes, you have lots of pluck, darling. How beautifully tragic you look with that paper-knife. But I must appear terrified. (*Shrinking back and putting up one arm. To HER*): Don't murder me in cold blood, mum. I've got nothing to defend myself with.

SHE (*aside*): I hope I don't look scared. (*To HIM, sternly*): Remain where you are. If you move a step forward I will not be answerable for the consequences.

HE: No offence, mum—no offence. I won't come no forrader.

SHE: Why are you here?

HE: I don't think you're the sort to give a man away when he owns up; and I ain't going to deny nothing, mum.

SHE: Who are you?

HE: Now, look here, mum. It's no use my saying I came a-wisiting, for you know as well as I do that I wasn't invited. I come in the way of business. I don't deny it. But if I promises upstraight and downright to go away

without doing anybody any harm or taking a blessed thing that don't belong to me, will you let me go free, mum? I see you've got a dagger to take keer of yourself with, and I see there's a bell just by your side, so you've plenty of help near if you want it, which you won't. You are on the safe side, and I don't see as you need be down upon a man who is ready to do the straight thing for once.

SHE: You came to rob the house? You are a—burglar? (*Looking at him more attentively and curiously*).

HE: Well, I don't deny as that's the name it goes by, mum. But a man's got to live somehow, call him what you like. We ain't all lucky enough to be born rich with a place like this to live in, all genteel and servants to wait on us.

SHE (*aside*): A burglar! (*Gazing at him speculatively for a moment or two*): He thinks I am armed, and could summon the servants. Horrid as he looks, too, he seems more frightened than dangerous. Such a golden opportunity, too. I must—I will avail myself of it. (*To HIM, severely*): Of course I could summon assistance. There are menservants in the house, and you would be given in charge at once. But if you will give me your solemn promise to go away without doing any harm, I might perhaps—

HE: Let me go, mum. I'll take my solemn davy to—

SHE: There is something else. (*Aside*): How in the world shall I put it to him? (*To HIM*): I am engaged upon a work. Before you go I should like to say a few words to you about—about—your way of life.

HE: Wants to convert me. You're one of those ladies as takes an interest in us pore burglars. All right, mum, I'm ready. Been converted twice afore. The chaplain where I was a-wisitin' done it, and a real kind gent he was, too. Took as much pains as though



"DON'T YOU BE AFEARED, MUM."

I was his own brother, he did. 'Twould have been ongrateful not to have given in to him.

SHE: Of course, I should be glad if anything I could say induced you to recognise how very wrong it is to do as you are doing; but—(aside)—how can I say it to him? How small it makes one feel. (To HIM): At present, I am desirous of collecting evidence—that is, of ascertaining how you came into the position you are in. And—and—if you could give me an account of some of your experiences—I mean the way you carry on your hor—sad trade, it might assist me in what I am doing.

HE: I see, mum; going to give lecters or something of that sort. Some ladies like hearing them sort o' things. Curos to see the way they crowd into court when there's something uncommon in the way of badness to be heard. It's only got to be strong enough.

SHE (indignantly): You are very—

HE: No offence, mum. I didn't mean to be imperlite. And I don't mind telling you some of the secrets of our perfession. Come, row, if you'll promise not to give me away, I'll promise to take your word, and I can't say no fairer than that, can I?

SHE (aside): How dreadfully coarse it all sounds. But now I have gone so far—(To HIM): Very well, I promise to keep faith with you.

HE: That's more than a good many would be ready to say to one of us, mum. Jest you ask what you like and I'll give you the straight tip. They sha'n't say as you haven't seen the real thing and don't know what you're talking about.

SHE (aside): Horrid creature! (To HIM): Sit on that chair (pointing to the lounging chair before the window opposite. Aside): It can be burned afterwards. (HE sits down on the edge of the chair, his hands upon his knees.)

HE (insinuatingly): I dessay you wouldn't mind paying me a trifle for my time. You see, I might be doing a stroke of business. Not here, no, no; don't you be afeared of that, mum. I've give my word, and I sticks to it. But loss of time has got to be considered all the same.

SHE (doubtfully): I do not think I ought—it would be like—well, I will give you a sovereign to keep you from wrng-doing.

HE (slapping his knee): That's the way to put it, of course. Too clever to give yourself away.

SHE: Clever, oh! (Hesitating a few moments, then taking up her pen again. To HIM): Have you injured your eye?

HE (aside): Now for it. I must take care to make it strong enough. (To HER): Got knocked out in a fight with my fust, mum.

SHE (shrinking back): Your first? Your wife, do you mean?

HE: Yes, mum; but she didn't get the best of it neither, you may take your davy about that. It wor give and take between us.

SHE: How very dreadful! (Once more shrinking back and laying down the pen.)

HE: So they said at the horsepital where she was took.

SHE: Poor creature! Objected to your—your occupation, I suppose?

HE: Sall? Not her. Helped me wonderful, Sall did—one of the best wives I've had, so fur.

SHE: One!

HE (aside): She's beginning to look horror-struck. I shall be able to make her lose interest in burglars before I've done. (To HER): Lor' bless you, mum, they dies off pretty quick in our perfession. You see, you gets



"HOW VERY DREADFUL!"

run in, and when you comes out, as like as not there ain't no wife waiting for you.

SHE: I fear you have not been a good husband.

HE: Doesn't do to spoil 'em, mum—leastways, not in our perfession. When you can both be genteel together, I dessay it's all very well. You haven't got to be a getting your gent's supper ready at two o'clock in the morning, perhaps, when he comes home dead-beat with scrambling over walls, and, maybe, half-a-dozen fights.

SHE (*aside*): How dreadfully low it all sounds! How could I write about such shocking things? I almost wish—(*to HIM*): But you were not always like this. There must have been a time when you were an innocent child. Did no one try to—Did your mother die when you were too young to be taught right from wrong?

HE: I wish she had, mum. A'most always in the public, mother was, and you may be sure there wasn't much for me to eat besides what I could pick up in the gutters when father wasn't lucky.

SHE: What a bringing-up! How very sad! When did you begin to—to—?

HE: Help myself, mum? I was such a knowing little chap; begun a'most as soon as I could toddle about and lay hold on anything that happened to be about. Right proud of me, father was—said I was cut out for the perfession, and, of course, he ought to know, for he was in it hisself.

SHE: Things have indeed been against you. Have you broken into a house like this before?

HE (*promptly*): Lots of times, mum. The richer people are, the more they've got to spare. No use going where there's nothing to be got. That stands to reason.

SHE: But you are sometimes caught? You say you have been in prison.

HE: Not so often as some. I've been pretty lucky, taking things all round. You see, when it comes to *that*, we can't be so very particular about getting rid of anything as stands in the way of making off. There *was* a old gent as made hisself unpleasant and showed fight, but he didn't trouble me nor anybody else after that.

SHE (*excitedly*): You cannot mean—oh, surely you did not injure him?

HE: Don't you never trouble about him, mum. He was seventy-five if he was a day, and he couldn't have gone on much longer anyhow, and—Lor', mum, you needn't be frightened, you're safe enough.

SHE: I'm not afraid, not in the least

(*making a demonstration with the paper-knife again. Aside*): At least, I hope I don't show that I am.

HE (*sentimentally*): There was a young lady as lived in one of these big houses. She made herself inconvenient. You see, I only wanted what I went there for. But here she not only gives me her gimcracks, but she goes and falls in love with me and expects me to take her too.

SHE: In love—with you? Oh!

HE: Yes, mum, and nothing would do but I must run away with her. I had to do it, too.

SHE: This is really too shocking.

HE: That's what I said, mum. It was werry inconvenient too, and so she found it when she wanted her own way too much after we was married. She was that onreasonable, the very first time I gives her a tap she screeches out enough to wake the dead. It stands to reason as I couldn't put up with that, so, of course, she had to go.

SHE (*looking very horrified*): Go?

HE: Well, that's the perlitest way I can put it, mum. But if you want the whole story, I jest twisted her long hair round my hands and banged—

SHE (*interrupting*): Stop! I cannot—I will not listen to such horrible things. You are a very wicked man!

HE (*aside*): My darling, I can't bear to shock you like this; but, to make the cure complete, I must go on now, and you'll soon have had enough. (*To HER*): You ain't never going to be shocked at that? Begging your pardin, mum, what *did* you expect when you knew what my perfession is? Lor' bless you, we can't afford to stick at trifles when business is going on. You said you wanted to know all the ins and outs of our lives, and I've made it as proper as I could.

SHE: Proper! (*Aside*): This, then, is what I was seeking to know! How could I imagine it was so dreadfully low and wicked, and—put such talk as this man's into a story! I would not soil the paper by writing about it. No one would believe it if I did. I would not have believed it myself yesterday. You were quite right, Jack, it is better not to know such things. But, monster as this man seems to be, I have given my word to him, and he must go free. Only I really ought first to show him what I, at least, think of his diabolical life. If Jack were only here—(*adds, unconsciously speaking half aloud*)—ah, Jack, if you only were!

HE (*with an ingratiating smile*): Did you speak ter me, mum? Did you say Jack?

SHE (*contemptuously*): Do you think it is possible I could address you in that way?

HE: All right, mum.—I thought I heard you say Jack, and that's my name—Jack. I was only going to observe, all perlitte and respectful, that my old woman at home soots me very well at present, and she's very particular.

(*The French window behind where he is sitting is pushed a little wider open, and a POLICEMAN'S helmet is seen, though not by her.*)

SHE (*rising*): How dare you speak to me in that way—how dare you?



"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME IN THAT WAY—HOW DARE YOU?"

HE (*aside*): Now, there's a picture! What a splendid pose! I am proud of you, Peggy. (*To HER*): Now, don't take a man up like that when there's been such a pleasant understanding between us, mum. I thought you was one of them ladies as isn't so over particular so as they gets at the fac's about things. You asked for information, you know, and you promised not to peach. Pals

don't give each other away in our perfession; leastways, not if they're the right sort.

SHE (*indignant*): Pals! This is insufferable! I am ashamed of having allowed you to go on so long. But now—go at once, or—

HE: Presently, mum, presently. (*Aside*): I must carry off a trophy. (*To HER*): Excuse me a-reminding you, but business is business, and you promised me a sovereign, you know.

SHE (*hurriedly catches up a purse, takes a sovereign from it, and throws it towards HIM*): Go!

HE (*picks it up, tries it with his teeth, spins it in the air, catches it, and puts it into his pocket. To HER, with an ingratiating smile*): If I might ask now—if you could give me a drink of fizz before I go? You see, it's such awful thirsty weather, this.

SHE (*laying her hand upon the bell*): Go, or I can keep my promise no longer, and must summon assistance. (*Aside*): What in the world shall I do if he will not go? If the servants are gone to bed, they might not hear the bell.

The POLICEMAN softly enters by the open window, and takes him by the collar of his coat. BERESFORD looks round, and meets the stolid gaze of the constable.

BERESFORD (*struggling to free himself from the man's grasp*): Out of the way, fellow. What does this mean?

POLICEMAN: It means you're wanted.

BERESFORD: Wanted? What for?

POLICEMAN: You've been telling us what for.

MANSERVANT JAMES (*entering by the window*): Yes, I'm a witness. I heard him. No

sooner did I see him creeping across the lawn with his boots in his hands than I ran off for the police, ma'am, and we came through the garden and across the lawn. We got here soon enough to know what sort he is.

BERESFORD (*still struggling to get free. Aside*): What a fix to be in. What on earth shall I do?

SHE : You must not take him—you shall not.

POLICEMAN : Don't you be afraid, ma'am. (To BERESFORD) : Better come quietly ; you won't gain anything by resisting—you must know that. There's two of us, and you can't escape. (*Dragging his prisoner, who sturdily resists, step by step, towards the door.*)

MANSERVANT (*conceitedly*) : No chance of escape, you raskil. You won't be able to intimidate ladies again for some time to come.

SHE : I cannot let you take him ! Stop, constable—James, I will not allow it ! I gave my word that he should go free from here, and he must. Let him go—I insist. He has done nothing to break the law here.

POLICEMAN : Can't do it, ma'am. You're a kind-hearted lady ; but it would be as much as my place is worth—dare not lend myself to such a thing.

BERESFORD (*to POLICEMAN, in a low voice*) : Five pounds—ten—twenty !

POLICEMAN : Come along. (*Pulling him by the collar.*)

BERESFORD : It was only a jest, man.

POLICEMAN : A pretty sort of a jest. Come along, I tell you. (*A great struggle, BERESFORD striking out right and left ; his wife protesting ; JAMES blustering, but keeping well out of range of his master's fists.*)

POLICEMAN *more determined*. BERESFORD, *with a final effort, wrenches himself out of the untidy overcoat. Evening dress becomes apparent. Hat and wig get knocked off, and beard twisted round.*)

SHE : Jack !

JAMES : Master !

POLICEMAN : Mr. Beresford !

BERESFORD : Doing a little masquerading. Rehearsing a little play, that's all, constable. You know me ? (*Slipping some money into the hands of the man, who understands now.*)

POLICEMAN (*grinning as he stands back*) : Oh, yes, sir, I see. A bit of play-acting at home. All right, sir.

JAMES : But I haven't saved nobody from nothing. Where's my reward to come from ?

BERESFORD (*coming forward to his wife's side*) : Will you forgive me, Peggy ? It was only an endeavour to satisfy your craving for the realistic.

SHE : And read me a lesson, Jack ?

HE : Oh, well, that's as it may be. The artistic temperament may require—

SHE : It won't require any more burglars, Jack. Of that I am quite sure.

HE : Then I shall be prouder of you than ever, Peggy.

CURTAIN.



"REHEARSING A LITTLE PLAY, THAT'S ALL, CONSTABLE."